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NO 40
MARCH

THE KILROYS

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YA--- **MUSH!**





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CIRCUS TOYS, Room 1402
45 West 45th Street
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Natch and Jackson

"A-HUNTING WE WILL GO!"



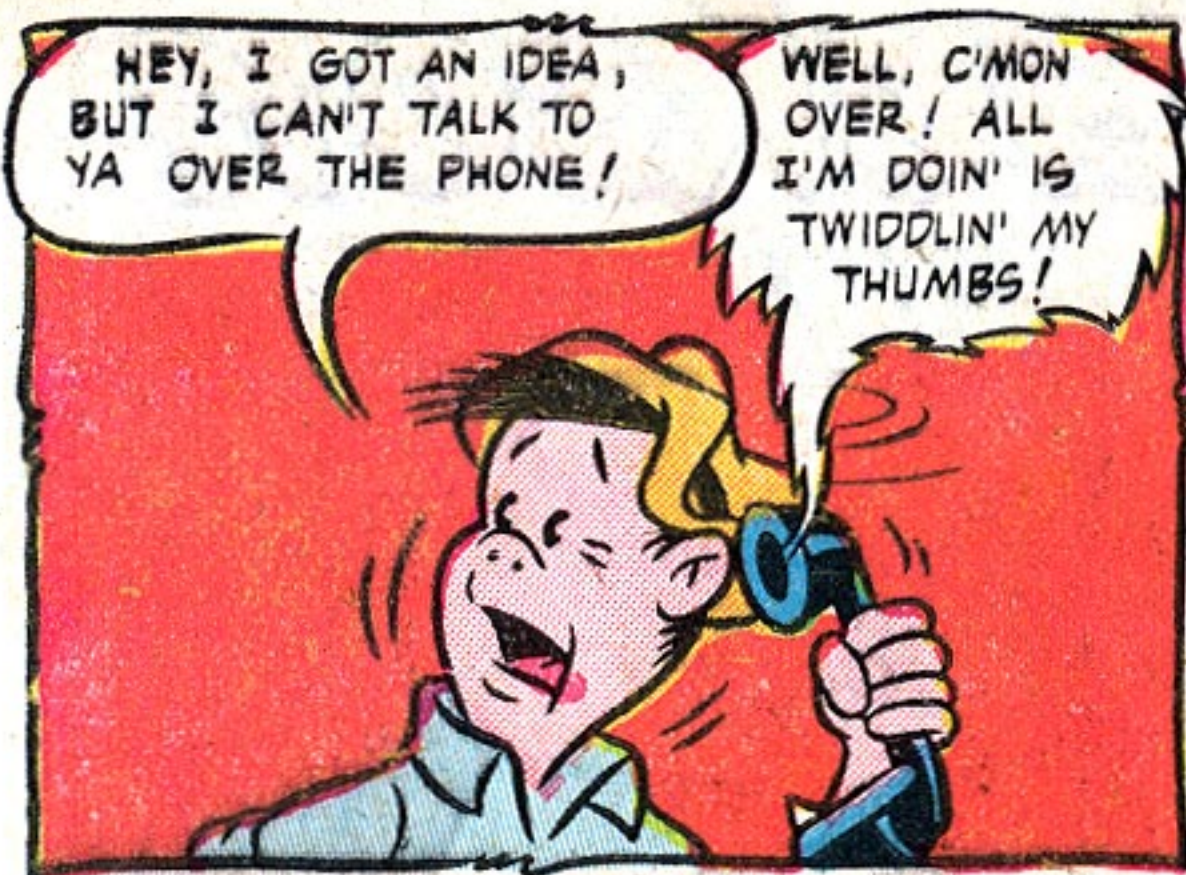
YA BIRDBRAIN! WODDEYA
DOIN' OUT HERE WITH
A BOTTLE OF **PERFUME?**
I TOLD YA IF YA WANTED
TO HUNT PHEASANT, YA
HADDA BRING A GUN!

SO WHO'S HUNTIN'
PHEASANT--
I'M HUNTIN'
GIRLS!

HELLO, NATCH? THIS IS JACKSON! DID YA
DIG THE BIG NEWS ON THE SPORTS PAGE
T'NIGHT? PHEASANT HUNTIN' SEASON
OPENS T'MORROW!

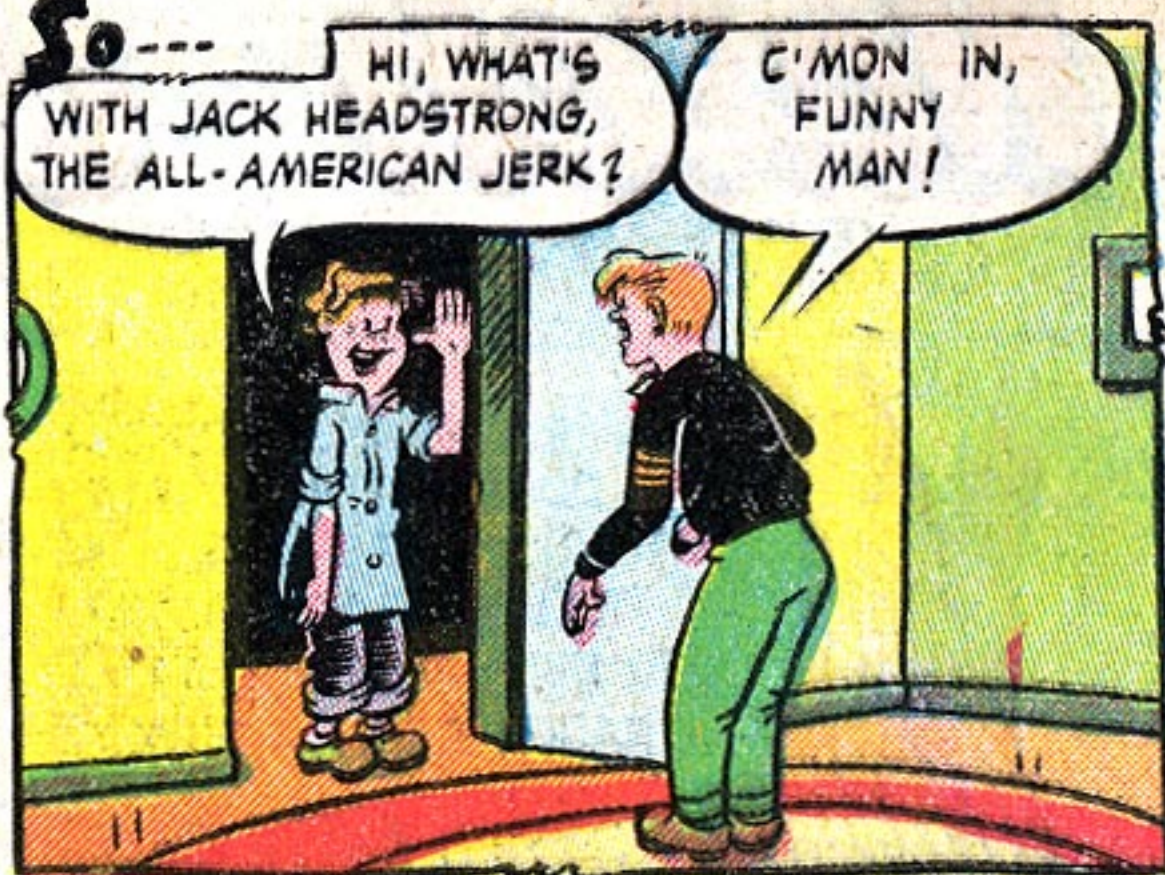
I GOT **NEWS** FOR YA!
POINTFALLS
HIGH OPENS
T'MORROW,
TOO!

HOLY COW!
THAT'S RIGHT!
T'MORROW'S
MONDAY!



HEY, I GOT AN IDEA,
BUT I CAN'T TALK TO
YA OVER THE PHONE!

WELL, C'MON
OVER! ALL
I'M DOIN' IS
TWIDDLIN' MY
THUMBS!



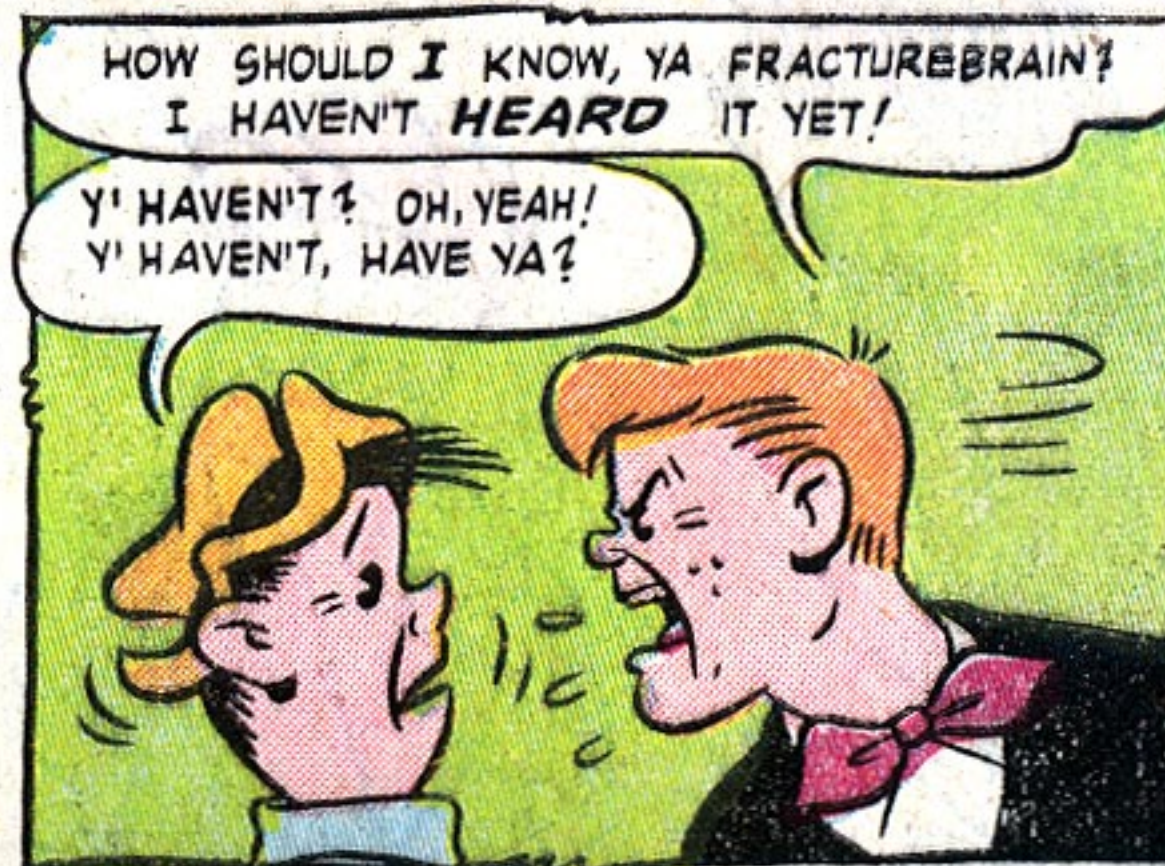
HI, WHAT'S
WITH JACK HEADSTRONG,
THE ALL-AMERICAN JERK?

C'MON IN,
FUNNY
MAN!



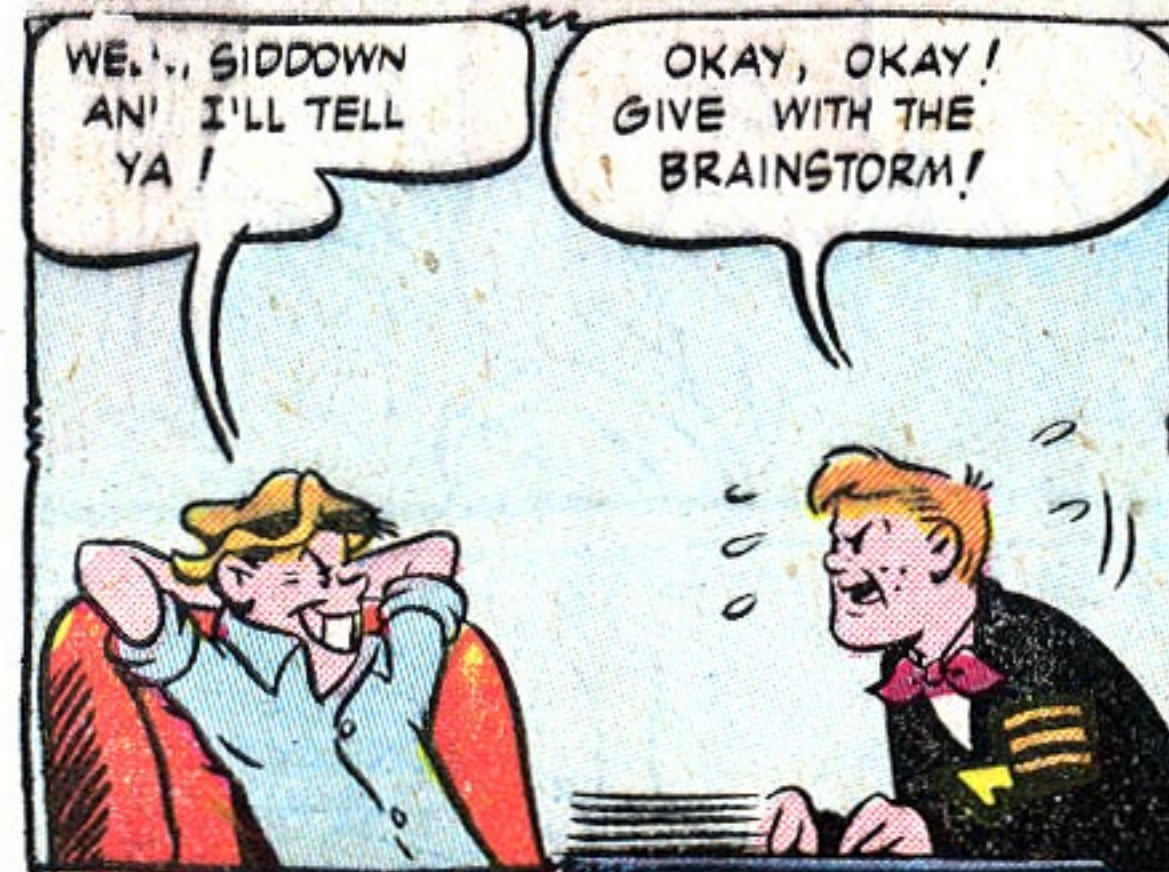
HEY, I'VE GOT IT, NATCH! LISTEN, I
KNOW HOW WE CAN GO PHEASANT
SHOOTIN' AND NOT WORRY ABOUT
ANYTHING! Y' DIG IT? IT'S A REAL
KEEN IDEA, DON'T'CHA THINK?

?



HOW SHOULD I KNOW, YA FRACTUREBRAIN?
I HAVEN'T **HEARD** IT YET!

Y' HAVEN'T? OH, YEAH!
Y' HAVEN'T, HAVE YA?



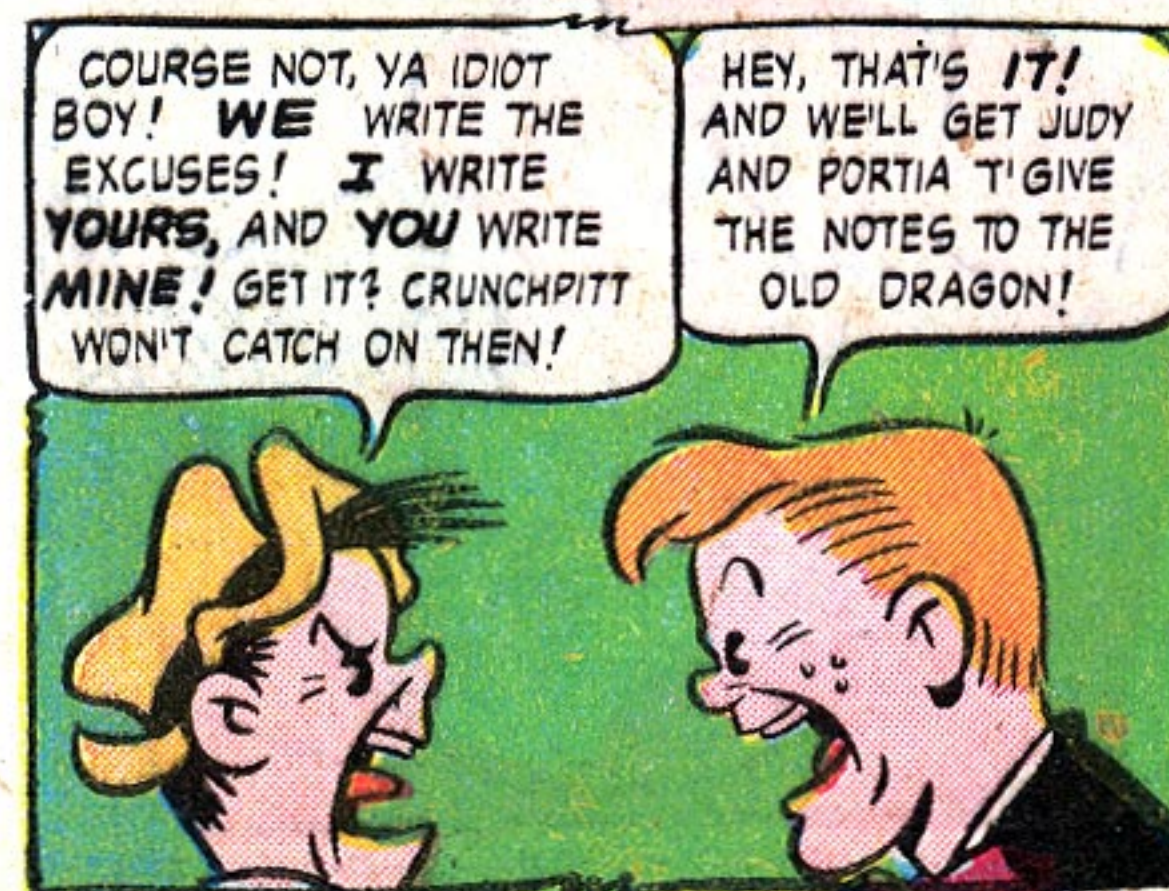
WE'LL SIDDOWN
AN' I'LL TELL
YA!

OKAY, OKAY!
GIVE WITH THE
BRAINSTORM!



HERE IT IS! WE GET
WRITTEN EXCUSES FROM
OUR FOLKS SAYIN'
WE'RE NEEDED AT
HOME T'MORROW!

WODDA CORNBALL!
DO YA THINK OUR
FOLKS WOULD WRITE
US EXCUSES, JUST SO WE
COULD GO BLASTIN'
PHEASANTS?



COURSE NOT, YA IDIOT
BOY! **WE** WRITE THE
EXCUSES! **I** WRITE
YOURS, AND **YOU** WRITE
MINE! GET IT? CRUNCHPITT
WON'T CATCH ON THEN!

HEY, THAT'S **IT!**
AND WE'LL GET JUDY
AND PORTIA T'GIVE
THE NOTES TO THE
OLD DRAGON!



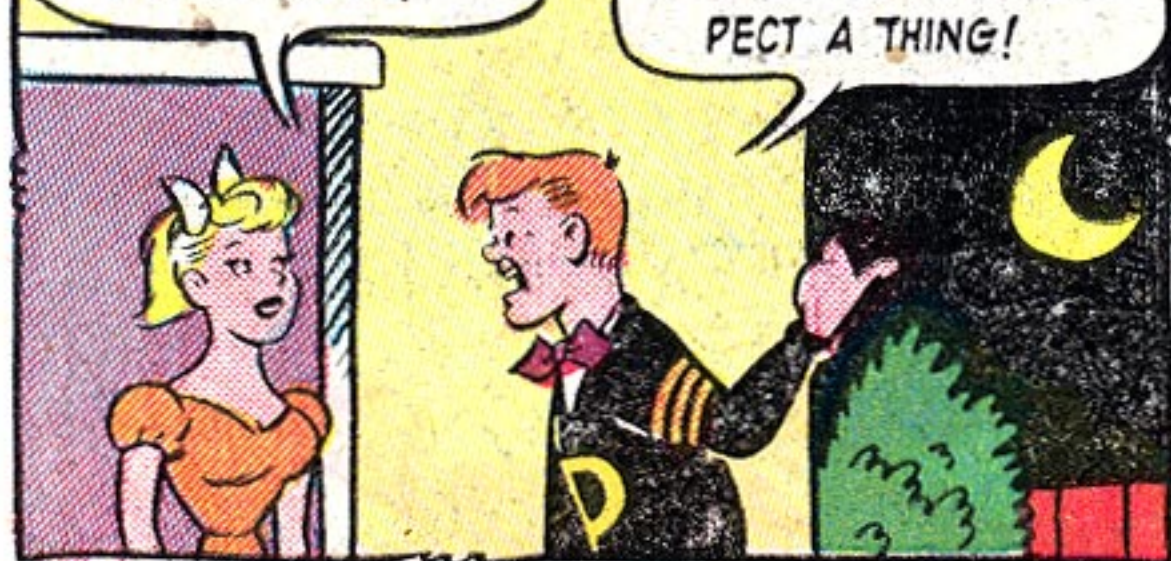
WHAT'RE WE **WAITIN'** FOR? LET'S BLAST
OVER TO THE CHICKS' HOUSES AND SEE
IF THEY'LL DO IT!

I HEAR YA
TALKIN'!

MINUTES LATER ---

GOLLY, I DON'T KNOW, NATCH!
WHAT IF CRUNCHPITT FINDS
OUT? THEN **WE'LL** GET
BLAMED, TOO!

BUT SHE **WON'T** FIND
OUT! JACKSON'S
WRITING MY NOTE, AND
I'M WRITING HIS! THAT
WAY SHE WON'T SUS-
PECT A THING!



MINUTES LATER ...

WHAT'S THE MATTER?
WON'T SHE
DO IT?

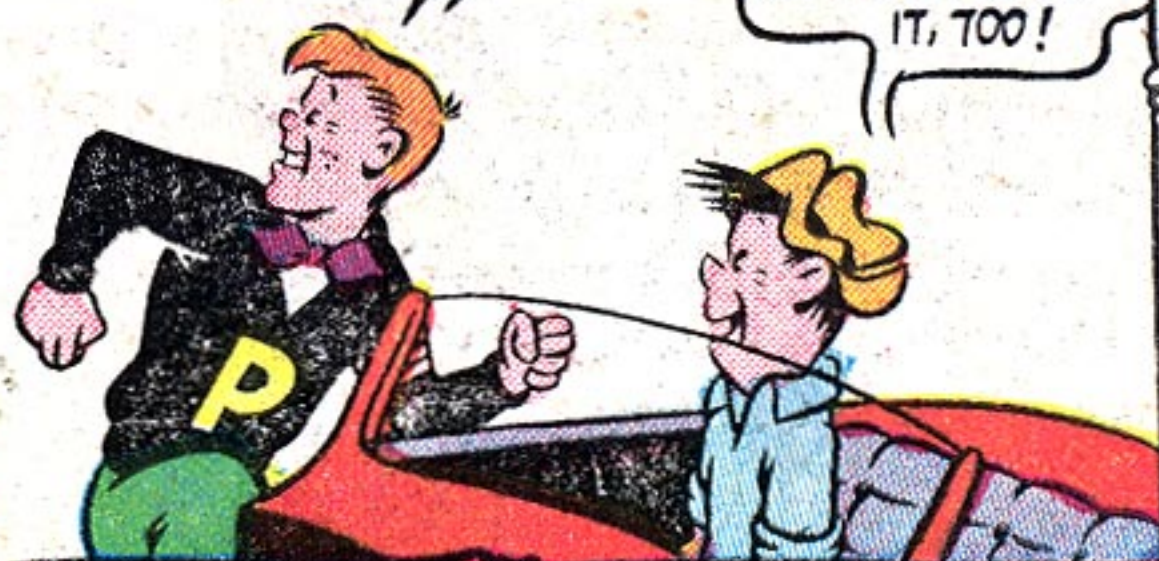
SHE'LL DO IT, ALL RIGHT,
BUT PHEASANT HUNTIN'
COMES **HIGH** THIS YEAR!
-- I HADDA PROMISE NOT
TO CALL HER **FISH-FACE**
FOR A WEEK!



WELL, OKAY,
PASH-PIE!

WOW! THANKS,
JUDY, HONEY!
SEE YA!

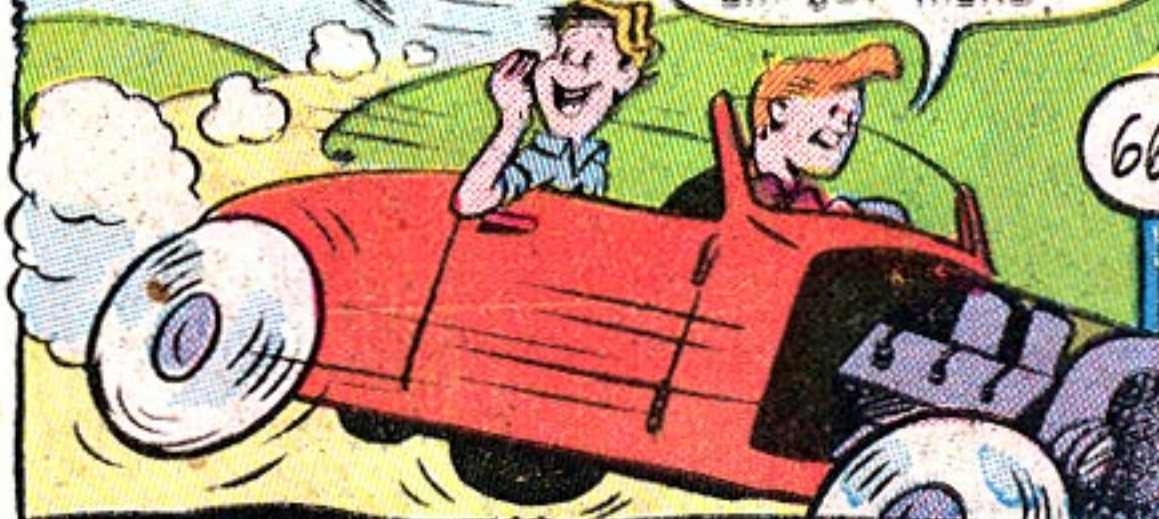
NOW BLAST
THIS CRATE OVER
TO MISS DRACULA
OF 1952--AND I'LL
GET HER TO DO
IT, TOO!



SO, THE NEXT DAY...

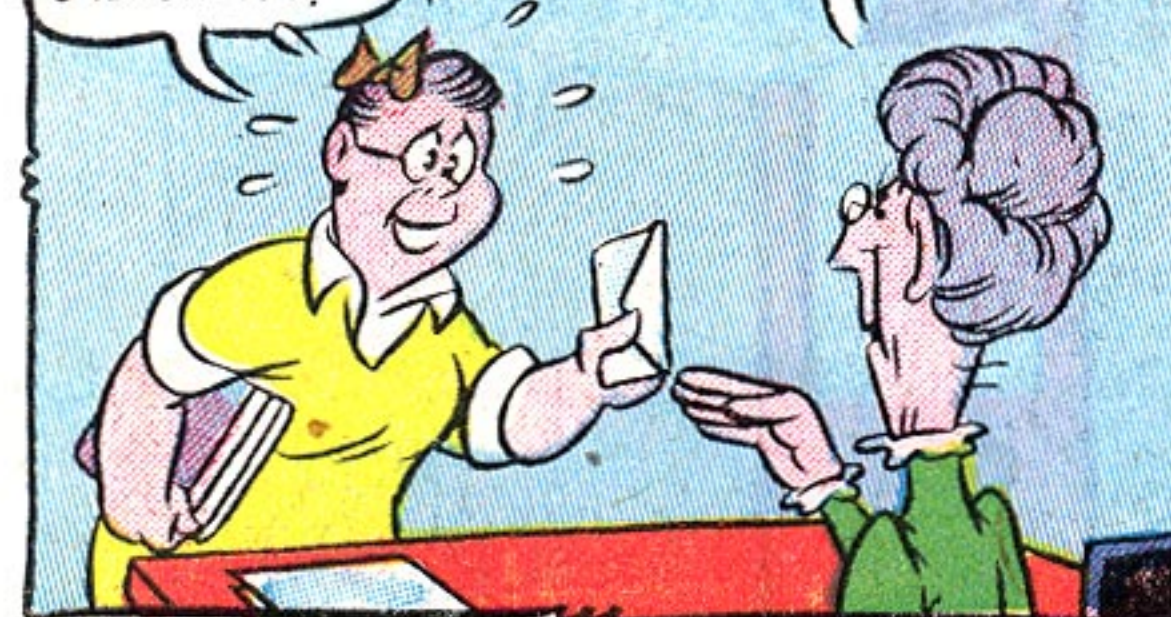
YOO-HOO, LITTLE PHEASANTS,
WHEREVER YA ARE.. WE'RE
ON OUR WAY TA GET YA!

WOODA
CHARACTER!--
WE'RE GOING OUT TO
MACKIE'S FARM, DOPE!
THERE'S HUNDREDS OF
'EM OUT THERE!



I'M SUPPOSED TO
GIVE YOU THIS
NOTE, MISS
CRUNCHPITT!

THANK YOU,
PORTIA!



HMM! SO **JACKSON'S** OUT
ILL ALSO!-- SO IS NATCH
KILROY!-- JUDY FARRELL JUST
GAVE ME A NOTE FROM **HIS**
MOTHER!

OH? .. ER, IT MUST
BE SOMETHING
THAT'S GOING AROUND,
MA'AM!



CLASS, YOU WILL PLEASE READ
CHAPTERS 3 AND 4 WHILE I
CORRECT YESTERDAY'S
THEMES!

PSST! JUDY,
IT WORKED!
SHE DIDN'T
CATCH ON!



HMM! THIS THEME OF
NATCH'S IS FAR FROM---
SAY! WHAT'S **THIS**?



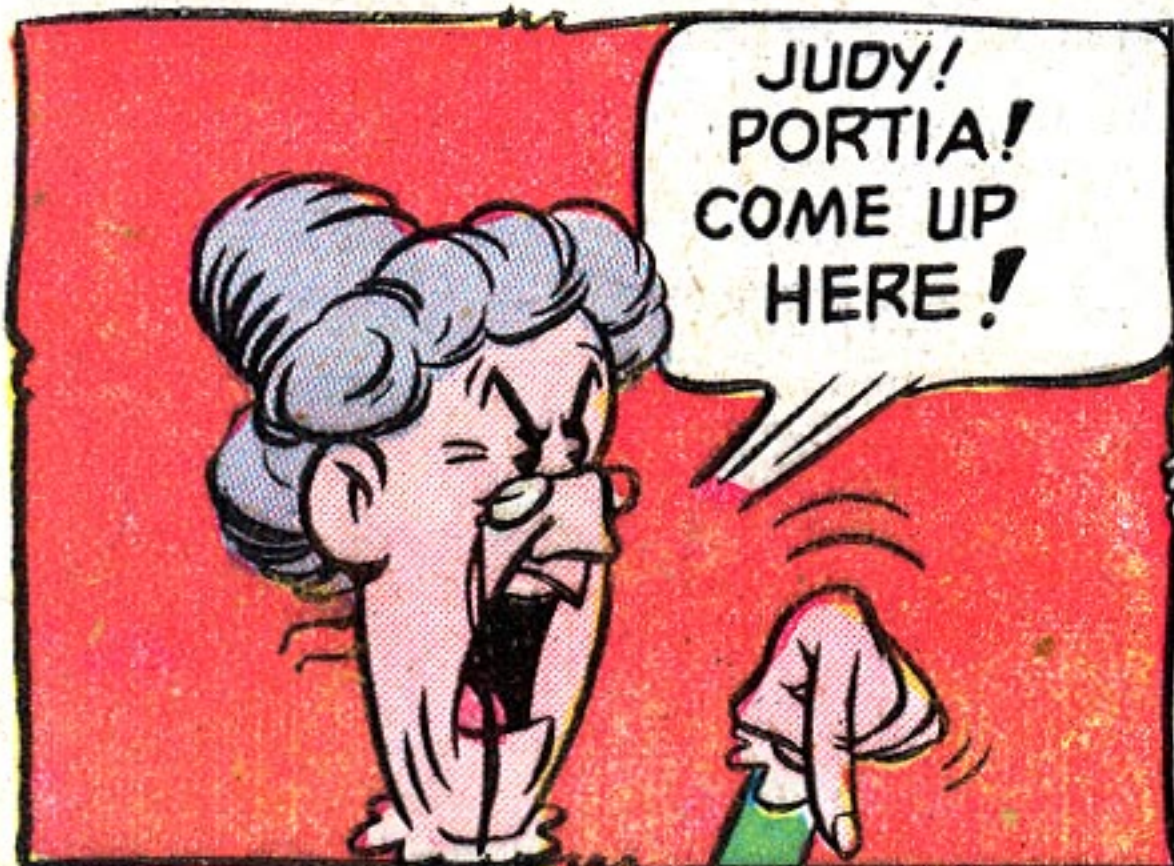
SO THAT'S IT, EH? NATCH KILROY WROTE JACKSON'S EXCUSE FOR HIM! THE HANDWRITING IS IDENTICAL!



MAYBE I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK AT NATCH'S EXCUSE AND JACKSON'S THEME!... AH! I THOUGHT SO! THEY WROTE EACH OTHER'S EXCUSES! THEY'RE PLAYING **HOOKEY!**



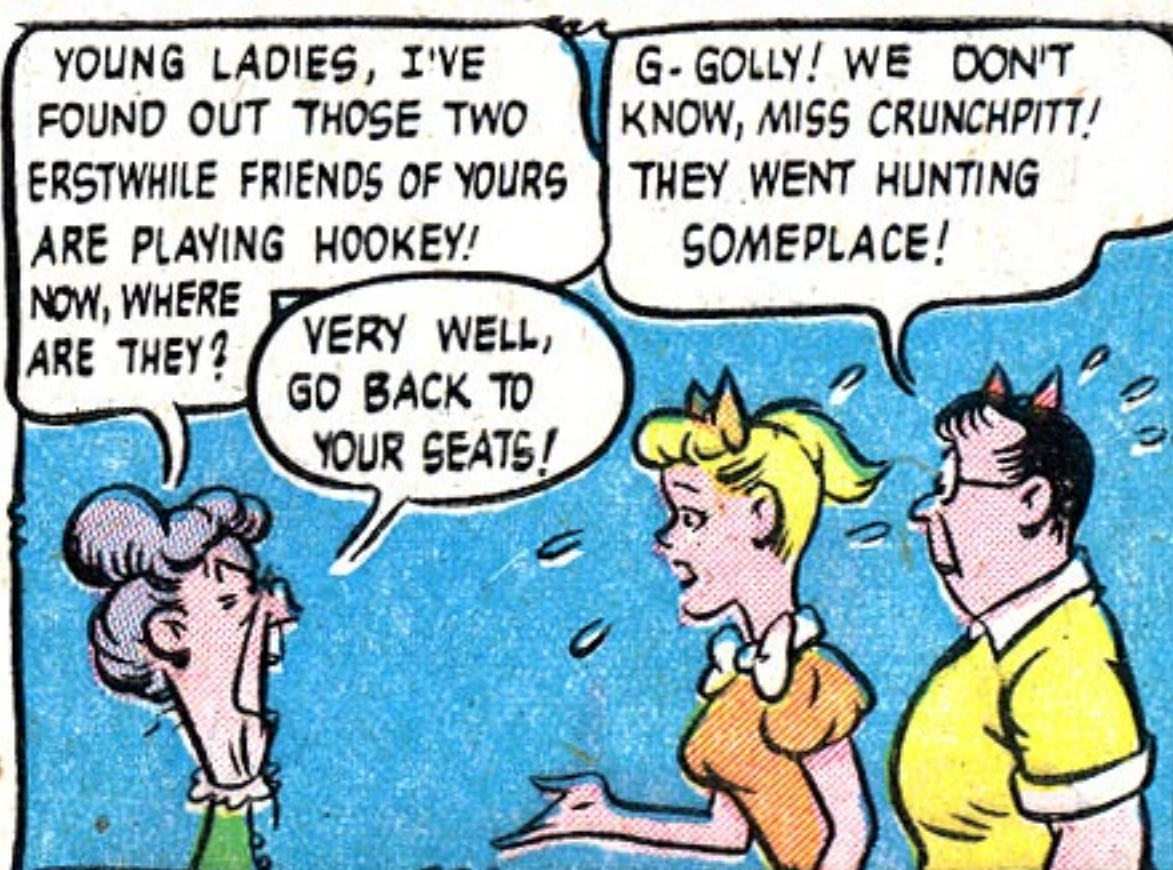
JUDY!
PORTIA!
COME UP
HERE!



YOUNG LADIES, I'VE FOUND OUT THOSE TWO ERSTWHILE FRIENDS OF YOURS ARE PLAYING HOOKEY! NOW, WHERE ARE THEY?

G-GOLLY! WE DON'T KNOW, MISS CRUNCHPITT! THEY WENT HUNTING SOMEPLACE!

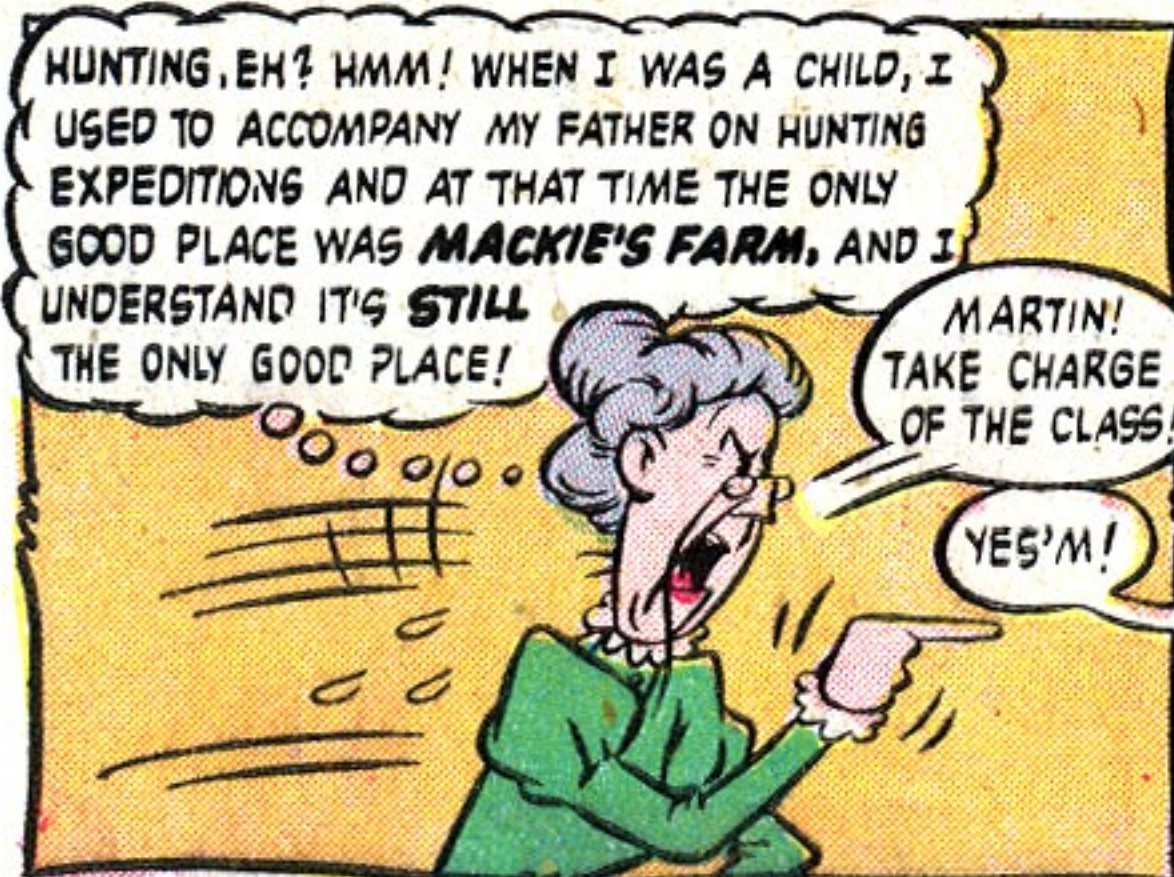
VERY WELL, GO BACK TO YOUR SEATS!



HUNTING, EH? HMM! WHEN I WAS A CHILD, I USED TO ACCOMPANY MY FATHER ON HUNTING EXPEDITIONS AND AT THAT TIME THE ONLY GOOD PLACE WAS **MACKIE'S FARM**, AND I UNDERSTAND IT'S **STILL** THE ONLY GOOD PLACE!

MARTIN!
TAKE CHARGE
OF THE CLASS!

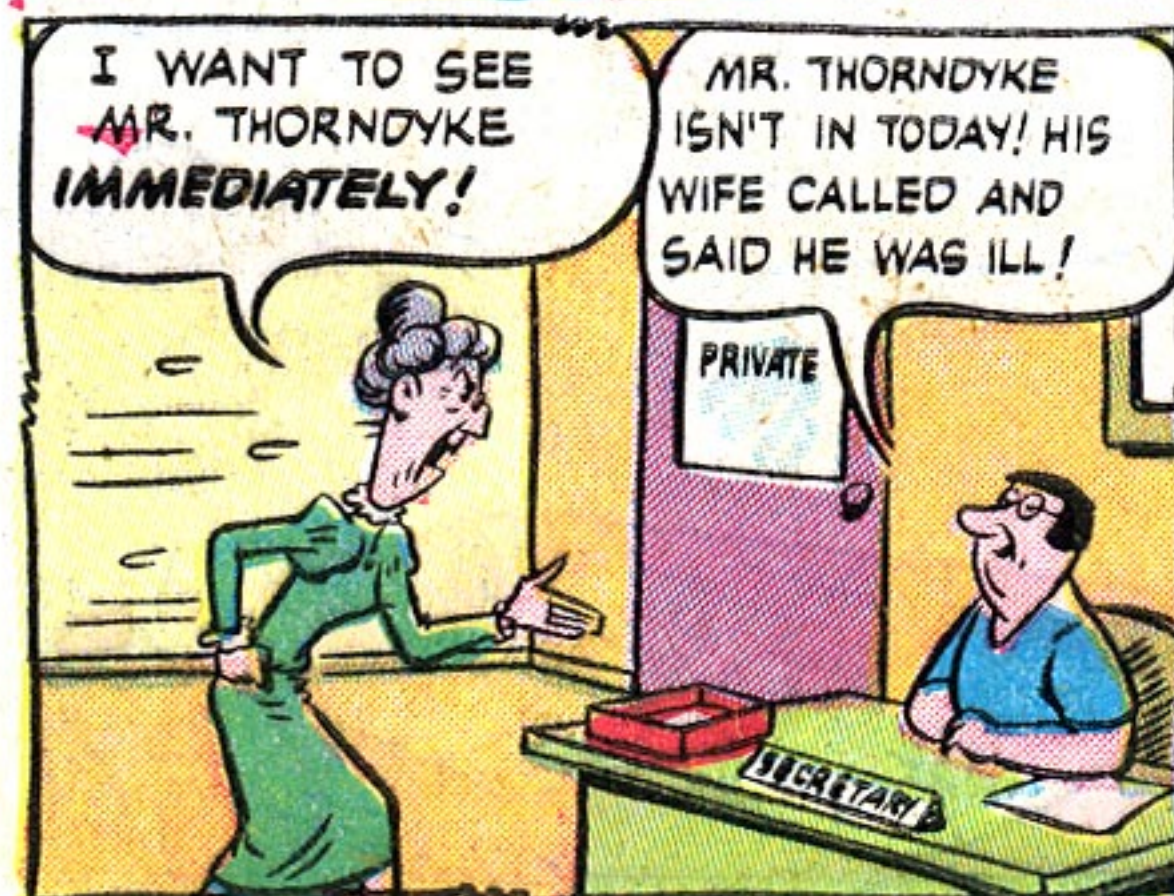
YES'M!



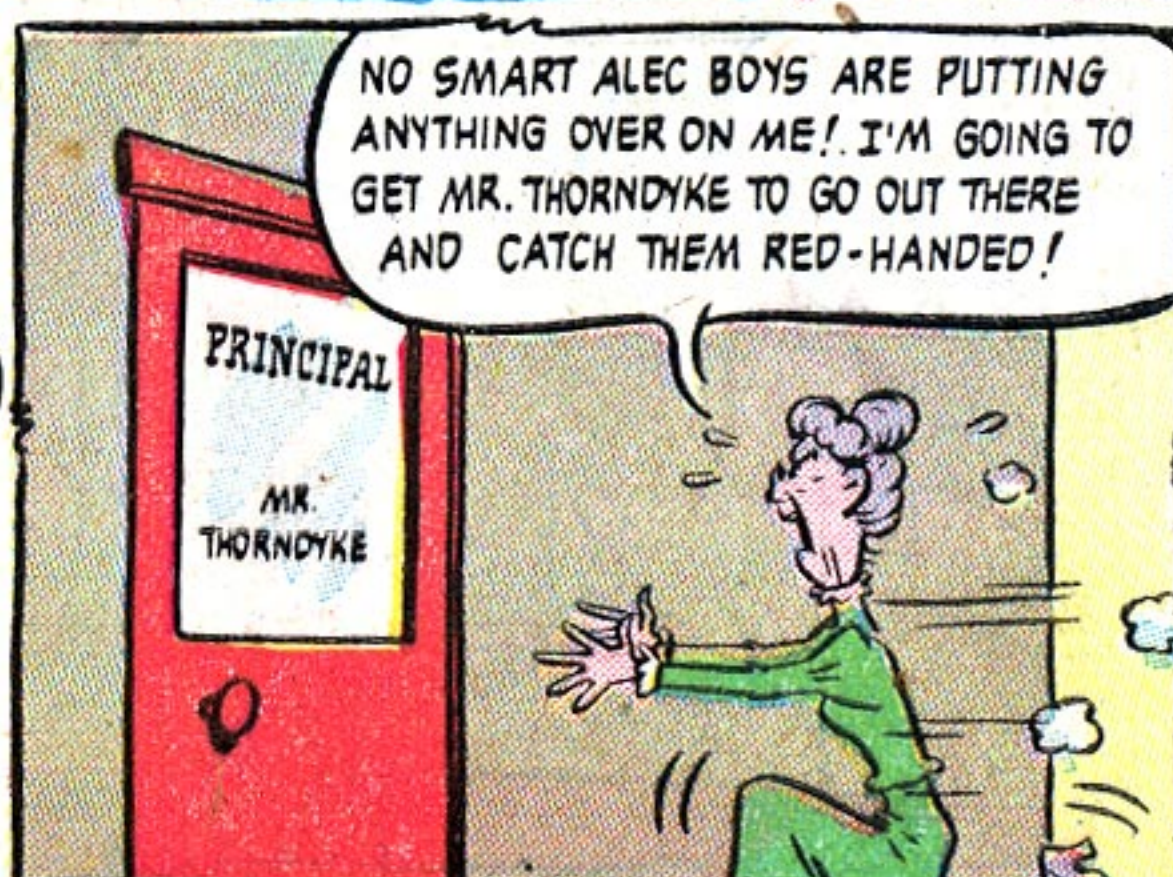
I WANT TO SEE **MR. THORNDYKE** **IMMEDIATELY!**

MR. THORNDYKE ISN'T IN TODAY! HIS WIFE CALLED AND SAID HE WAS ILL!

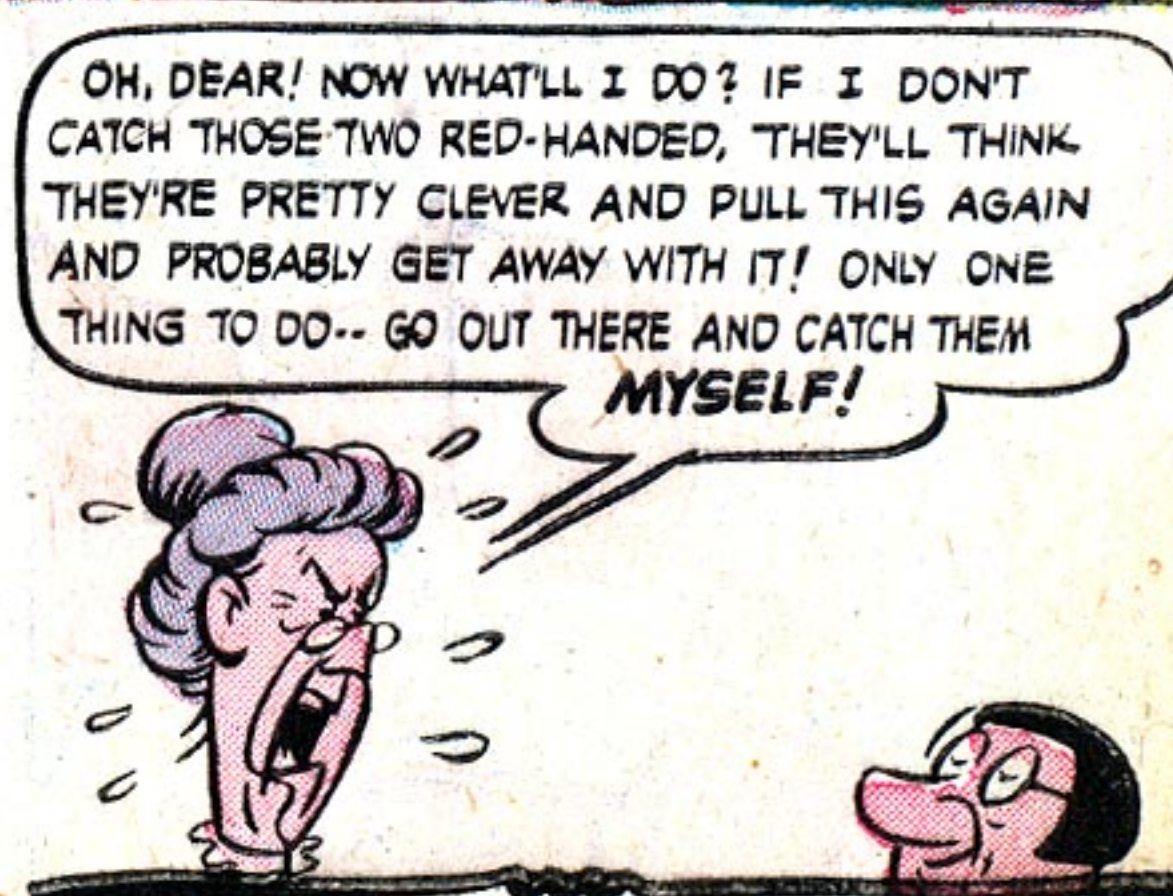
PRIVATE



NO SMART ALEC BOYS ARE PUTTING ANYTHING OVER ON ME! I'M GOING TO GET MR. THORNDYKE TO GO OUT THERE AND CATCH THEM RED-HANDED!

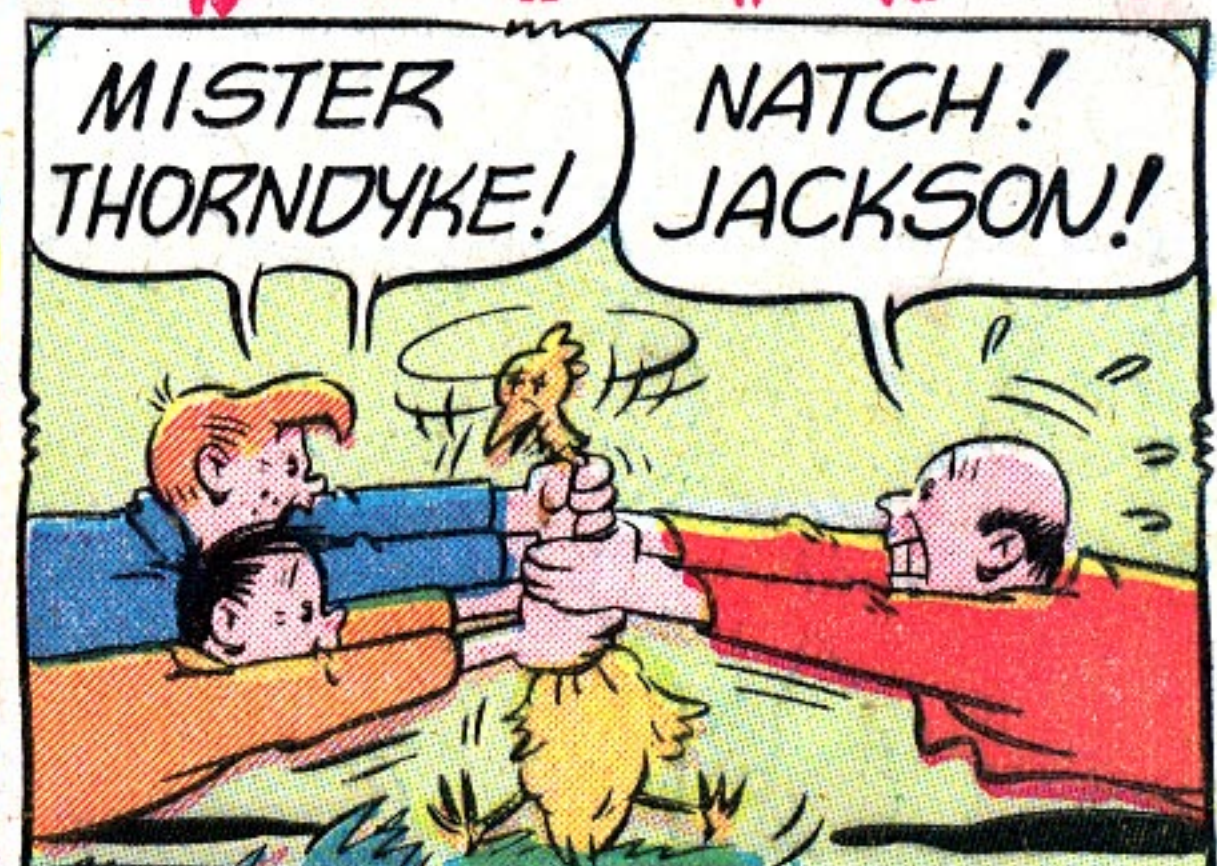
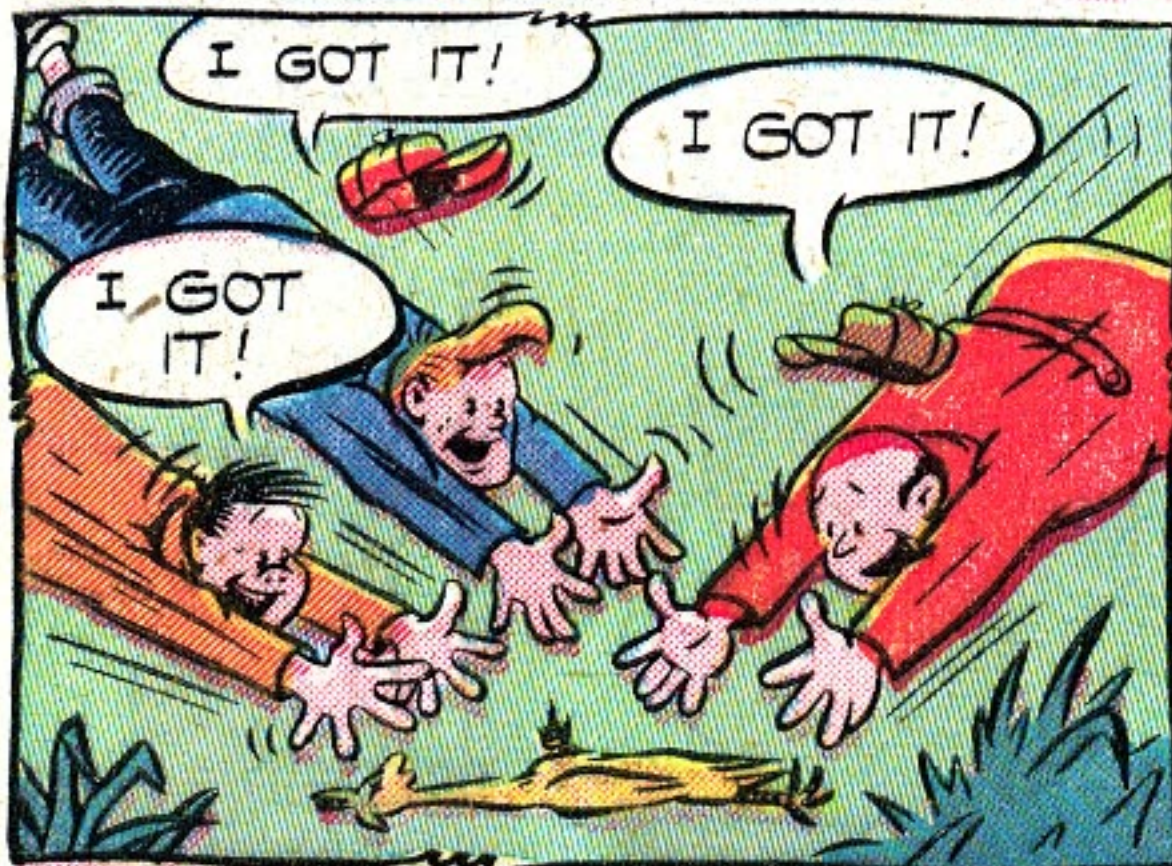
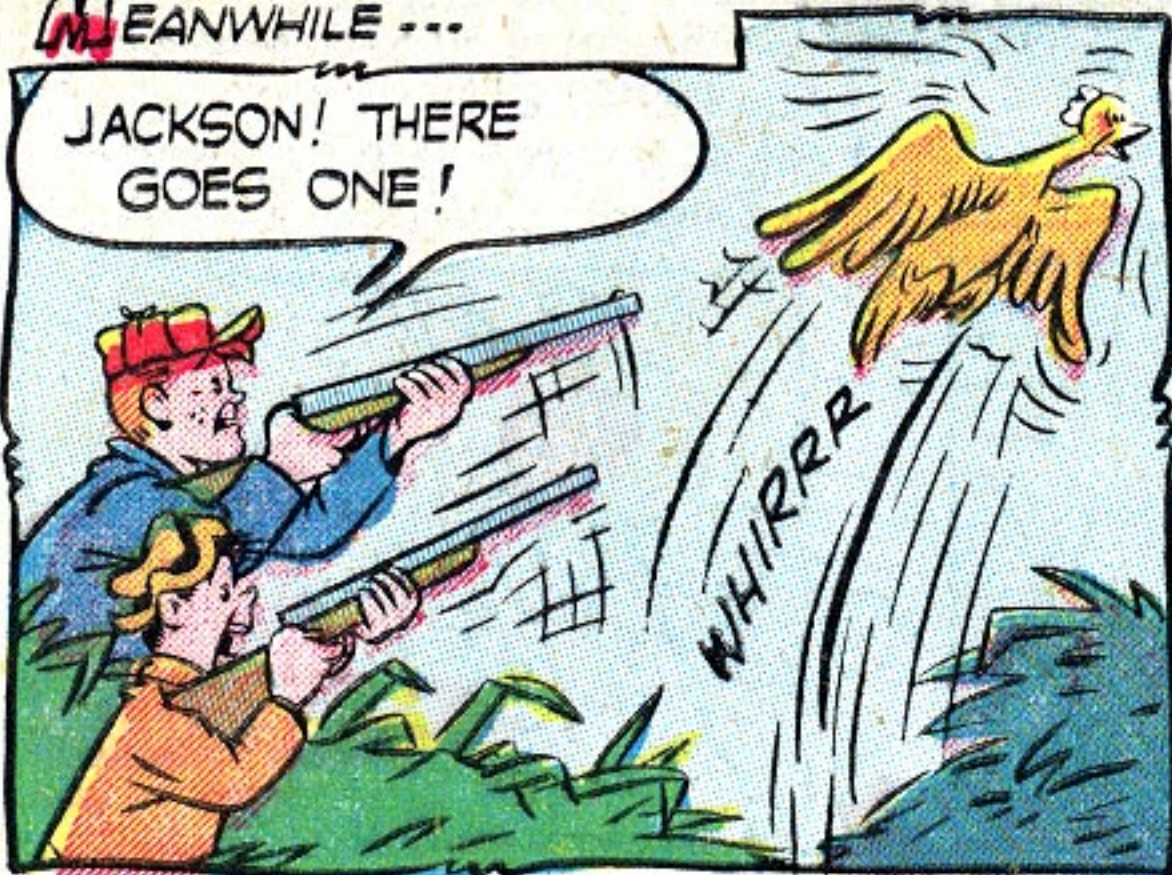


OH, DEAR! NOW WHAT'LL I DO? IF I DON'T CATCH THOSE TWO RED-HANDED, THEY'LL THINK THEY'RE PRETTY CLEVER AND PULL THIS AGAIN AND PROBABLY GET AWAY WITH IT! ONLY ONE THING TO DO-- GO OUT THERE AND CATCH THEM **MYSELF!**



MEANWHILE ...

JACKSON! THERE GOES ONE!



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
WHY AREN'T YOU IN SCHOOL?



SAME REASON **YOU** AREN'T
IN SCHOOL, SIR! WE'RE OUT HERE
HUNTING PHEASANTS!

YEAH, AN' IF YOU
SNITCH ON **US**, WE'LL
SNITCH ON **YOU**!



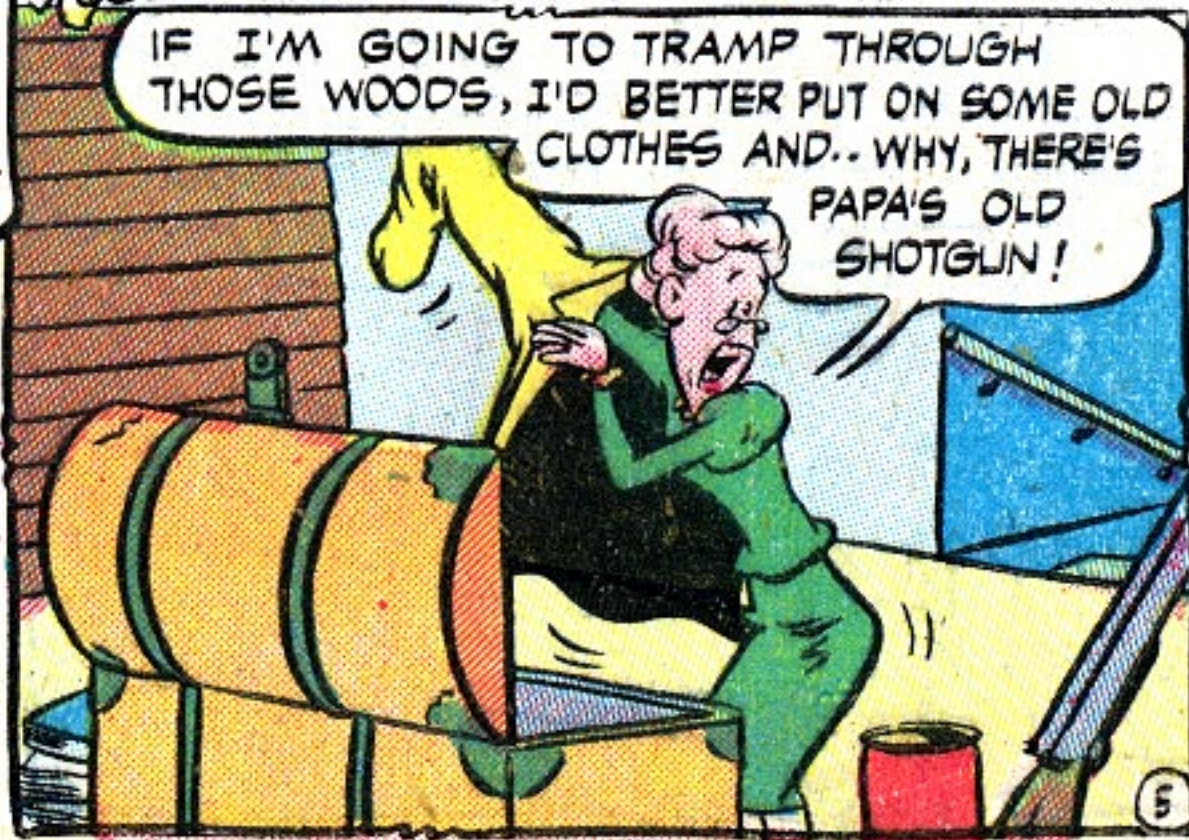
SNITCH!! HEH, HEH! LOOK, BOYS!
APPARENTLY WE ALL LIKE HUNTING
PHEASANT AS WELL AS EATING
THEM, SO WHAT SAY WE JOIN UP
AND HUNT TOGETHER THE REST
OF THE DAY? NOBODY
NEEDS KNOW
ABOUT IT,
EXCEPT US!

OKAY BY US, MR.
THORNDYKE! 3 GUYS
FLUSHIN' THEM
CAN GET A LOT
MORE THAN
DOIN' IT
ALONE!

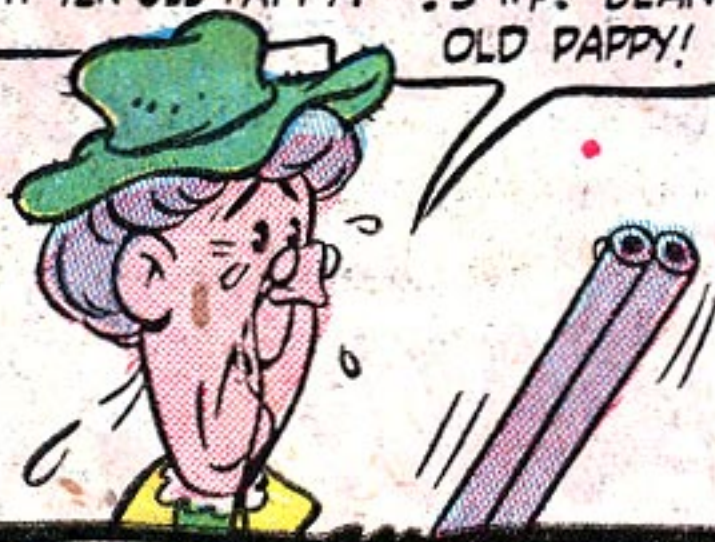


BUT, BACK AT CRUNCHPITT'S HOME ...

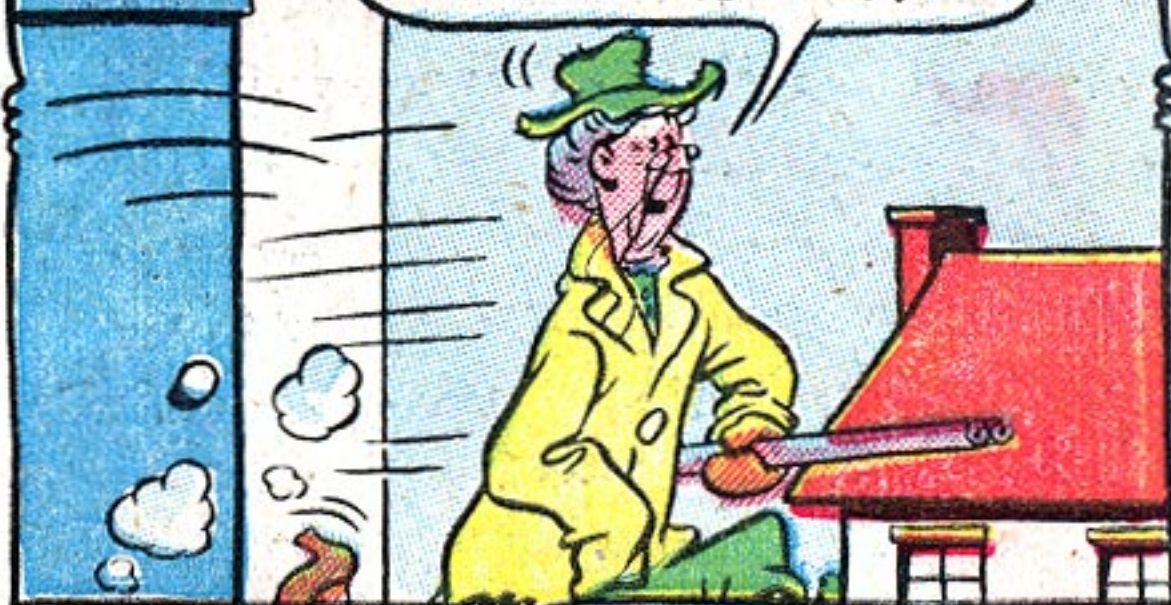
IF I'M GOING TO TRAMP THROUGH
THOSE WOODS, I'D BETTER PUT ON SOME OLD
CLOTHES AND... WHY, THERE'S
PAPA'S OLD
SHOTGUN!



DEAR OLD PAPA!... MANY A TIME HE LET ME KNOCK DOWN A PHEASANT OR TWO WITH THIS WHEN HE TOOK ME OUT TO MACKIE'S FARM WITH HIM! "ELLA", HE USED TO SAY, "ELLA, DINGED IF Y'DONT HANDLE A SHOOTIN' IRON BETTER'N YER OLD PAPPY!" **SNIFF** DEAR OLD PAPPY!



ER.. AH.. THINK I'LL TAKE PAPA'S GUN ALONG WITH ME! IT ISN'T SAFE FOR A GIRL TO BE ROAMING AROUND THE WOODS UNPROTECTED THESE DAYS!



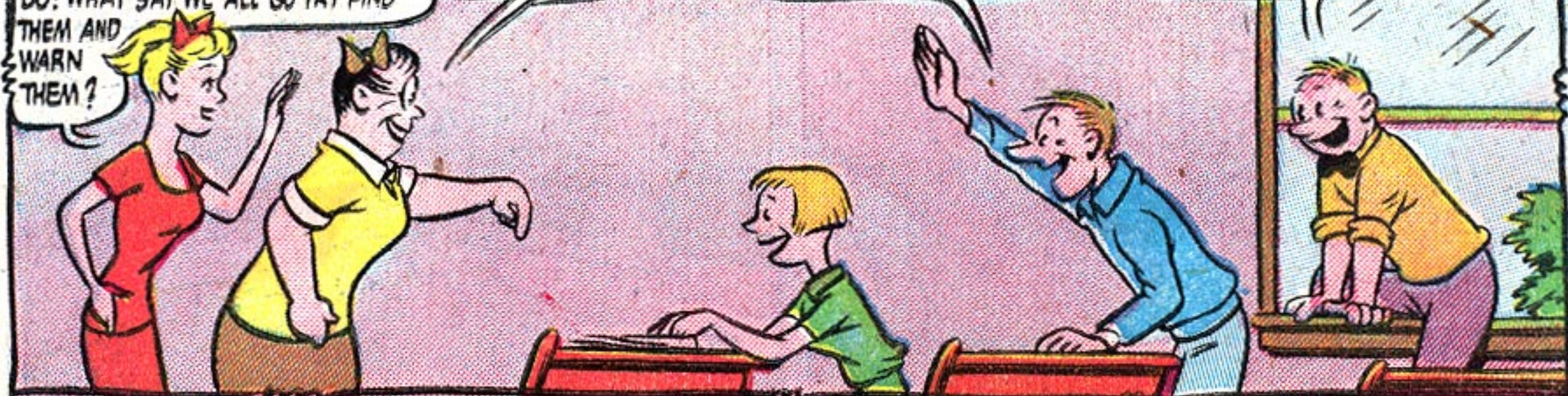
MEANWHILE, AT SCHOOL...

LISTEN, KIDS! CRUNCHPITT KNOWS NATCH AND JACKSON WENT HUNTING, BUT SHE DOESN'T KNOW **WHERE!** WE DO! WHAT SAY WE ALL GO TRY FIND THEM AND WARN THEM?

THEN WHILE SHE'S LOOKING FOR 'EM THEY CAN COME BACK HERE WITH US!

HEY, KEEN! WHEN SHE GETS BACK AND FINDS THEM HERE, SHE'LL BE FIT TO BE TIED!

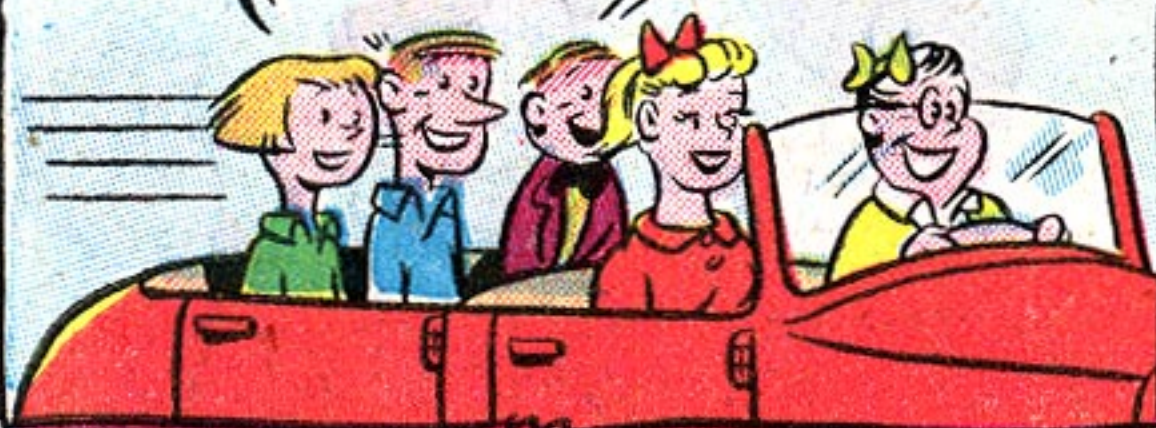
EVERYBODY OUT THE WINDOW! THE REST OF THE SCHOOL WON'T EVER KNOW WE'VE GONE!



HEY, PORTIA! AS LONG AS WE ARE GOING OUT THERE -- STOP BY MY PLACE WHILE I GET MY GUN! MAYBE I CAN GET A PHEASANT OR TWO!

MIGHT AS WELL STOP AT **ALL** OUR HOUSES! WE'D LIKE TO KNOCK SOME OVER, TOO!

OKAY!



AT THAT MOMENT, ON MACKIE'S FARM---

Y'KNOW? FOR A PRINCIPAL, YOU'RE A PRETTY GOOD SHOT, "THORNY"!

YOU THINK I'M GOOD NOW? WAIT'LL WE THREE DITCH NEXT FRIDAY AND COME OUT HERE AGAIN! THEN YOU'LL SEE SOME **REAL** SHOOTIN'!

HEY, KEEN, HUH, CATS? WE GET TO EAT ONE FOR LUNCH!

WE GOT SIX ALREADY!



NOT ONE SIGN OF --- HMM! THERE'S THREE HUNTERS SITTING AROUND A CAMPFIRE!

PARDON ME, BOYS! YOU SEEN ANY SIGN OF **PHEASANTS** AROUND-- OOPS! I MEAN **TEEN-AGE BOYS** AROUND HERE!



M-MR. THORNDYKE! WITH NATCH AND JACKSON!

MISS CRUNCHPITT!



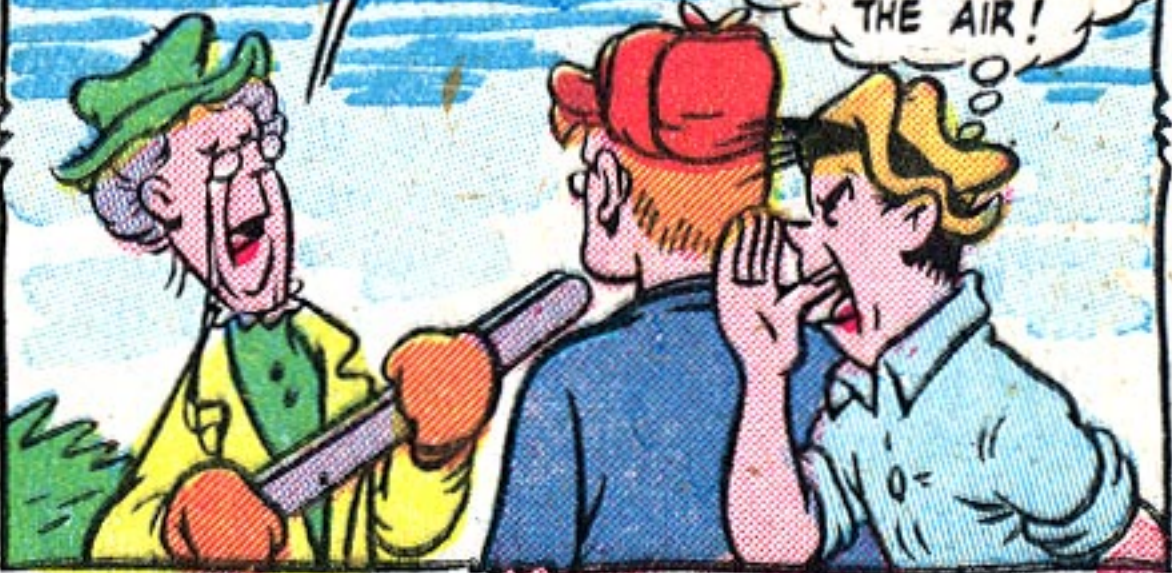
WELL! MR. THORNDYKE, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE SOME **EXPLAINING** TO DO TO THE BOARD OF EDUCATION! YOU NOT ONLY PLAYED HOOKEY TO HUNT PHEASANT, BUT YOU ARE DOING IT WITH TWO OF OUR STUDENTS WHO ARE ALSO PLAYING HOOKEY!

HOW COME YOU'VE GOT A GUN, MISS CRUNCHPITT? LOOKS LIKE YOU PLANNED TO HUNT YOURSELF!



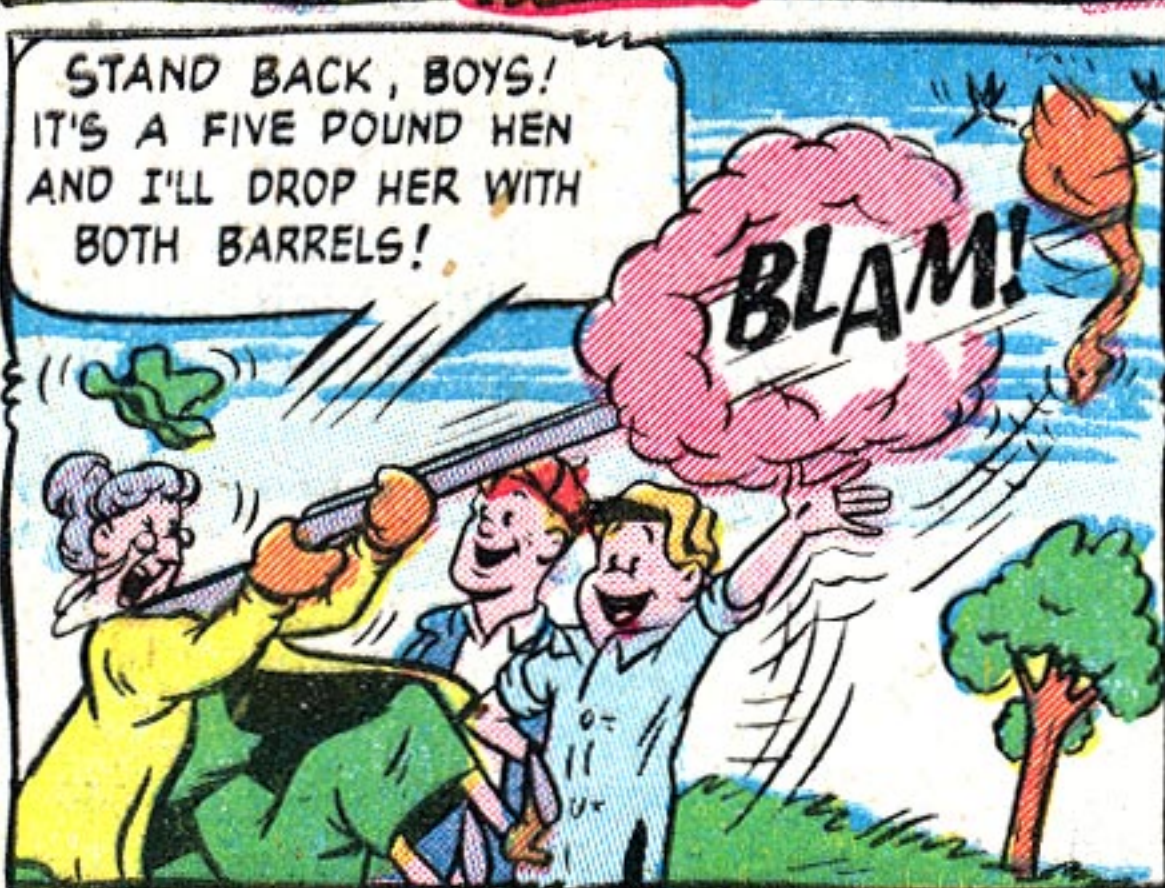
I BROUGHT THIS ALONG FOR **PROTECTION**! A LADY CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL WHEN IN THE WOODS ALONE!

P'SST! NATCH! WE'LL FIND OUT ABOUT THAT! -- WATCH! I'M GONNA TOSS ONE OF OUR BIRDS UP IN THE AIR!



STAND BACK, BOYS! IT'S A FIVE POUND HEN AND I'LL DROP HER WITH BOTH BARRELS!

BLAM!



BROUGHT THE GUN ALONG FOR **PROTECTION**, EH? HAW!

YOU TRICKED ME!

BOYS, I HAVE A SUGGESTION! NOW THAT WE'VE FOUND ANOTHER FELLOW CRIMINAL, WHY NOT HAVE HER JOIN US FOR THE REST OF THE DAY?

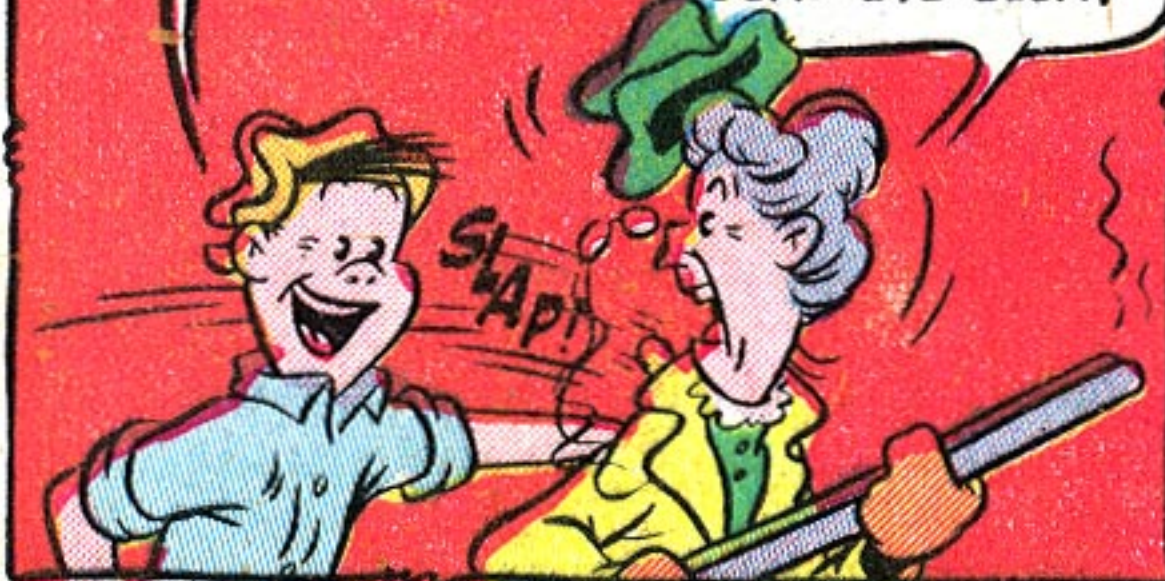
OKAY!



SO SOMETIME LATER...

WOW! WODDA SHOT, ELLA!

YOUNG MAN, I TOLD YOU TO ADDRESS ME WITH **RESPECT**! DON'T YOU **DARE** AGAIN CALL ME ELLA!.. IT'S **DEAD-EYE ELLA!**



HEY! THAT WAS **CRUNCHPITT'S** VOICE! SHE MUST HAVE FOUND NATCH AND...

HOLY COW, **LOOK!** IT'S SHE, THORNDYKE, AND THEY'RE **HUNTING** TOGETHER!.. **WOW!**

GOOD GRIEF! IT'S MY **WHOLE CLASS!**



MINUTES LATER...

WELL, CHILDREN-- AP- PARENTLY YOU'VE CAUGHT US ALL PLAYING HOOKEY FROM SCHOOL TO GO HUNTING, BUT FROM THE LOOKS OF THE GUNS YOU'RE ALL CARRYING, YOU HAD THE **SAME** IDEA!

EXACTLY, MR. THORNDYKE! SO NOW I'LL MAKE A SUGGESTION-- LET'S ALL HUNT AND THEN HAVE A **BIG FEED!**

'RAY FOR MISS **CRUNCHPITT!**

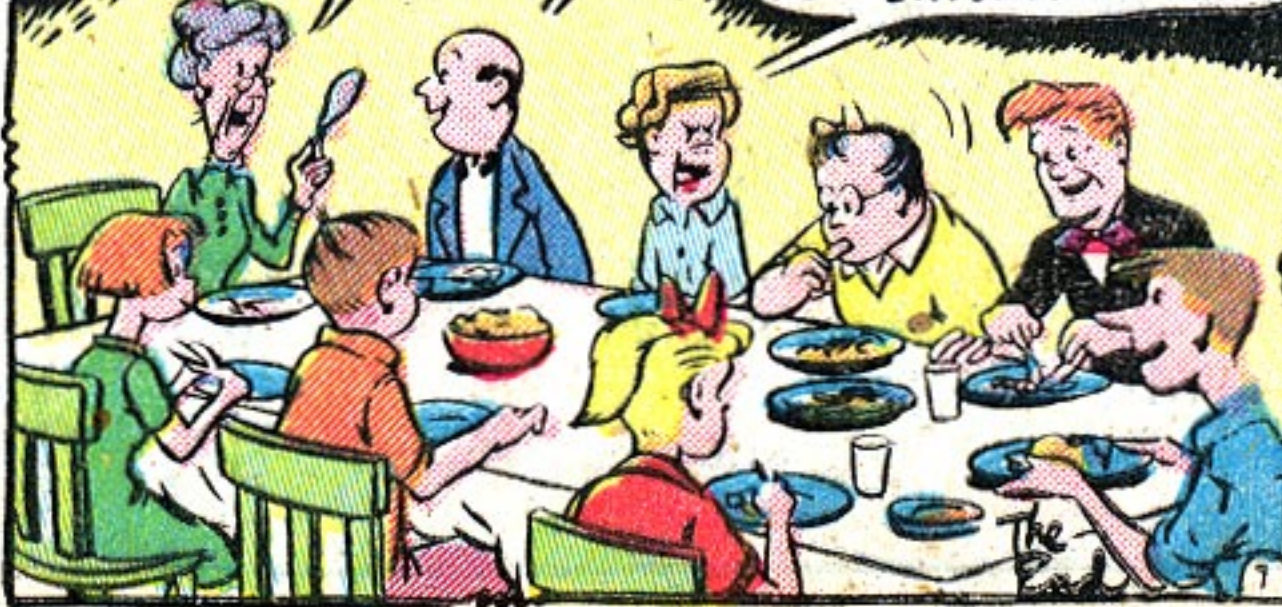


and **SO...**

HEY, THORNY, LOOK! THIS IS THE ONE I GOT WITH BOTH BARRELS!

I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, **DEAD-EYE!**

HOLY COW! THAT MAKES YOUR **SECOND** ONE! SLOW UP, **FISH-FACE!** REMEMBER, YOU DIDN'T **SHOOT** ANY OF THEM!



SOMETHING went CLICK!

THERE ARE LOTS of things, Meg thought wistfully, which seem terribly romantic when you read about them in books. But, somehow, if they ever happen to you in real life...well... they're just not as wonderful!

Like unrequited love! Meg had read a book in which the heroine worshipped a man from afar, but, due to a good many complications in both her life and in his, had never had a chance to talk to him! And so, she lived her entire life turning other suitors away, while she went on loving this man from afar.

It had seemed very noble and beautiful to Meg, this silent, secret love! But she'd read the book four months ago, before she'd seen Jamie. And she'd changed her mind about the book.

"I should think it would be *much* nicer if the *man* knew all about it and felt the same way about the girl and they went out together, to the movies and dancing and had fun! What's so terrific about liking somebody when he doesn't even know you're in the same class...I mean in the same town!"

Evvie, Meg's dearest friend, smiled wisely. "You don't have to tell *me*," she remarked. "And don't try to hide his identity, either! I know you've had a crush on Jamie Blake ever since he moved to town!"

"Much good *that* does," Meg sighed. "He's so busy with that darn camera of his, taking pictures all the time, and going to the Camera Club, and lectures, that he never even looks around to see whether a girl's carrying too many books or something!"

"Well, why don't you...sort of... bring yourself to his notice?"

"I hate to admit it, but I've tried, honestly I have! You know what, Evvie? I think he's *shy*! He *blushes* a lot. And he's scared to *talk* to a girl!"

Being a practical-minded girl,

Evvie said at once, "Then you'd just better give up! You'll *never* get anywhere with Jamie!"

"Guess not." Meg became a prey to melancholy at the moment she admitted her defeat. And for days after, she suffered the defeat of a girl who'd never even had a *chance* to be spurned!

It was on a Friday morning, a few minutes before Meg usually left for school, that the phone rang and Evvie's voice, high-pitched with excitement, squeaked, "Meg! Have you *seen* it? You've *won*! And it's *stunning*! I mean you *are*! And you thought he didn't care!"

It was impossible to understand what Evvie was talking about! The more she tried to explain, the more confused Meg became. "See you at school," Meg said, "and *please* try to calm down, Evvie!"

Words weren't necessary when Meg met Evvie a little while later. Evvie simply poked a magazine under Meg's eyes and breathed, "Page forty-three!"

"Why, that's...that's *me*...I mean *!!* How did *my* picture ever...?"

Suddenly, Meg paused. Above her picture, on top of the page, was the announcement, "Winners in our high school camera contest! The winning photograph, submitted by James Blake, was taken on the campus of his school ..."

"Oh!" Meg's eyes filled with happy tears. "Isn't he wonderful! And... he *did* notice me, Evvie! Here he comes...I've *got* to say something!"

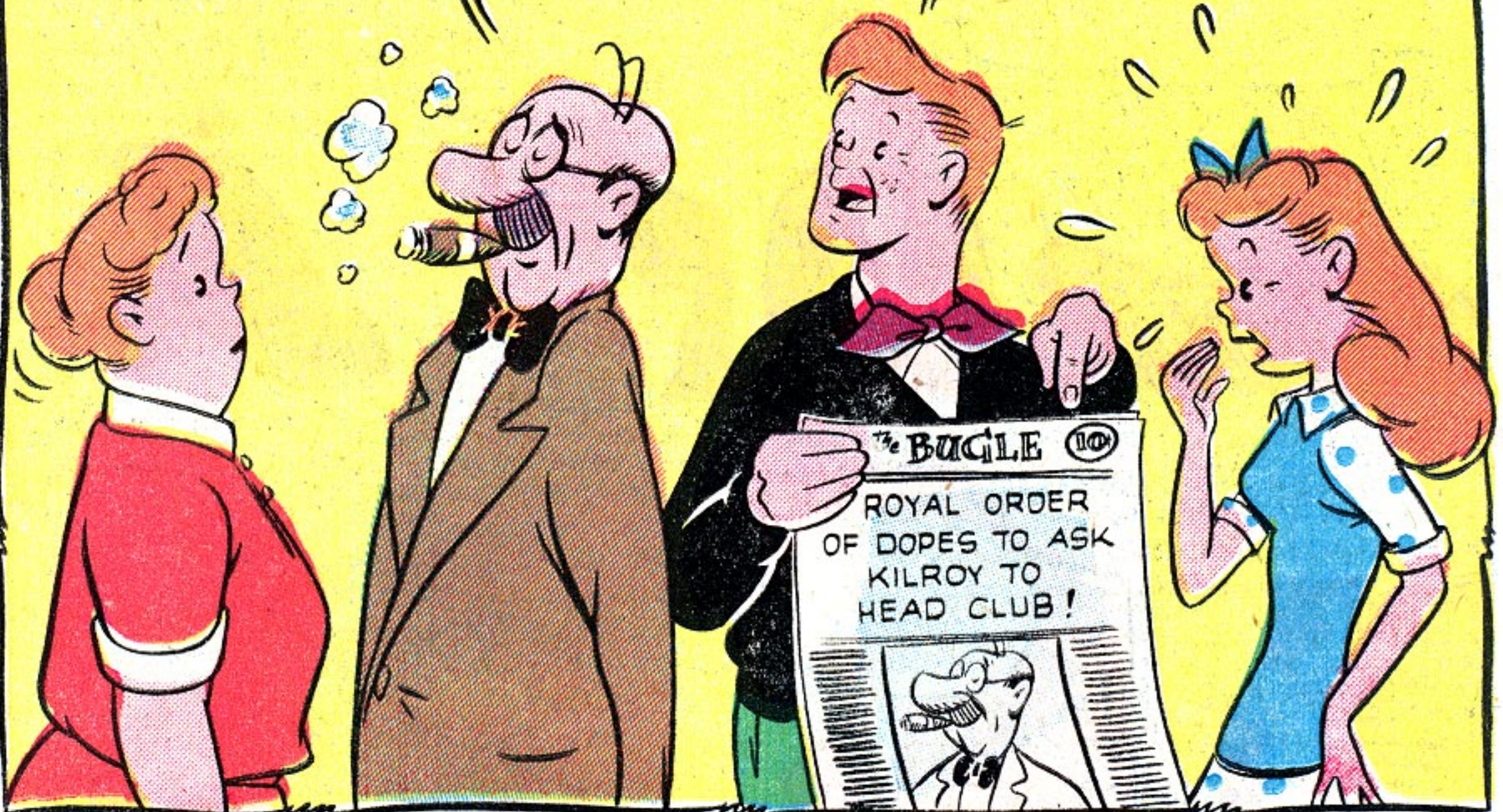
Shyly, Meg approached Jamie, magazine in hand. "Your picture is beautiful," she said. "But why *me*?"

"B...because they asked for p...pictures of p...pretty girls," Jamie stammered, "and I think you're the prettiest ...". He blushed and stopped. But Meg didn't need any more words. She *bad* clicked with Jamie, after all!

The KILROYS

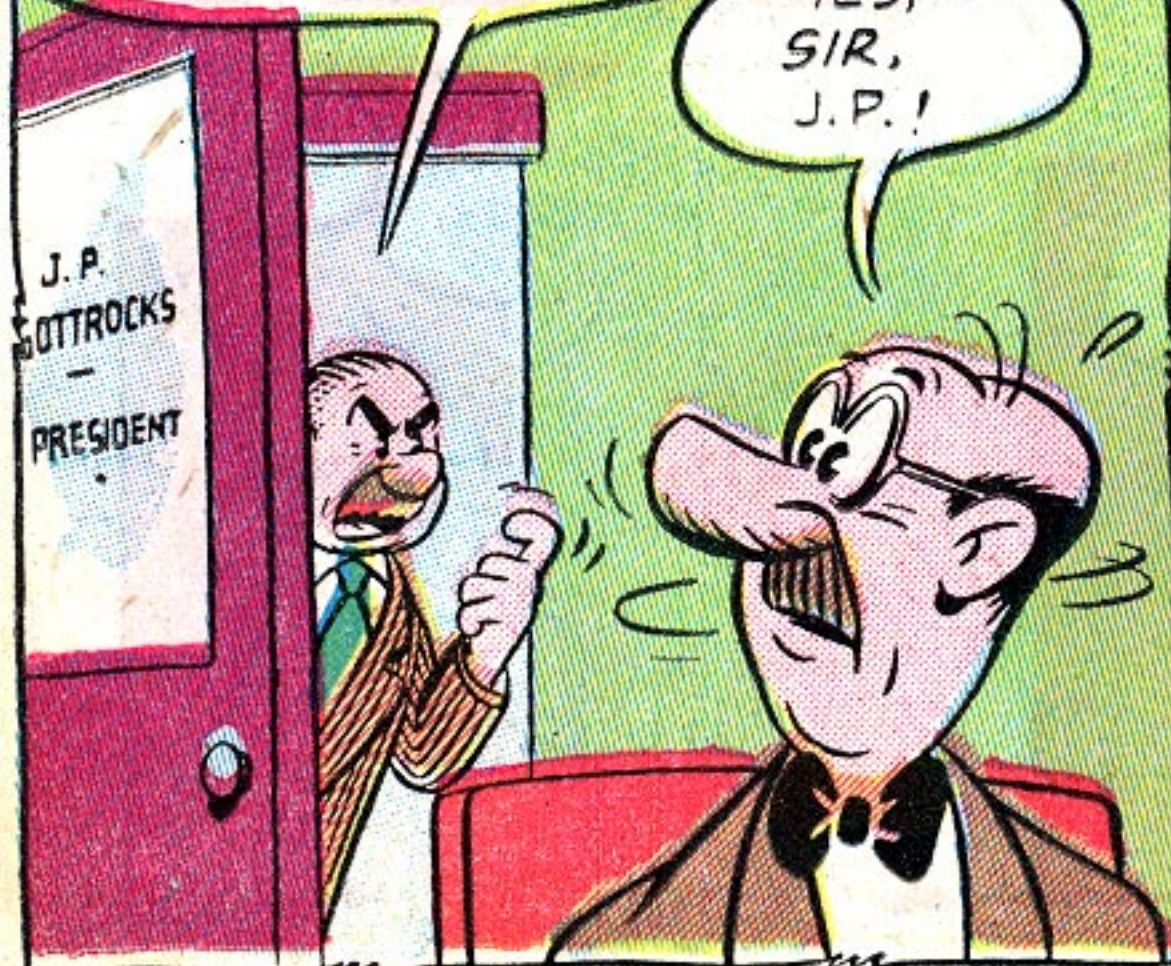
THAT'S RIGHT,
EMMA! TODAY A
DELEGATION ASKED
ME TO RUN FOR
PRESIDENT!

WAIT'LL POP
FINDS OUT WHAT
THEY WANT HIM TO BE
PRESIDENT **OF,**
KATIE! --- **LOOK!**



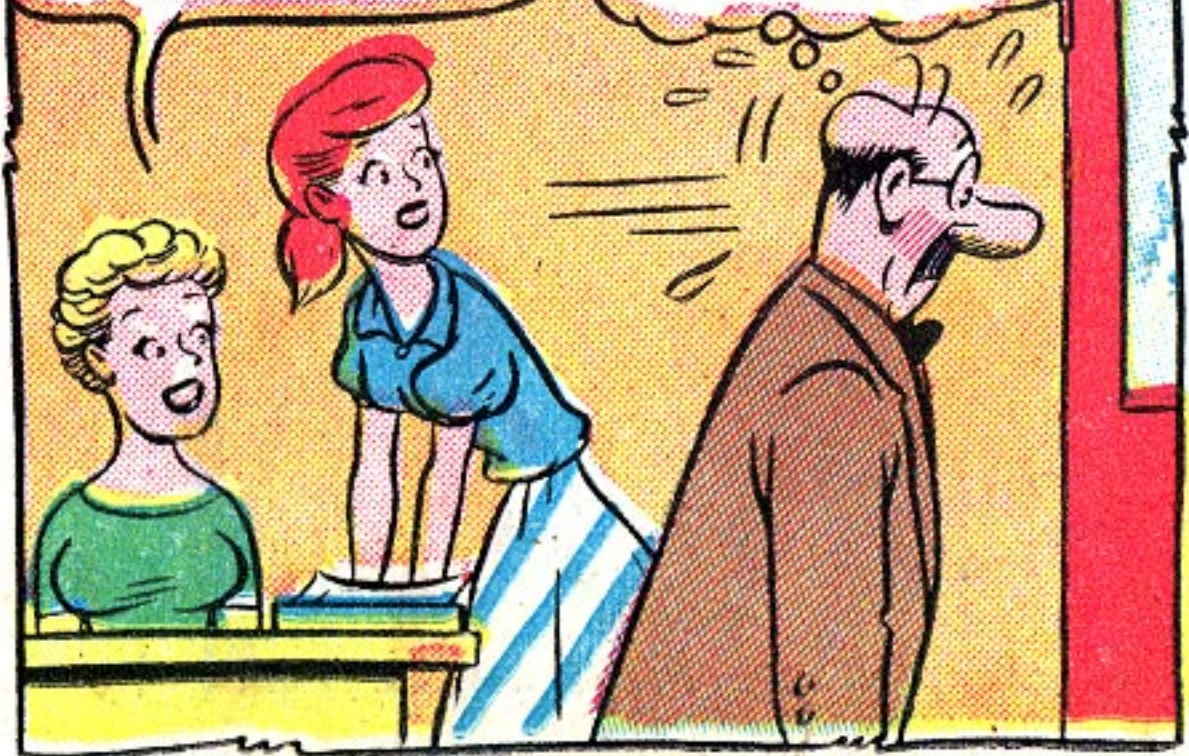
KILROY, DROP WHATEVER
YOU'RE DOING AND
COME IN HERE!

YES,
SIR,
J.P.!



THE WAY KILROY
GOES INTO J.P.'S
OFFICE, YOU'D THINK
THE OLD MAN HAD
AN **ELECTRIC**
CHAIR IN THERE
OR SOMETHING!

WONDER WHAT IT IS
THIS TIME? :GULP: BET
HE'S GONNA JUMP ON
ME ABOUT THAT JONES
CONTRACT-- IT ISN'T MY
FAULT I DIDN'T GET IT
DRAW YET!



KILROY, WE'VE GOT A CHANCE TO LAND THE BIGGEST CONTRACT THIS FIRM HAS EVER HAD, BUT IT'S GOING TO TAKE SOME SHREWD, CLEVER EXECUTIVE KNOW-HOW TO BEAT OUR COMPETITION!

WELL, YOU'VE GOT IT, J.P.! YOU CAN DO IT, SIR!

THAT'S JUST IT! I CAN'T DO IT! TO LAND THIS DEAL I'D HAVE TO GO TO WASHINGTON AND SUBMIT OUR BID, AND I CAN'T! I HAVE TO BE IN CLEVELAND ON THE AGREW CONTRACT AT THE SAME TIME! IT'S PRETTY BIG, TOO!

YEAH--YEAH! I KNOW! BUT WHAT'S THIS GOT TO DO WITH ME, J.P.?

JUST THIS! I'M SENDING YOU TO WASHINGTON TO LAND THAT CONTRACT! THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE, KILROY! THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO SHOW ME WHETHER YOU'VE GOT IT ON THE BALL OR NOT!

THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE, KILROY! SO GET HOME AND PACK! I'LL ARRANGE FOR YOUR TRANSPORTATION AND DROP BY YOUR HOUSE WITH THE TICKETS LATER!

RIGHT, BOSS! YESSIR, BOSS!

MINUTES LATER...

MOM! EVERYBODY! IT'S HAPPENED! MY BIG OPPORTUNITY HAS ARRIVED!

GOOD GRAY! WHAT HAPPENED, EDGAR?

J.P.'S SENDING ME TO WASHINGTON TO NAB THE BIGGEST CONTRACT WE'VE EVER HAD! THIS'LL PROBABLY MEAN A JUNIOR PARTNERSHIP FOR ME!

REALLY? -- TO WASHINGTON? WHEN?

NOW! TODAY! YOU PACK MY THINGS, MOM! NATCH, GET OUT MY BLUE SUIT! I'VE GOTTA GRAB A SHOWER AND SHAVE!

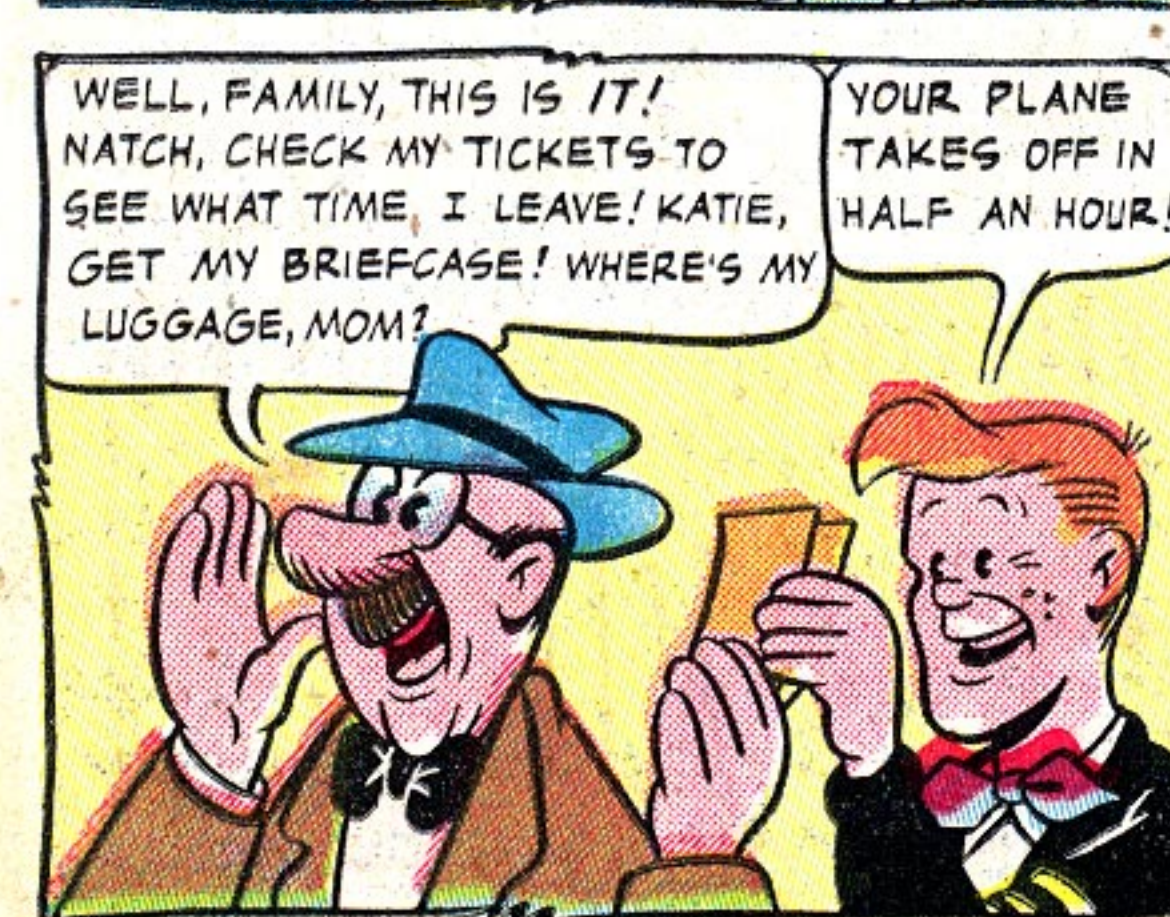
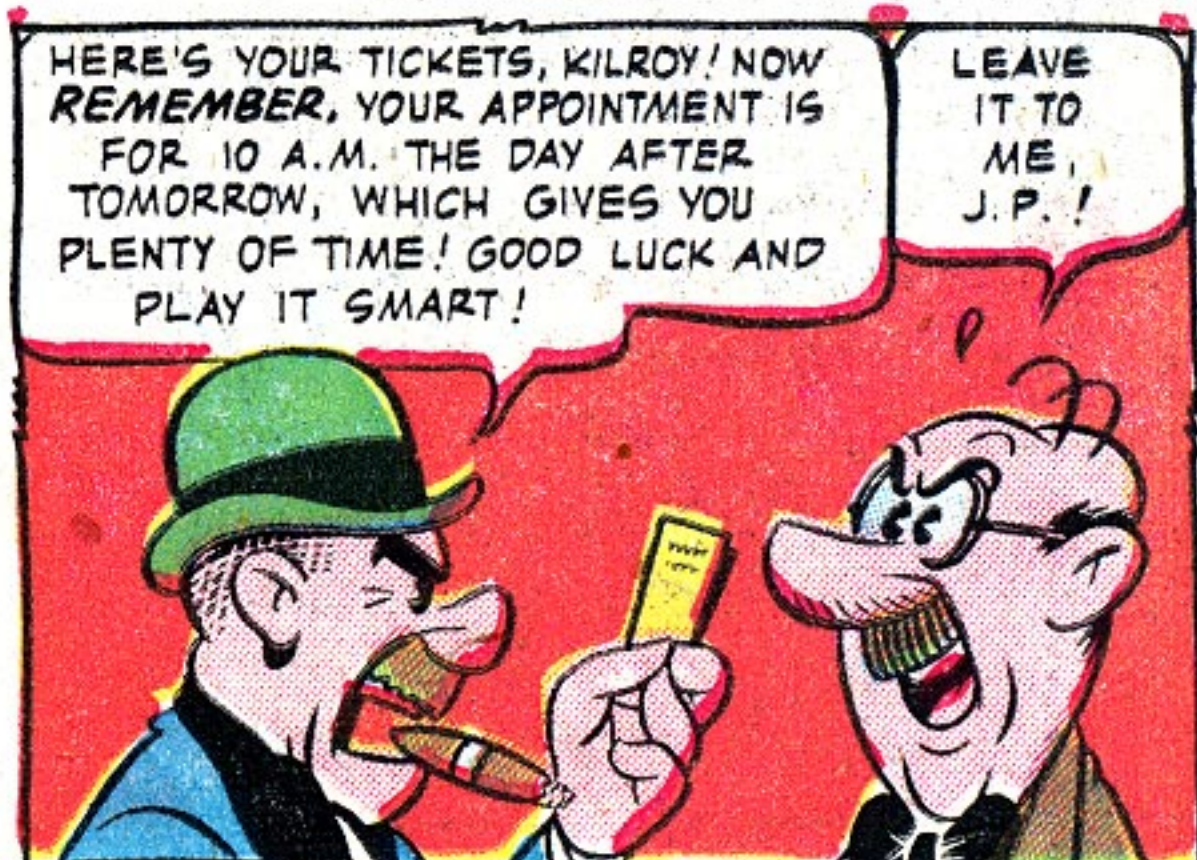
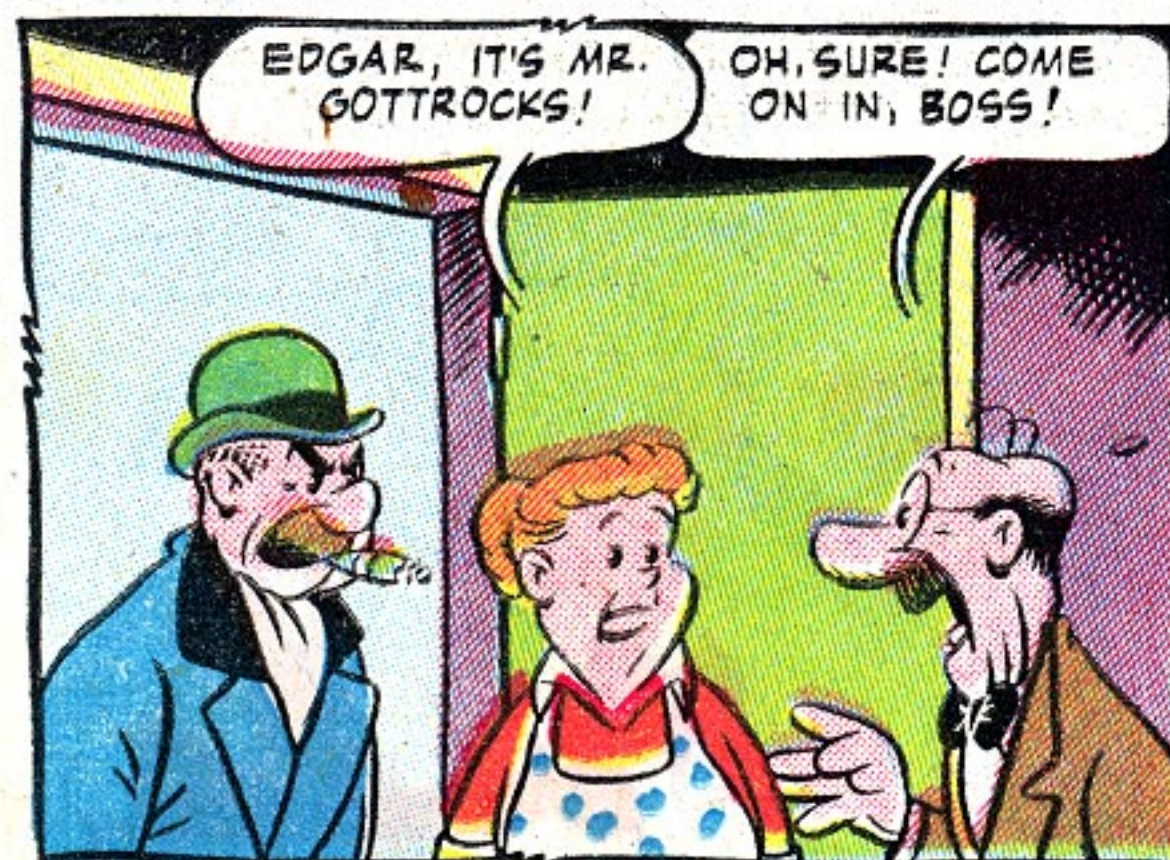
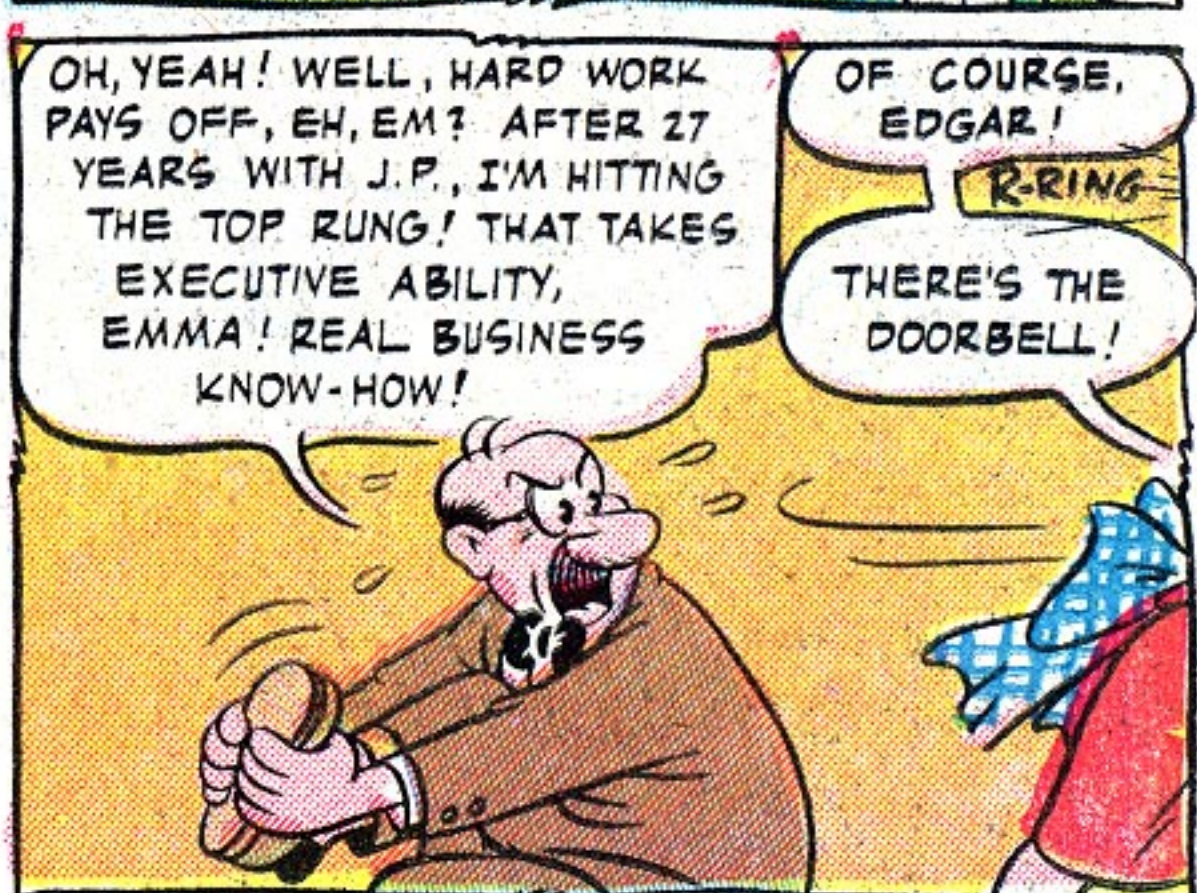
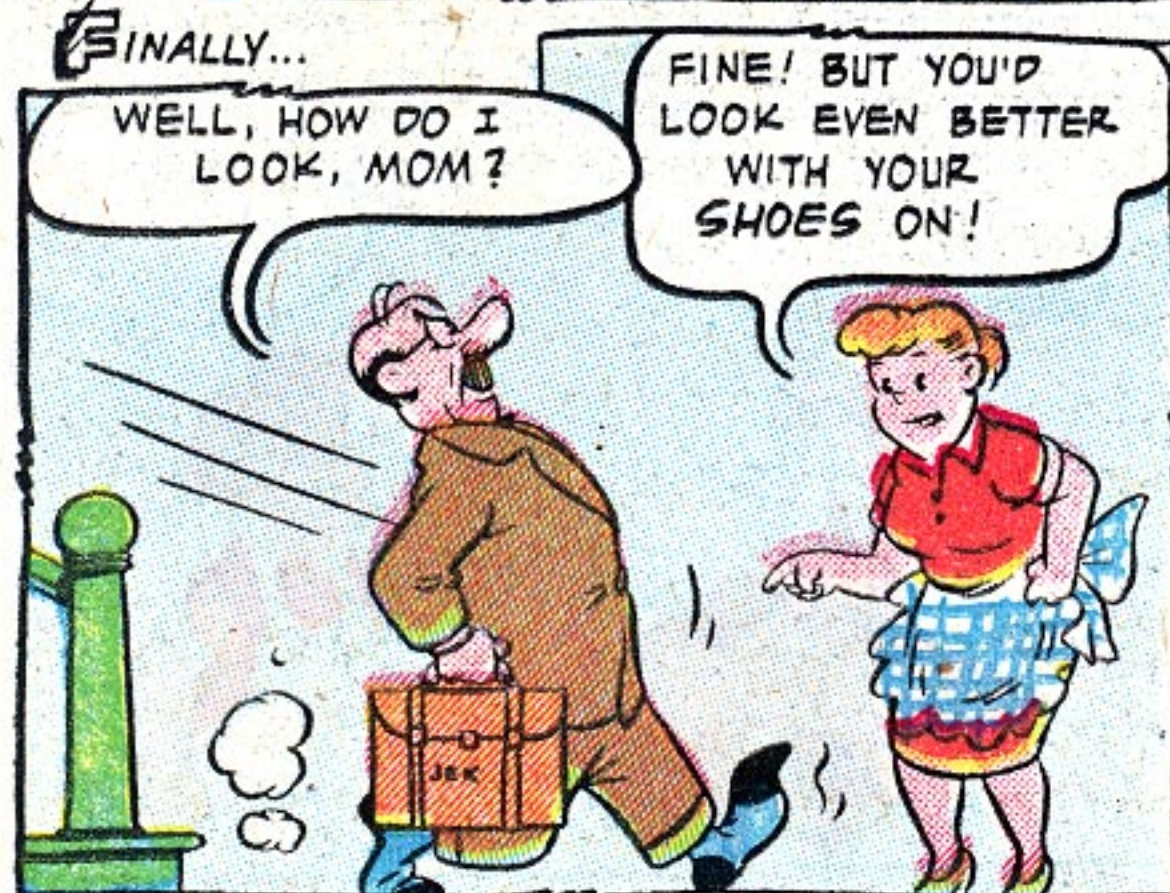
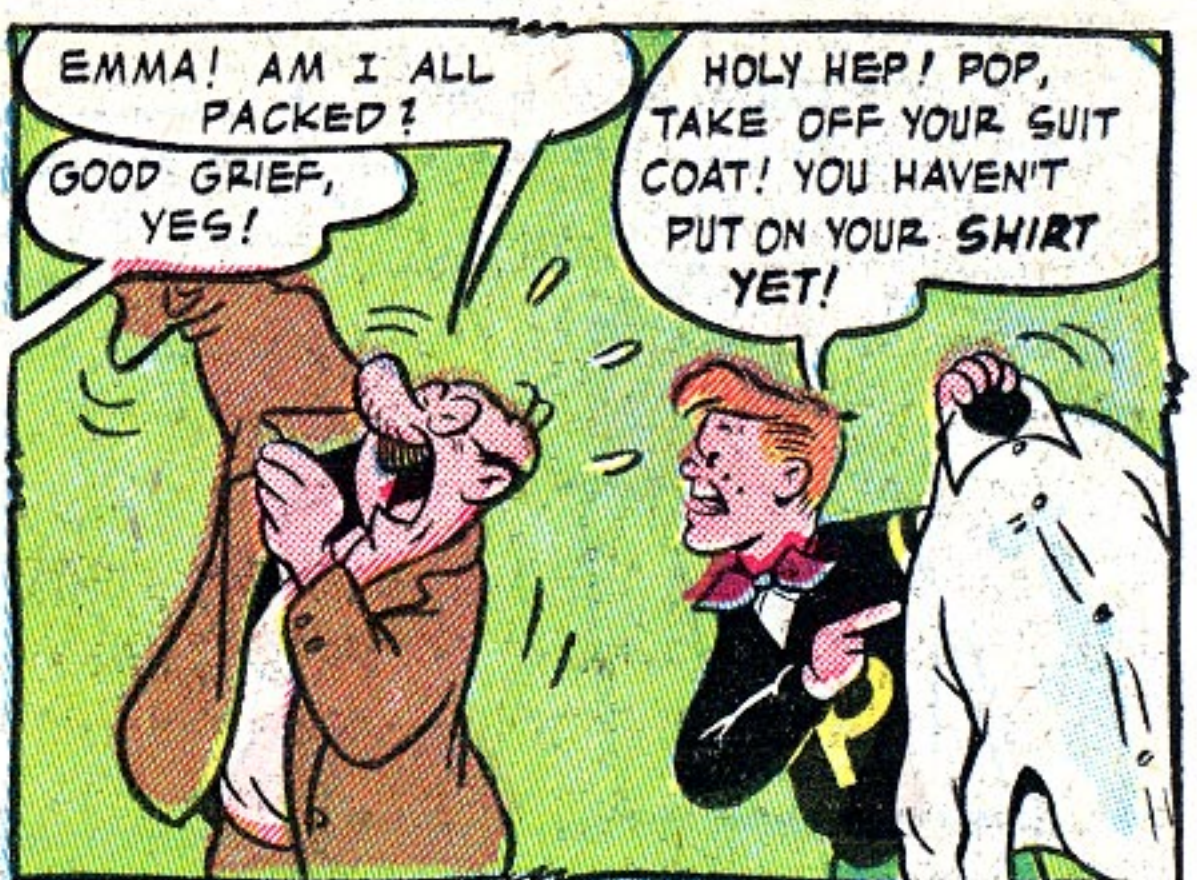
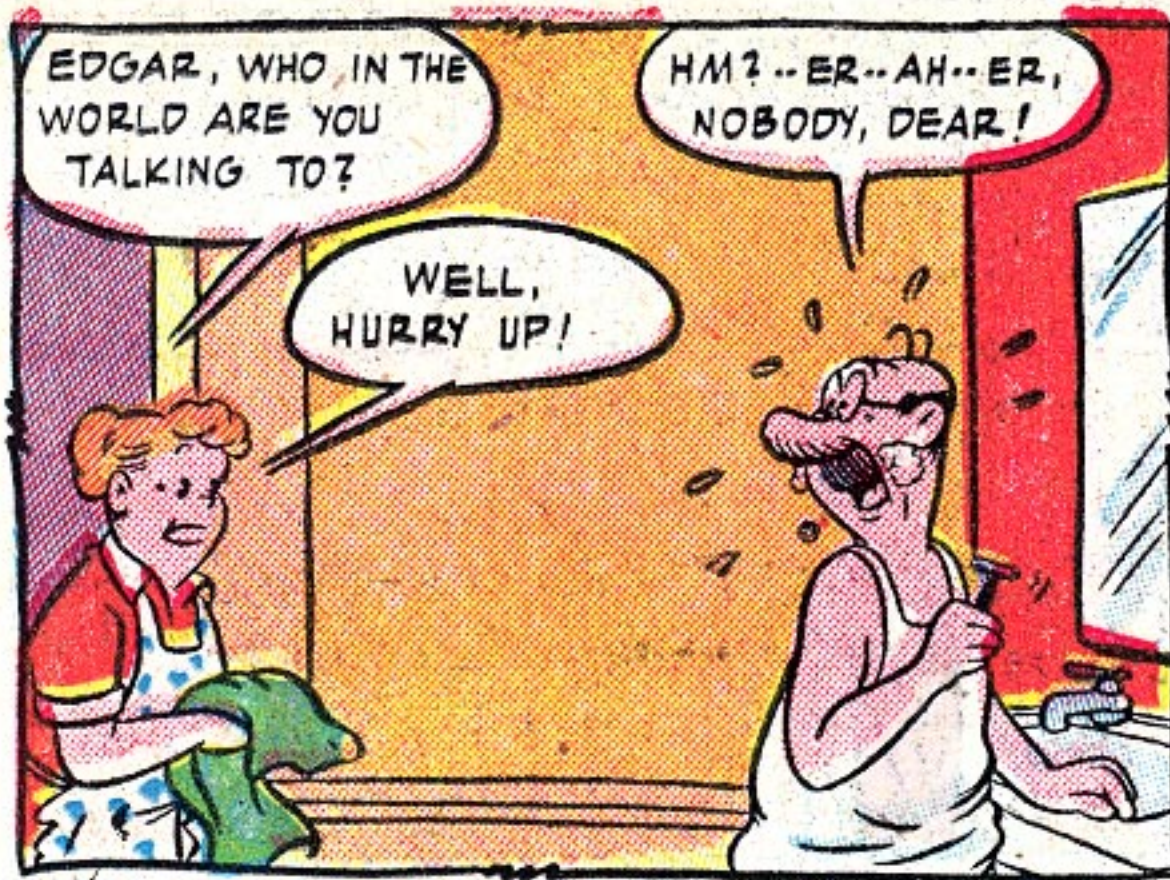
GOODNESS! CALM DOWN, EDGAR!

GOLLY! POP'S A BIG SHOT!

MR. PRESIDENT?

CALL ME HARRY, ED!

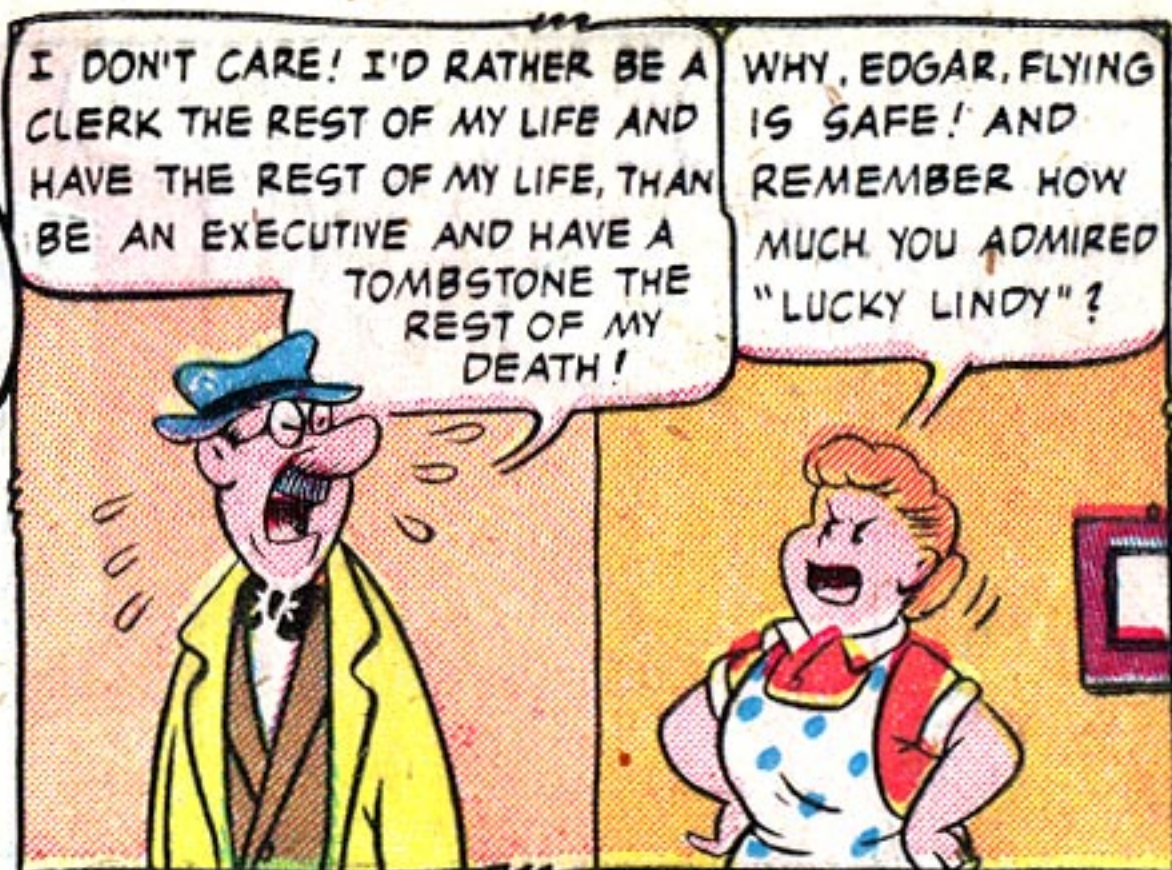
HEH-HEH--OKAY, HARRY!





I WON'T GO! FLYING IS FOR BIRDS, NOT PEOPLE! I WON'T LEAVE THE GROUND! NOT ONE INCH WILL I LEAVE IT!

BUT EDGAR! YOU HAVE TO! REMEMBER, THIS IS BUSINESS! YOUR BIG CHANCE!

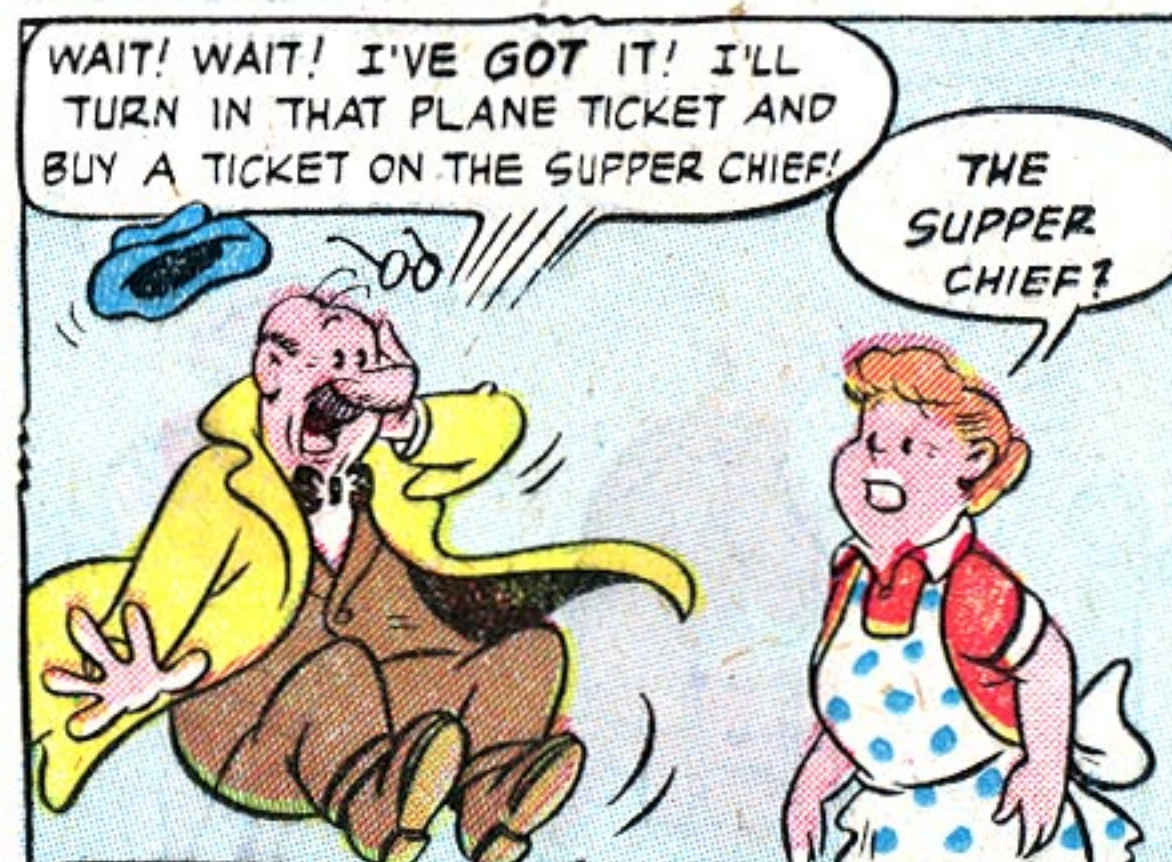


I DON'T CARE! I'D RATHER BE A CLERK THE REST OF MY LIFE AND HAVE THE REST OF MY LIFE, THAN BE AN EXECUTIVE AND HAVE A TOMBSTONE THE REST OF MY DEATH!

WHY, EDGAR, FLYING IS SAFE! AND REMEMBER HOW MUCH YOU ADMIRER "LUCKY LINDY"?

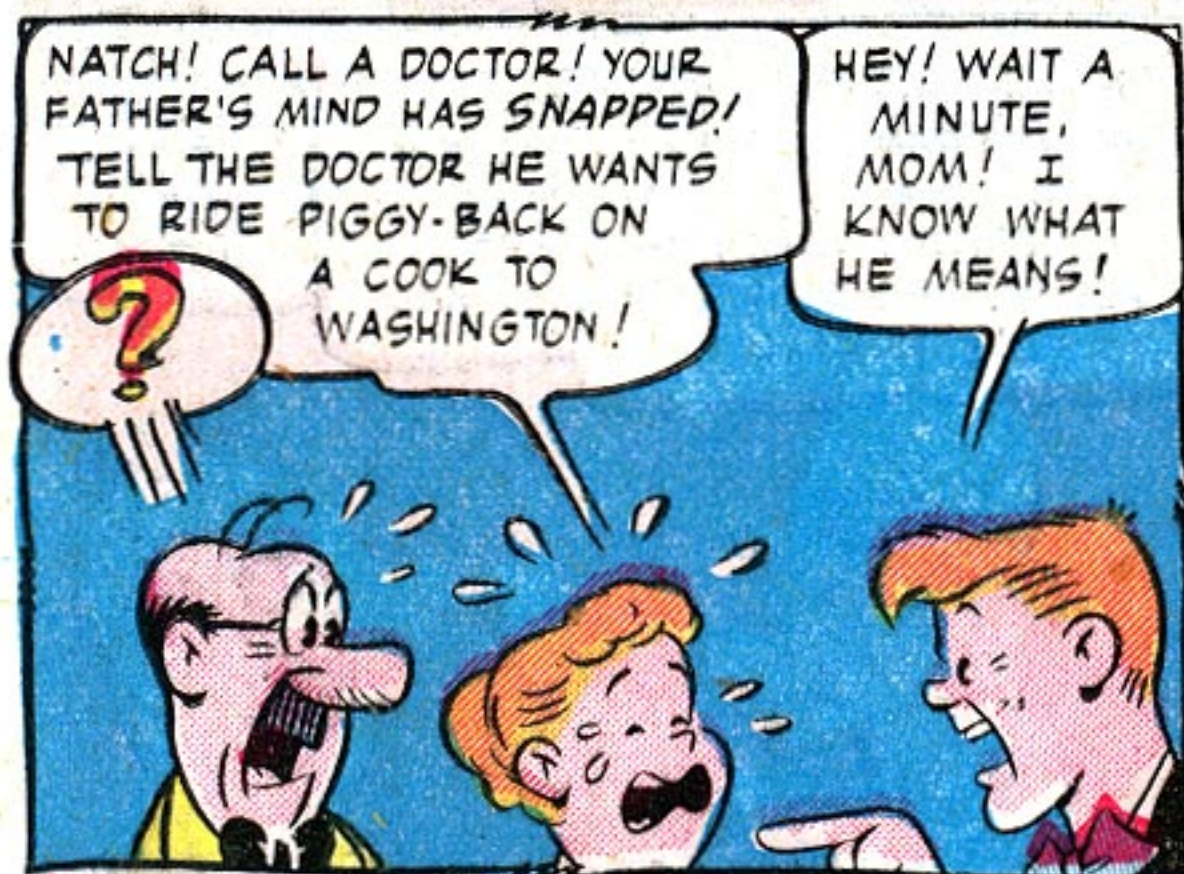


YES! AND REMEMBER WHY THEY CALLED HIM "LUCKY"?



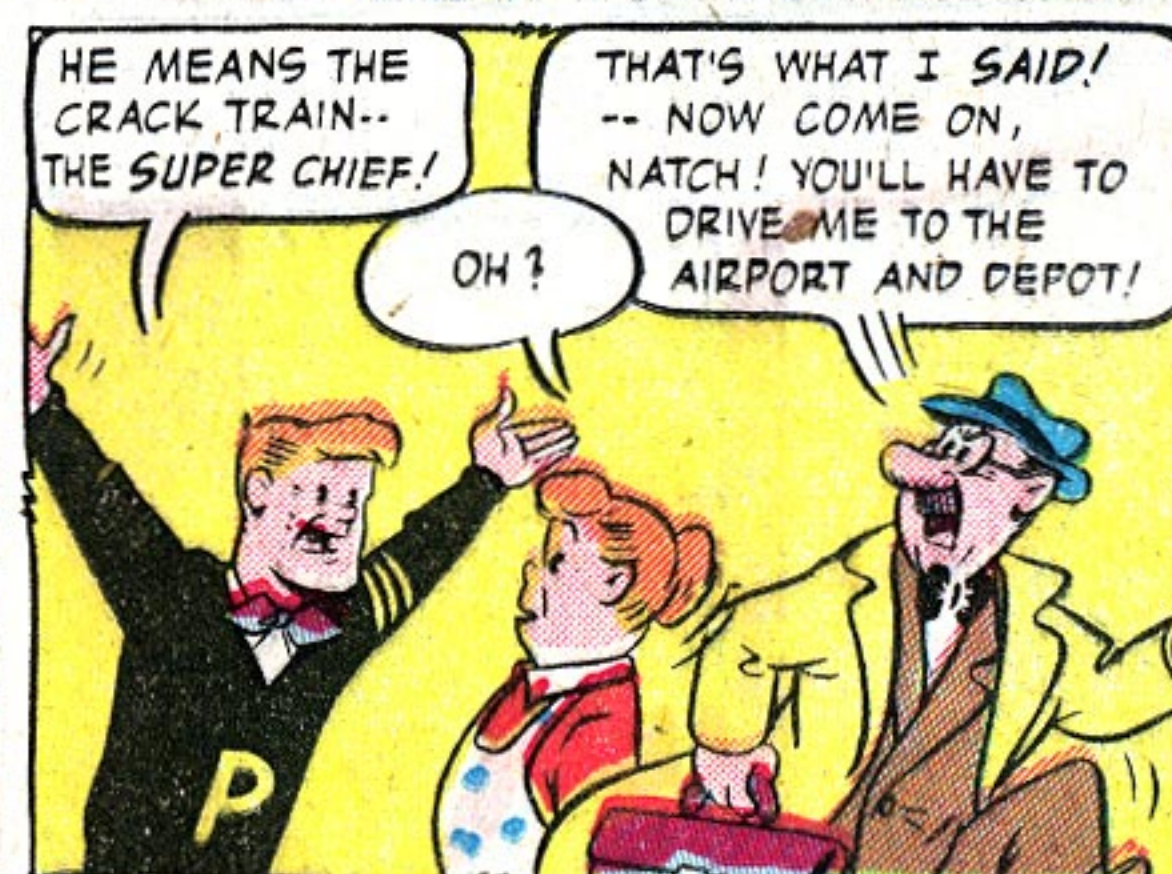
WAIT! WAIT! I'VE GOT IT! I'LL TURN IN THAT PLANE TICKET AND BUY A TICKET ON THE SUPPER CHIEF!

THE SUPPER CHIEF?



NATCH! CALL A DOCTOR! YOUR FATHER'S MIND HAS SNAPPED! TELL THE DOCTOR HE WANTS TO RIDE PIGGY-BACK ON A COOK TO WASHINGTON!

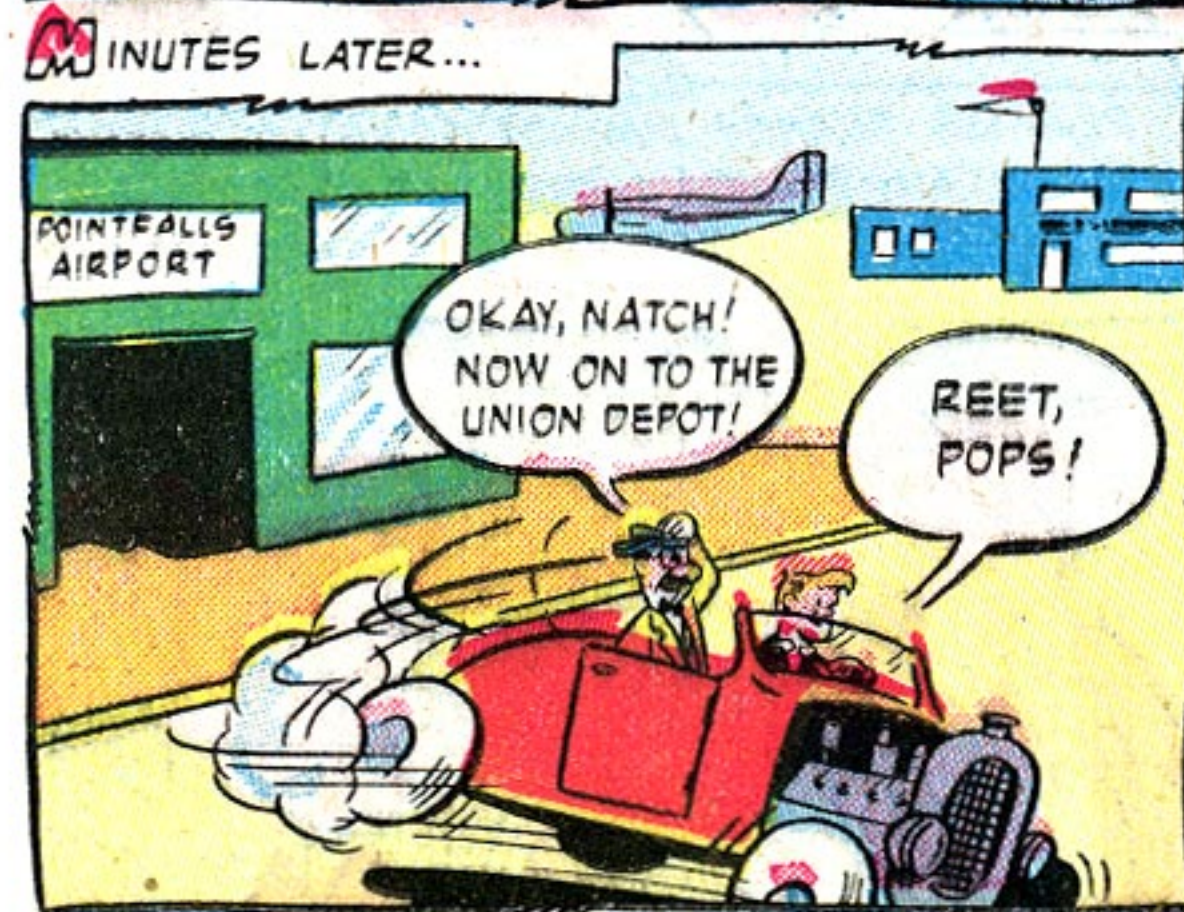
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE, MOM! I KNOW WHAT HE MEANS!



HE MEANS THE CRACK TRAIN-- THE SUPER CHIEF!

THAT'S WHAT I SAID! -- NOW COME ON, NATCH! YOU'LL HAVE TO DRIVE ME TO THE AIRPORT AND DEPOT!

OH?

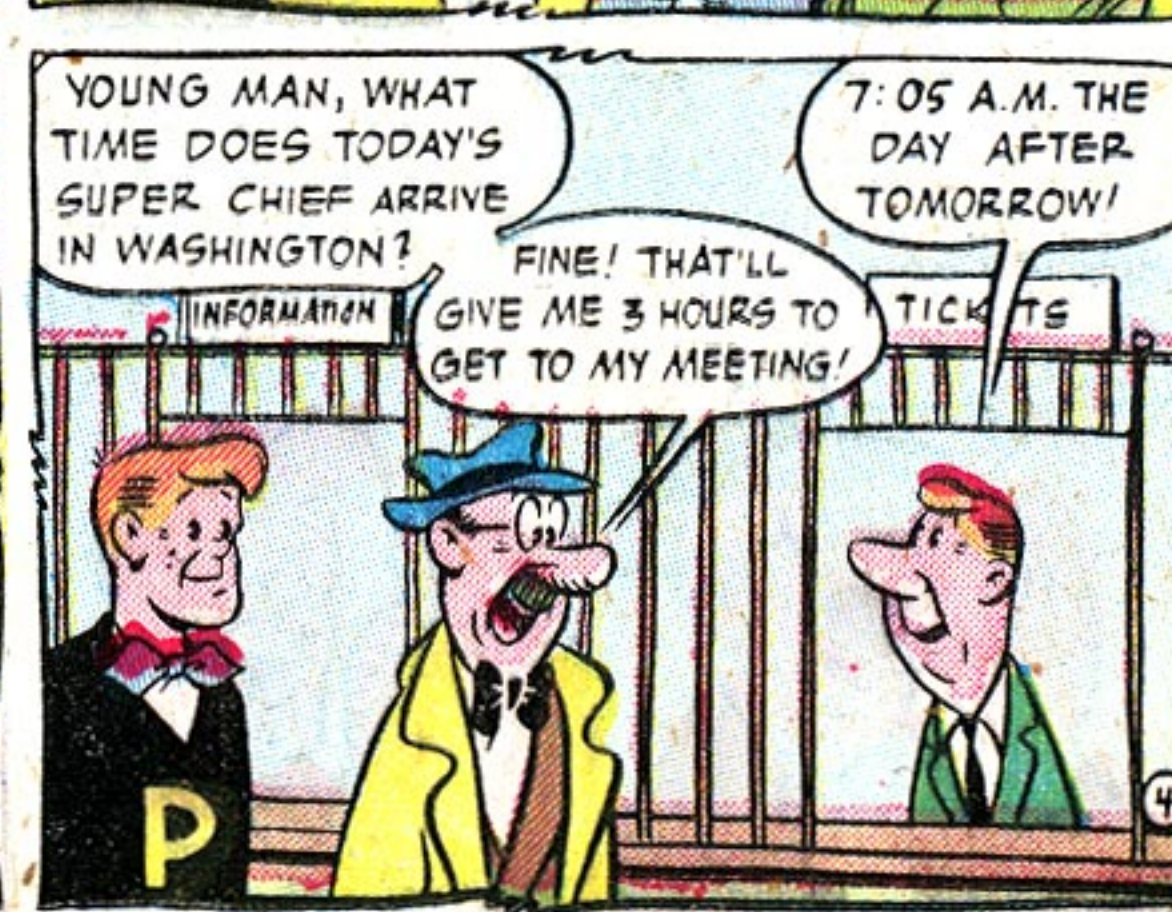


MINUTES LATER...

POINTELLS AIRPORT

OKAY, NATCH! NOW ON TO THE UNION DEPOT!

REET, POPS!

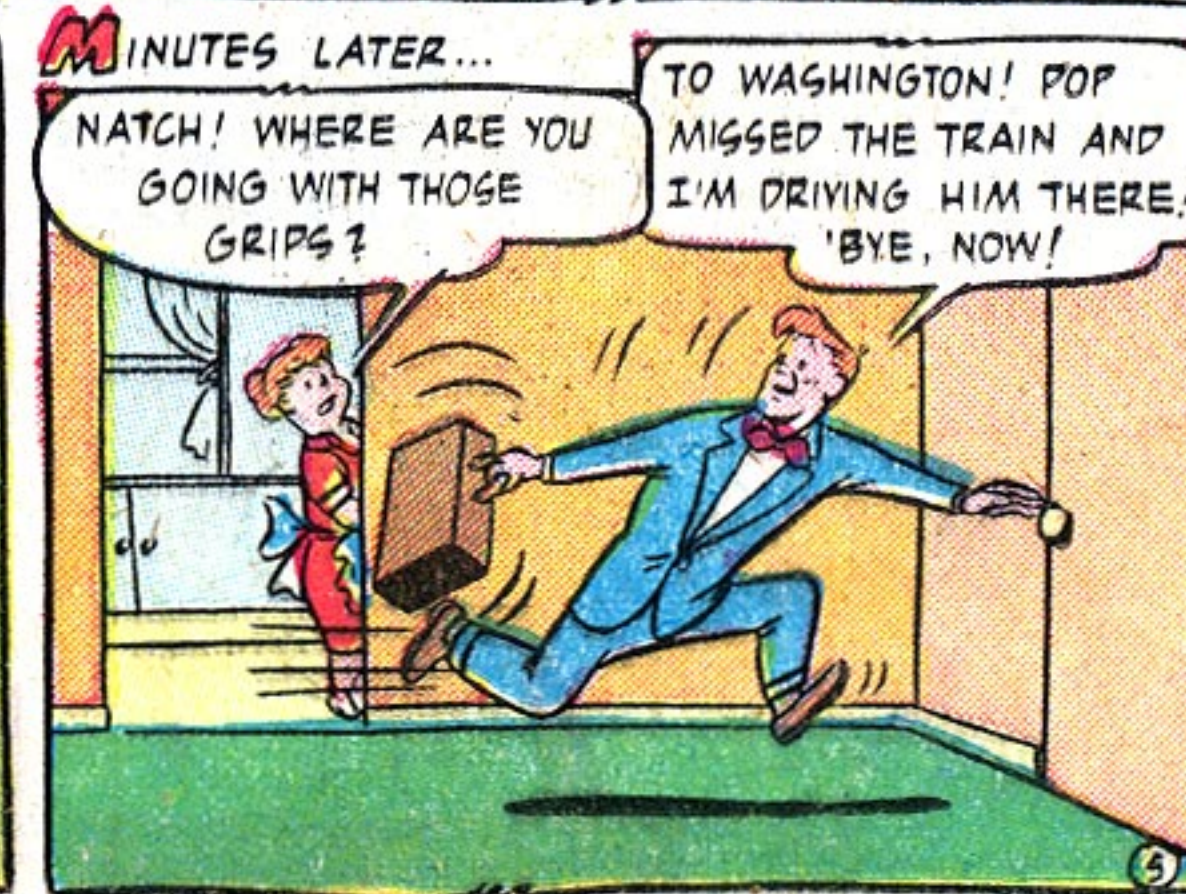
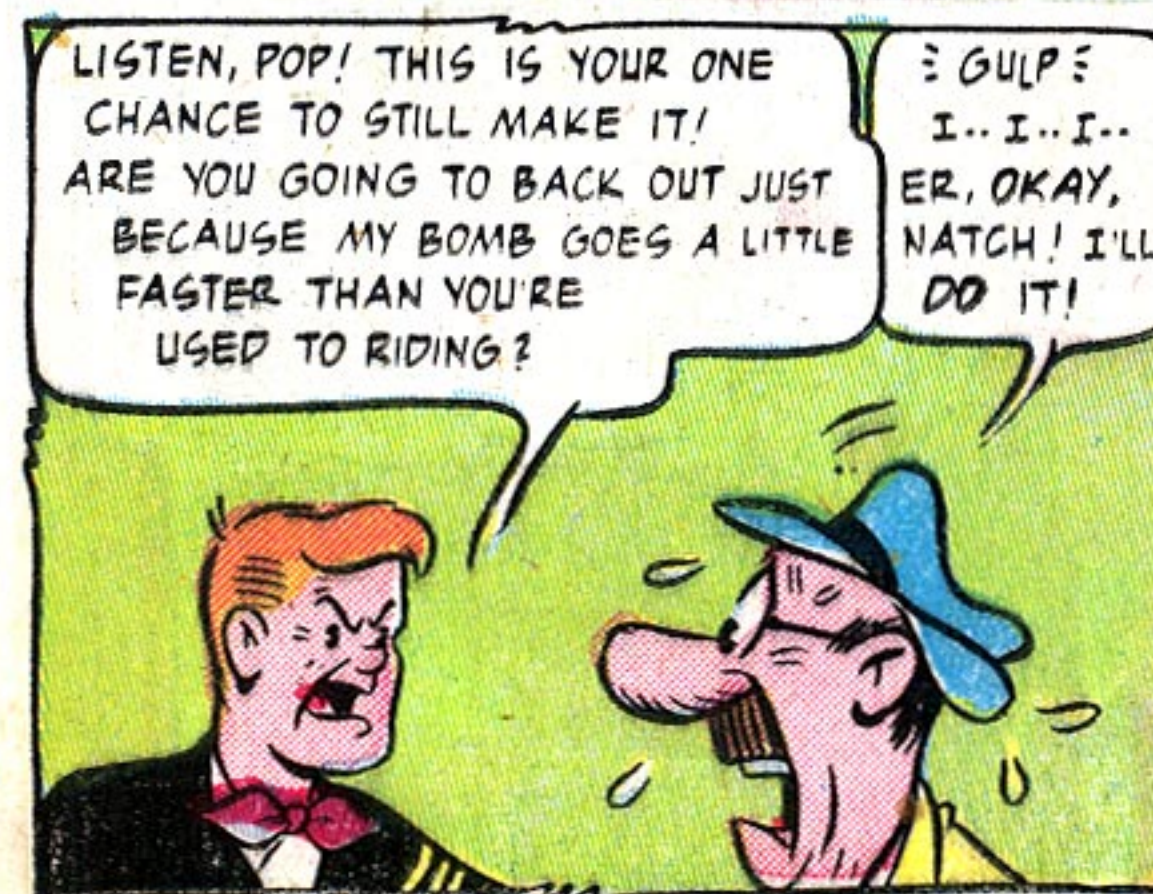
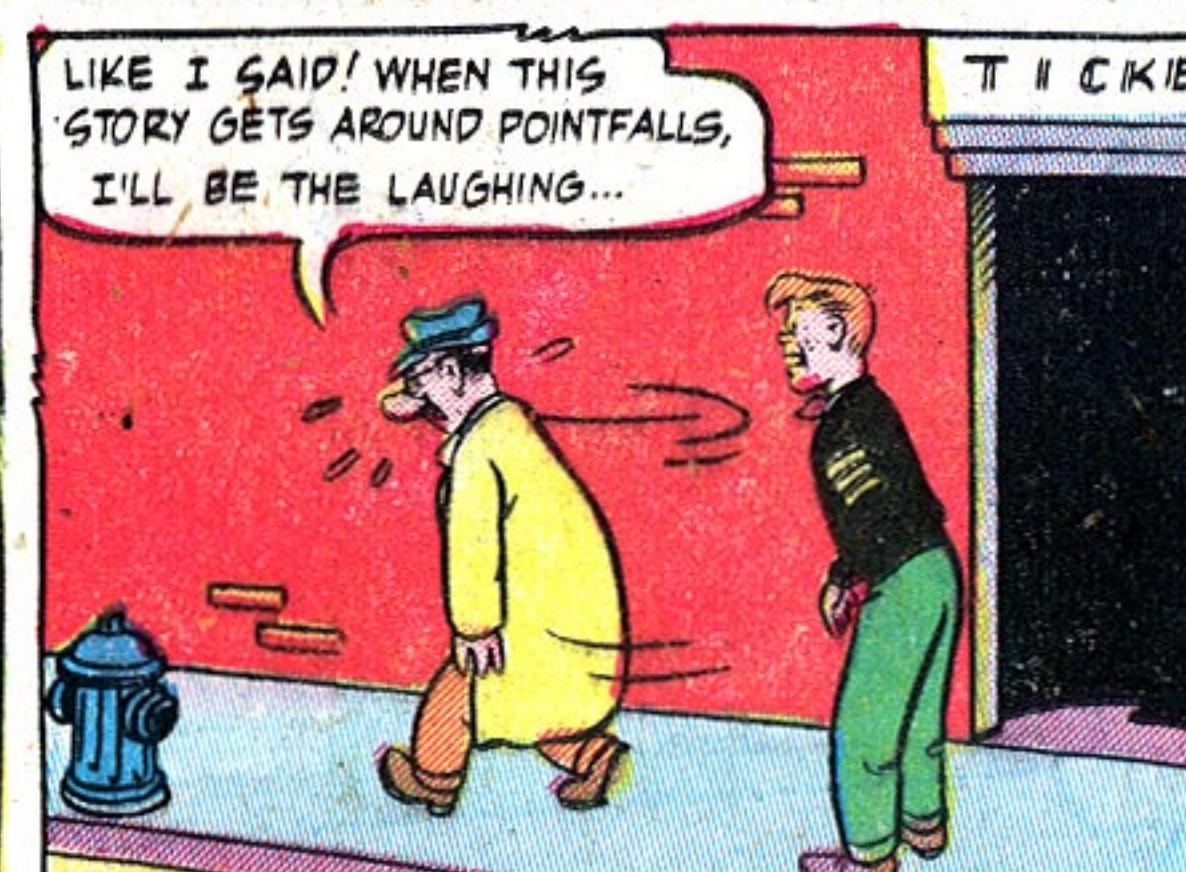
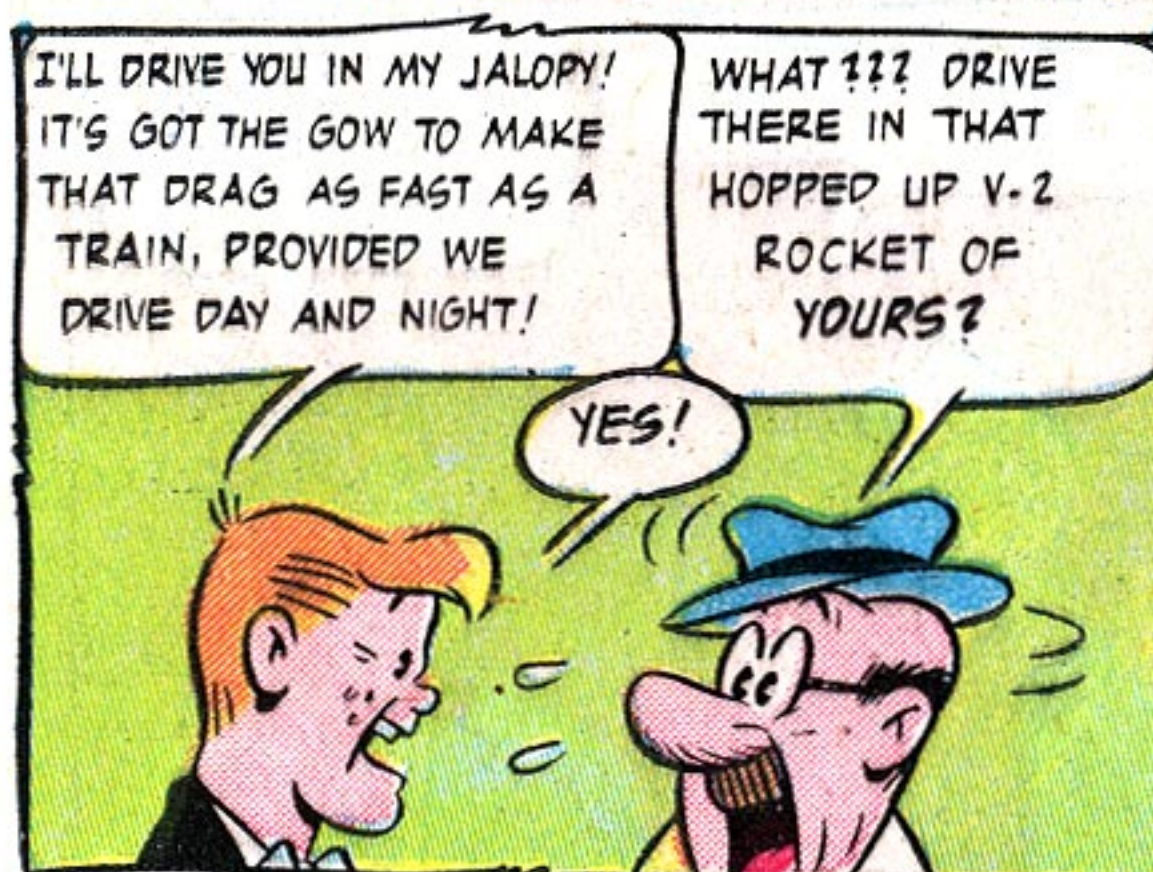
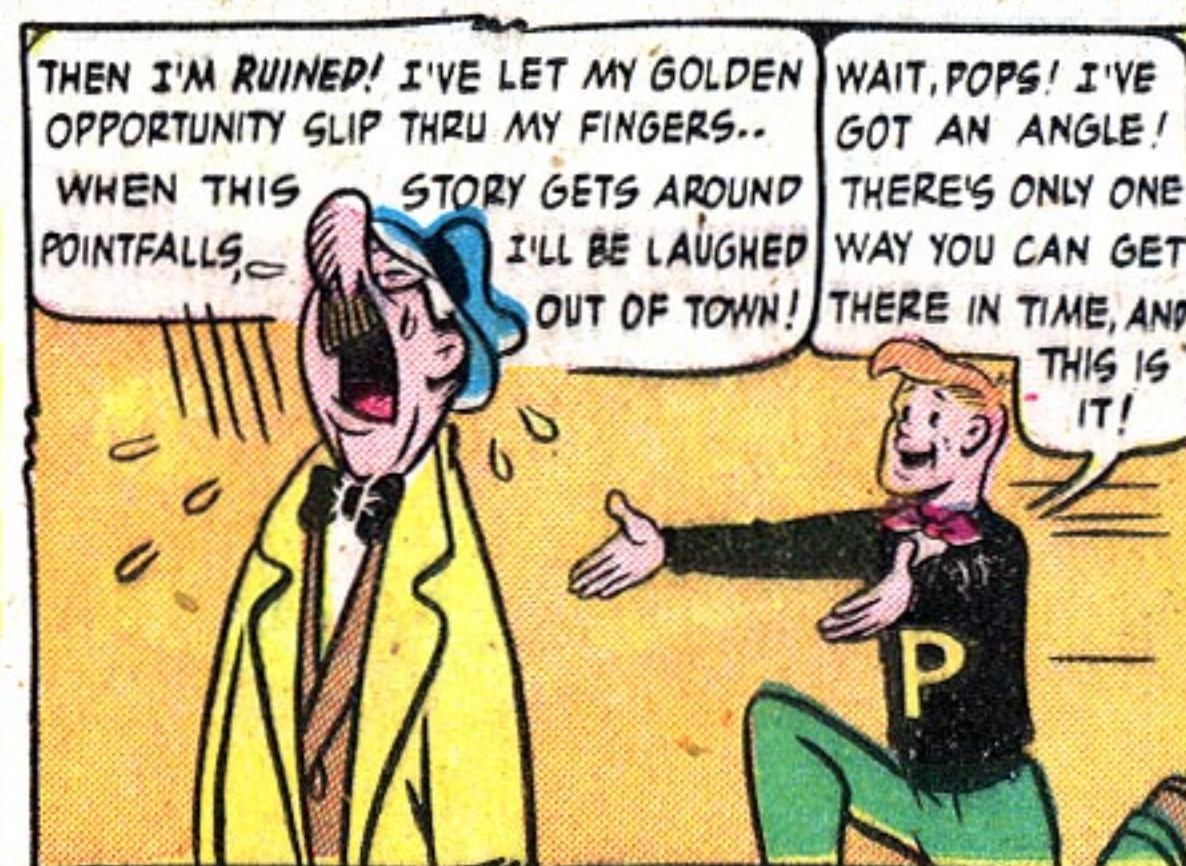
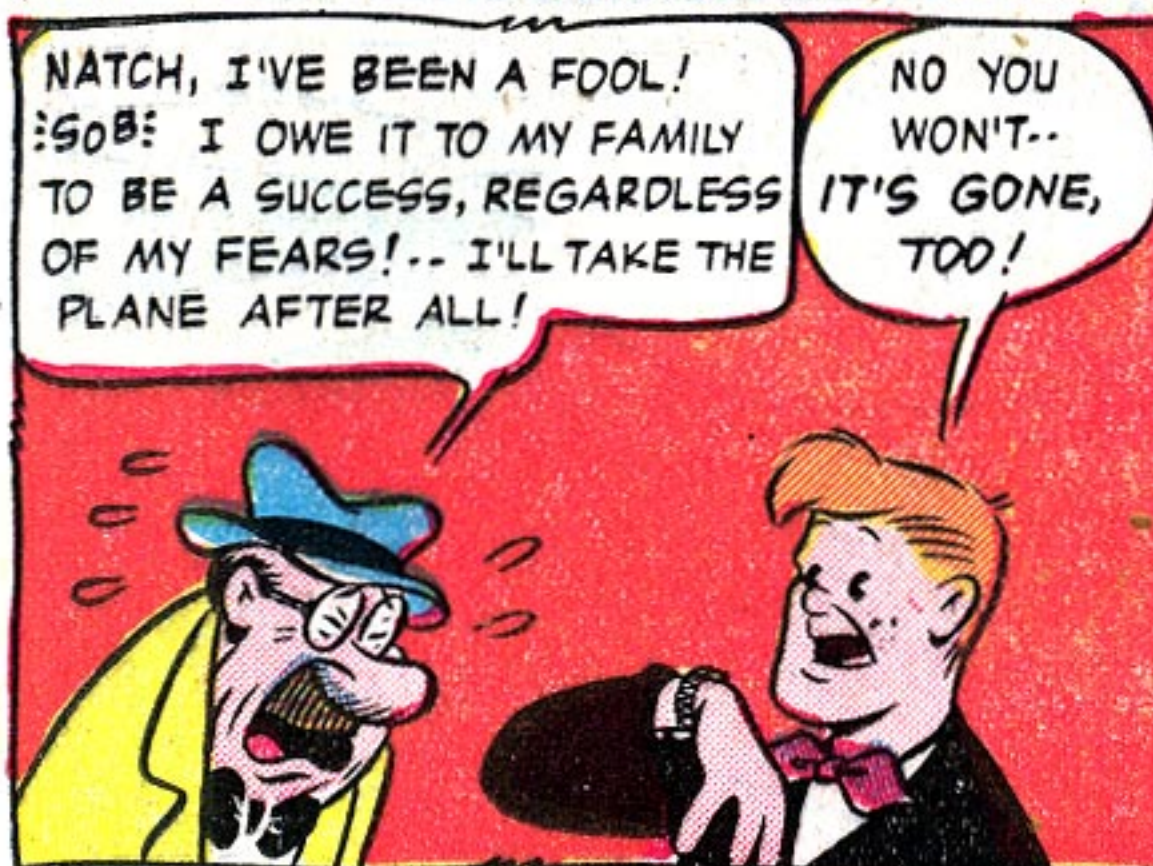


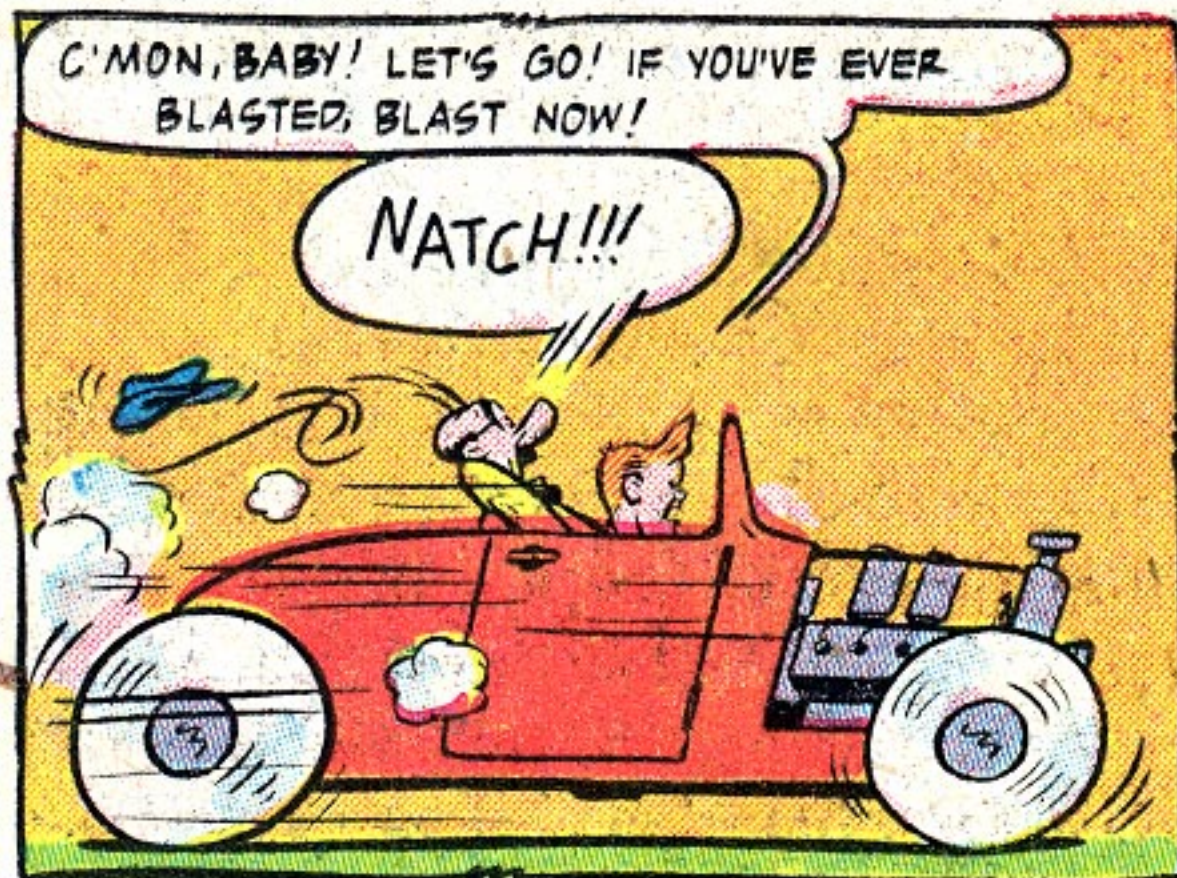
YOUNG MAN, WHAT TIME DOES TODAY'S SUPER CHIEF ARRIVE IN WASHINGTON?

7:05 A.M. THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW!

FINE! THAT'LL GIVE ME 3 HOURS TO GET TO MY MEETING!

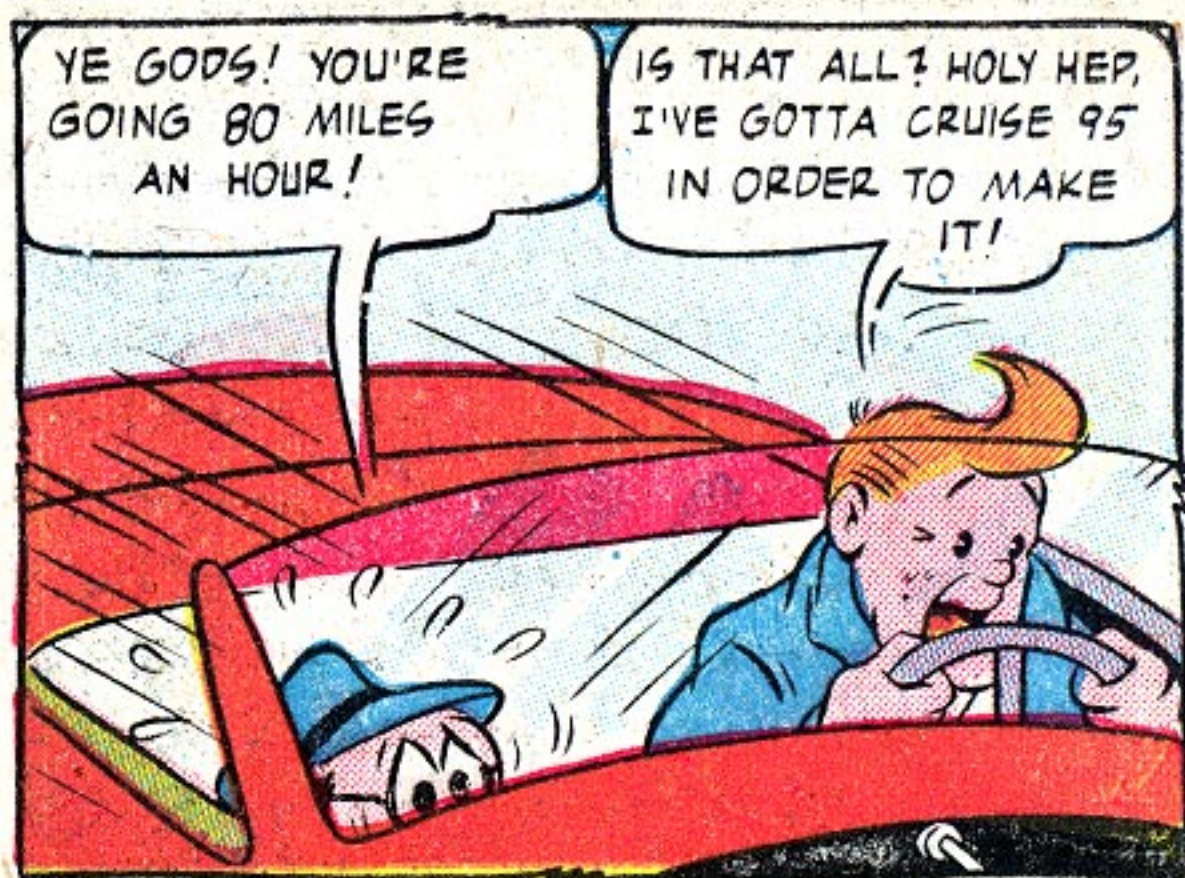
TICKETS





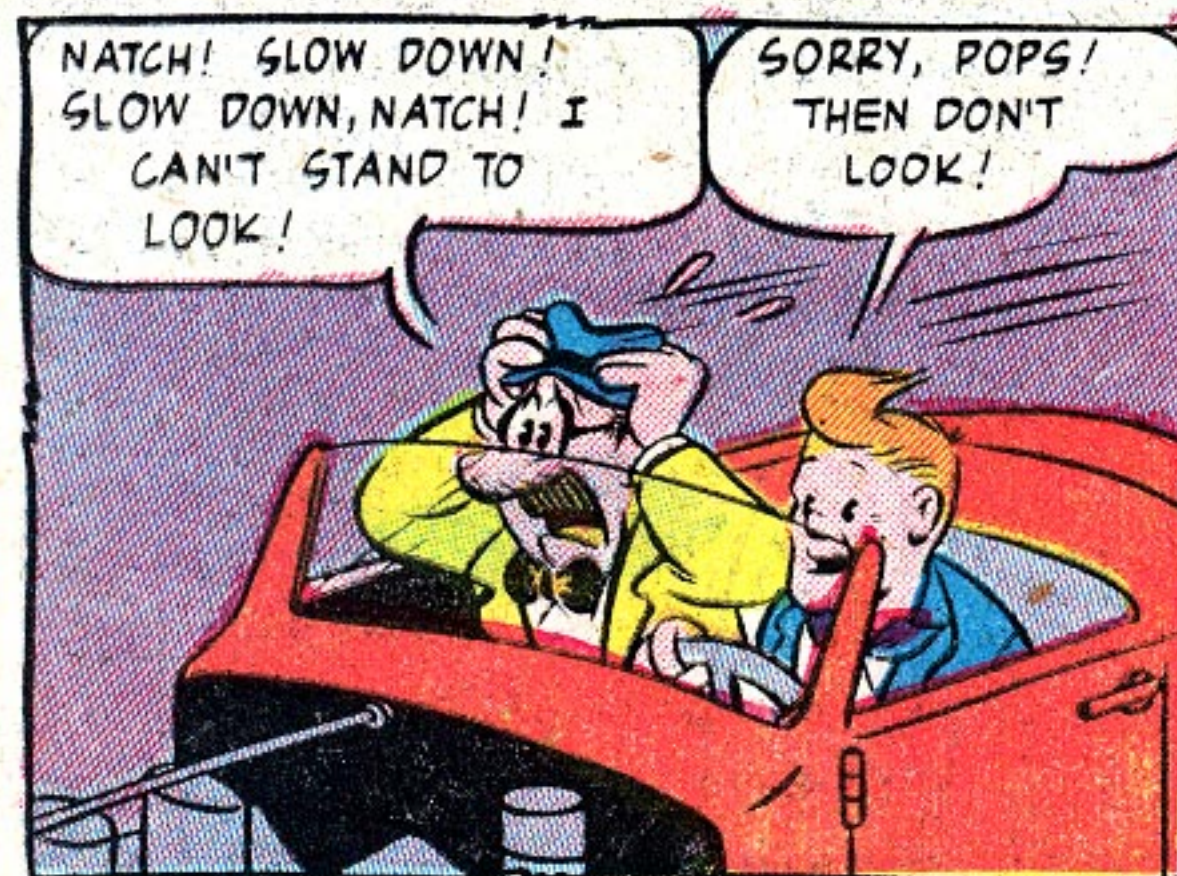
C'MON, BABY! LET'S GO! IF YOU'VE EVER
BLASTED, BLAST NOW!

NATCH!!!



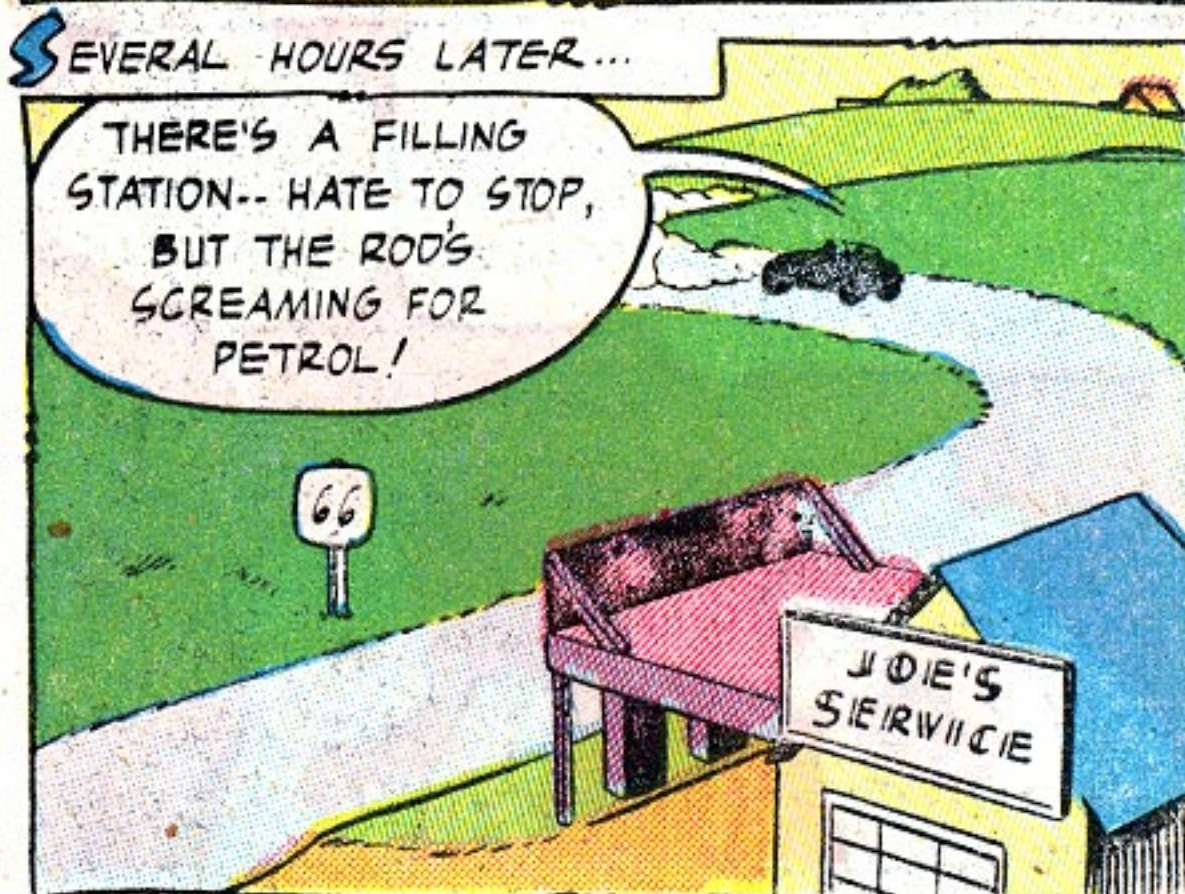
YE GODS! YOU'RE
GOING 80 MILES
AN HOUR!

IS THAT ALL? HOLY HEP,
I'VE GOTTA CRUISE 95
IN ORDER TO MAKE
IT!



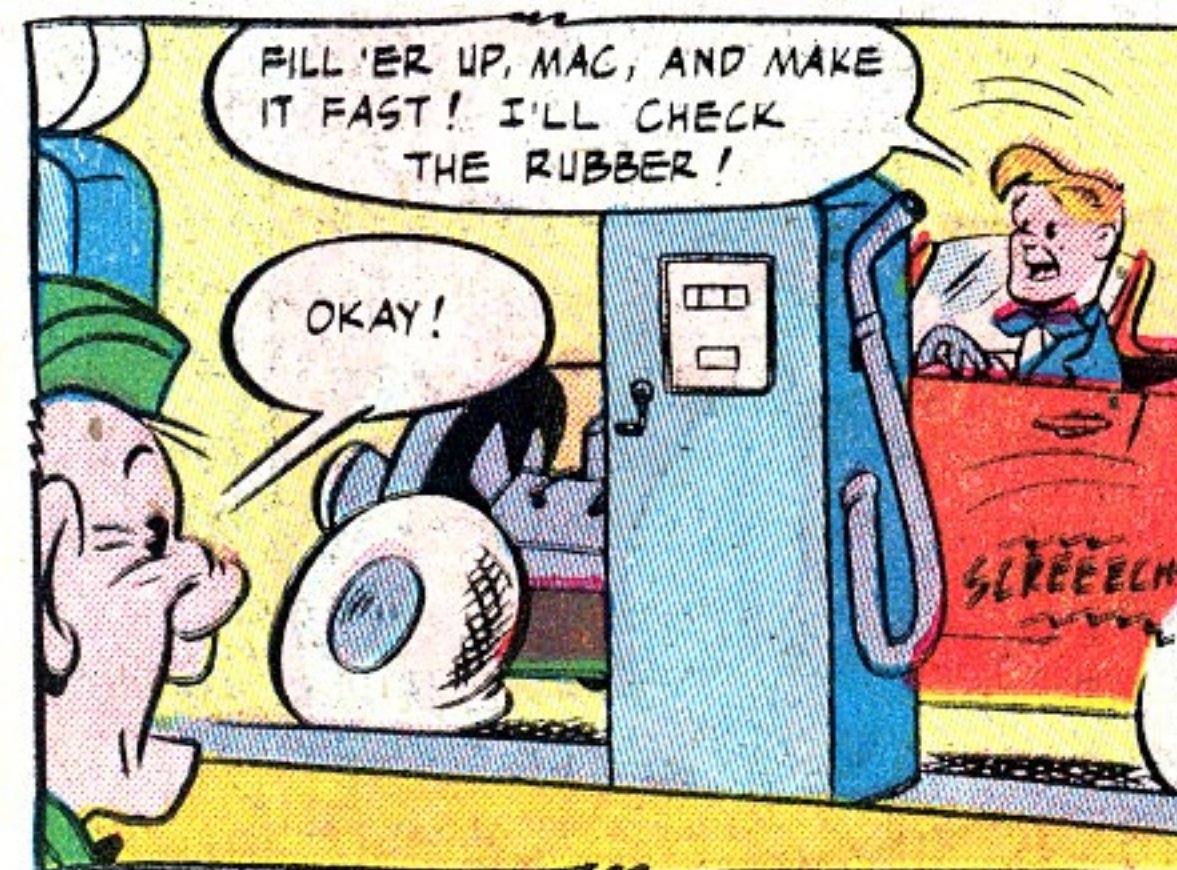
NATCH! SLOW DOWN!
SLOW DOWN, NATCH! I
CAN'T STAND TO
LOOK!

SORRY, POPS!
THEN DON'T
LOOK!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

THERE'S A FILLING
STATION-- HATE TO STOP,
BUT THE ROD'S
SCREAMING FOR
PETROL!



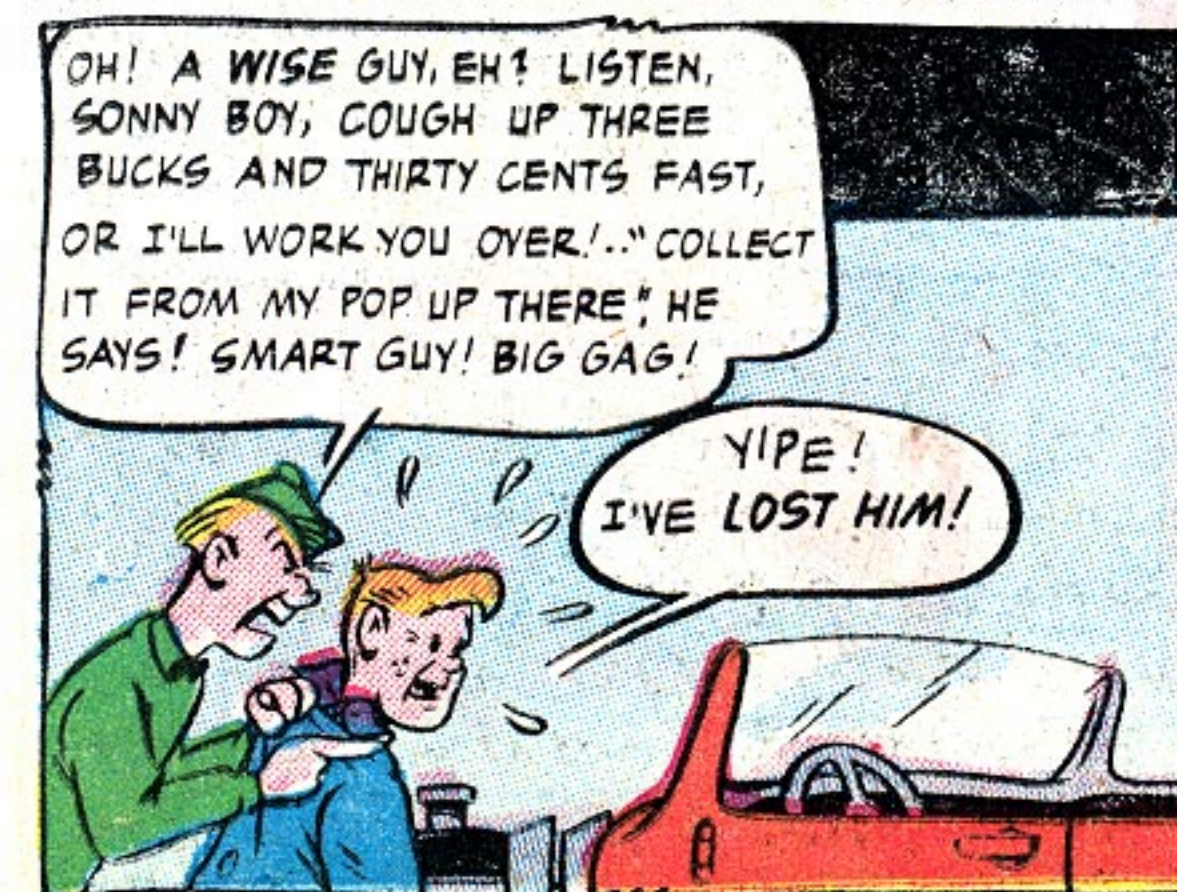
FILL 'ER UP, MAC, AND MAKE
IT FAST! I'LL CHECK
THE RUBBER!

OKAY!



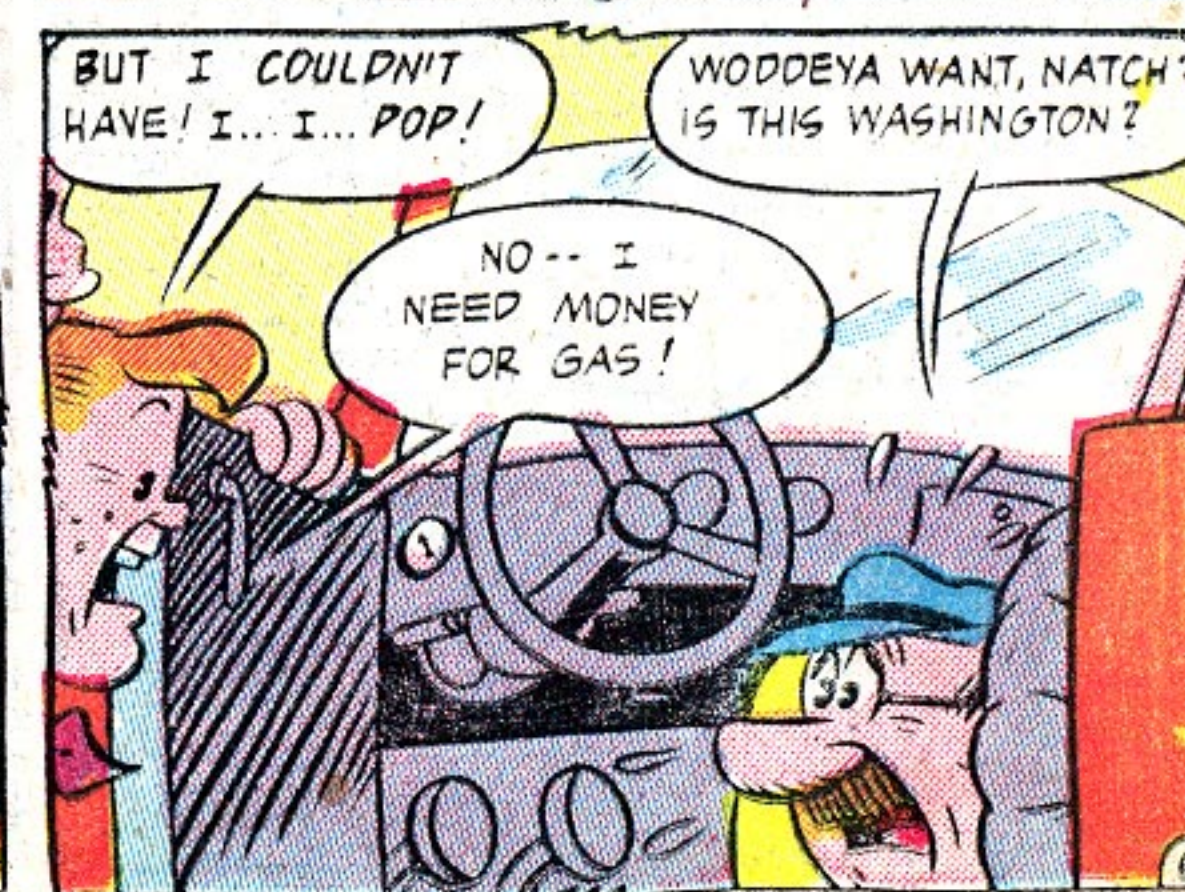
THAT'LL BE \$3.30,
SON!

OKAY, COLLECT IT
FROM MY POP
UP THERE!



OH! A WISE GUY, EH? LISTEN,
SONNY BOY, COUGH UP THREE
BUCKS AND THIRTY CENTS FAST,
OR I'LL WORK YOU OVER!... COLLECT
IT FROM MY POP UP THERE! HE
SAYS! SMART GUY! BIG GAG!

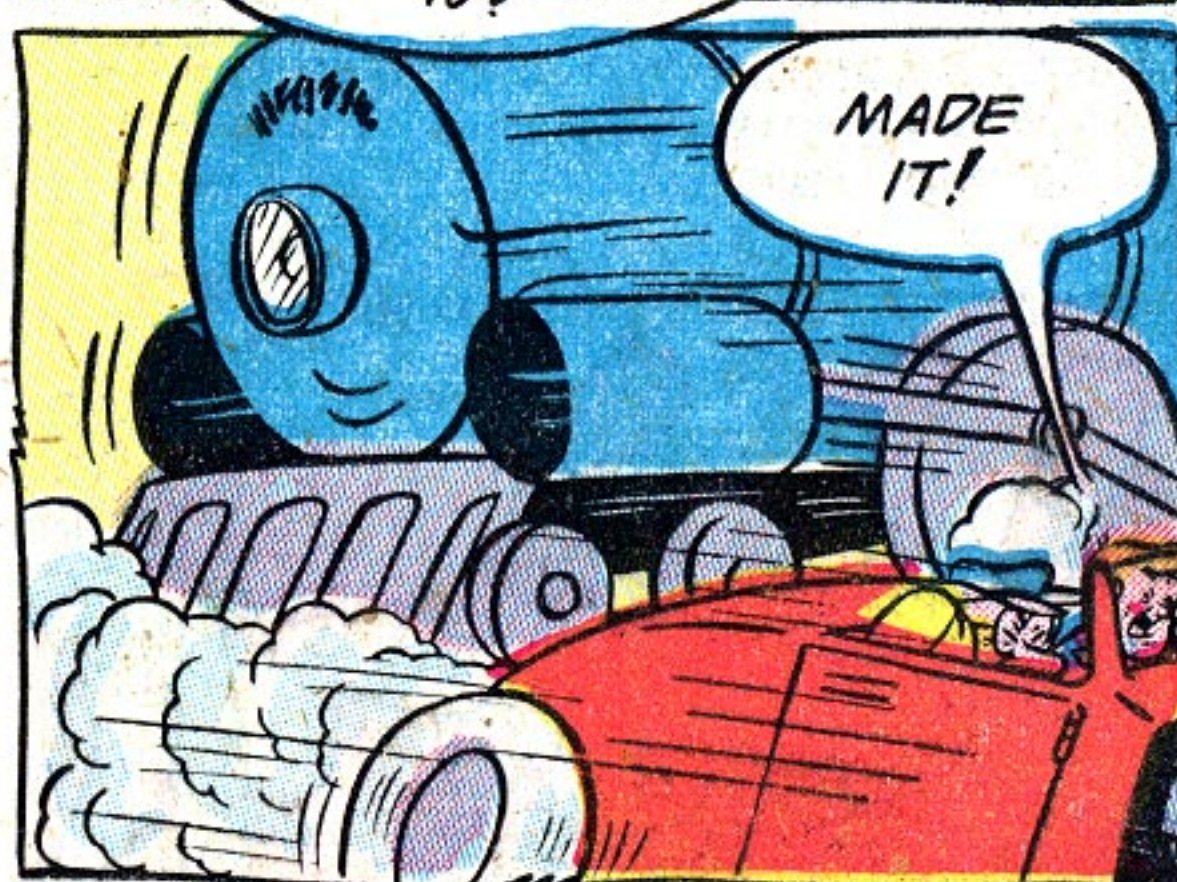
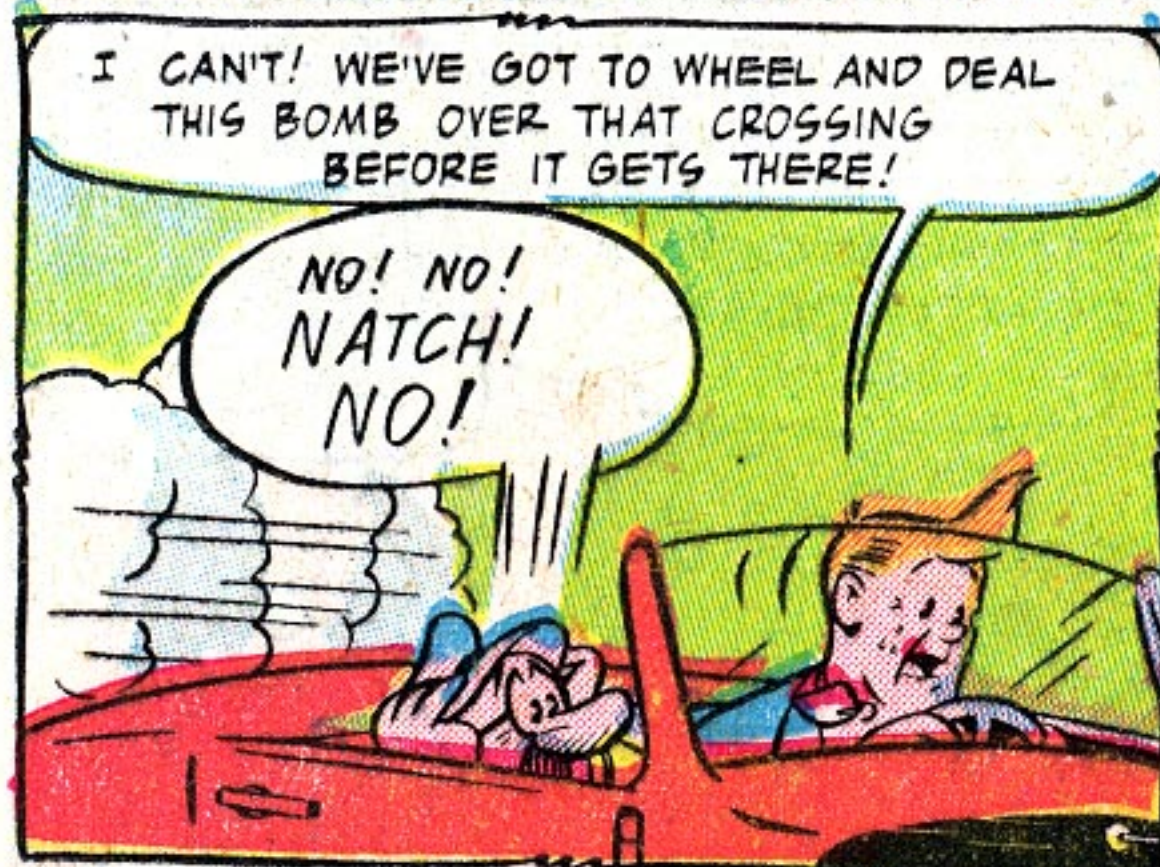
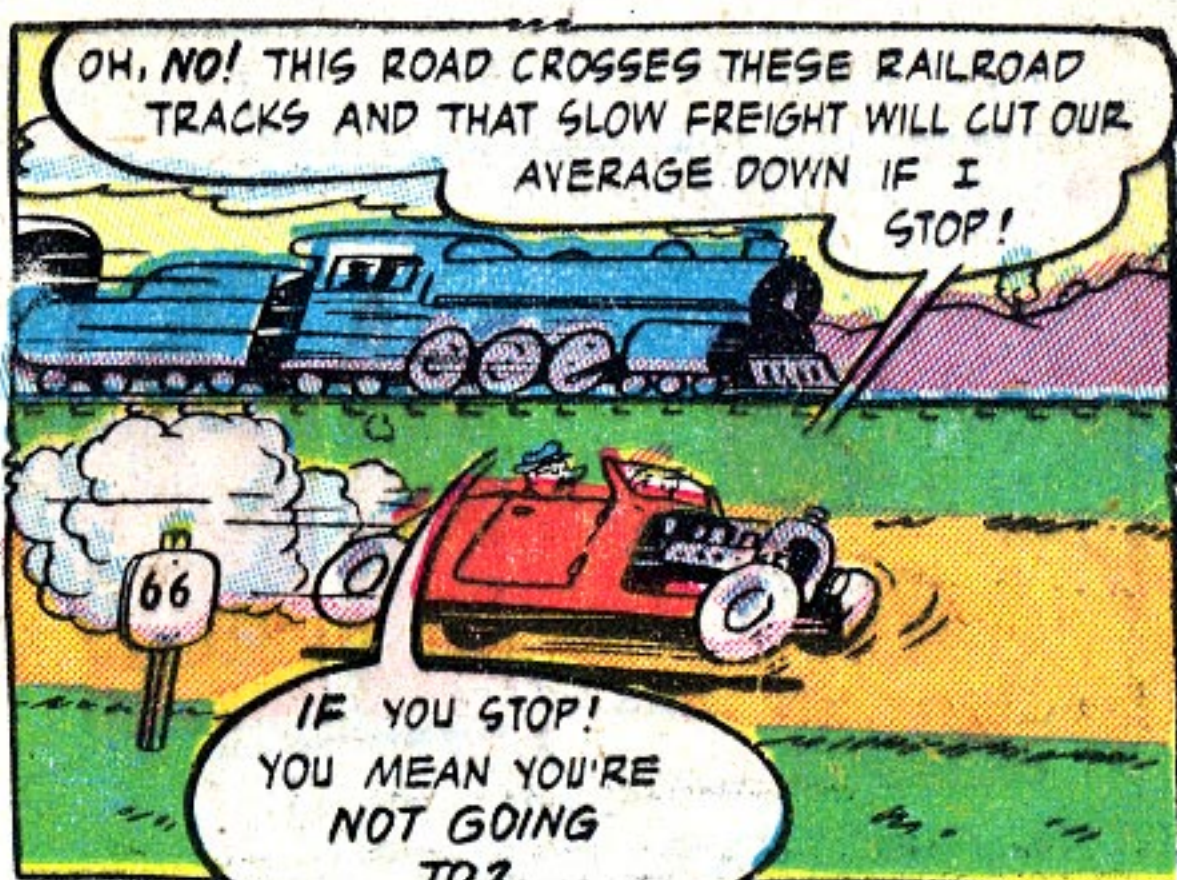
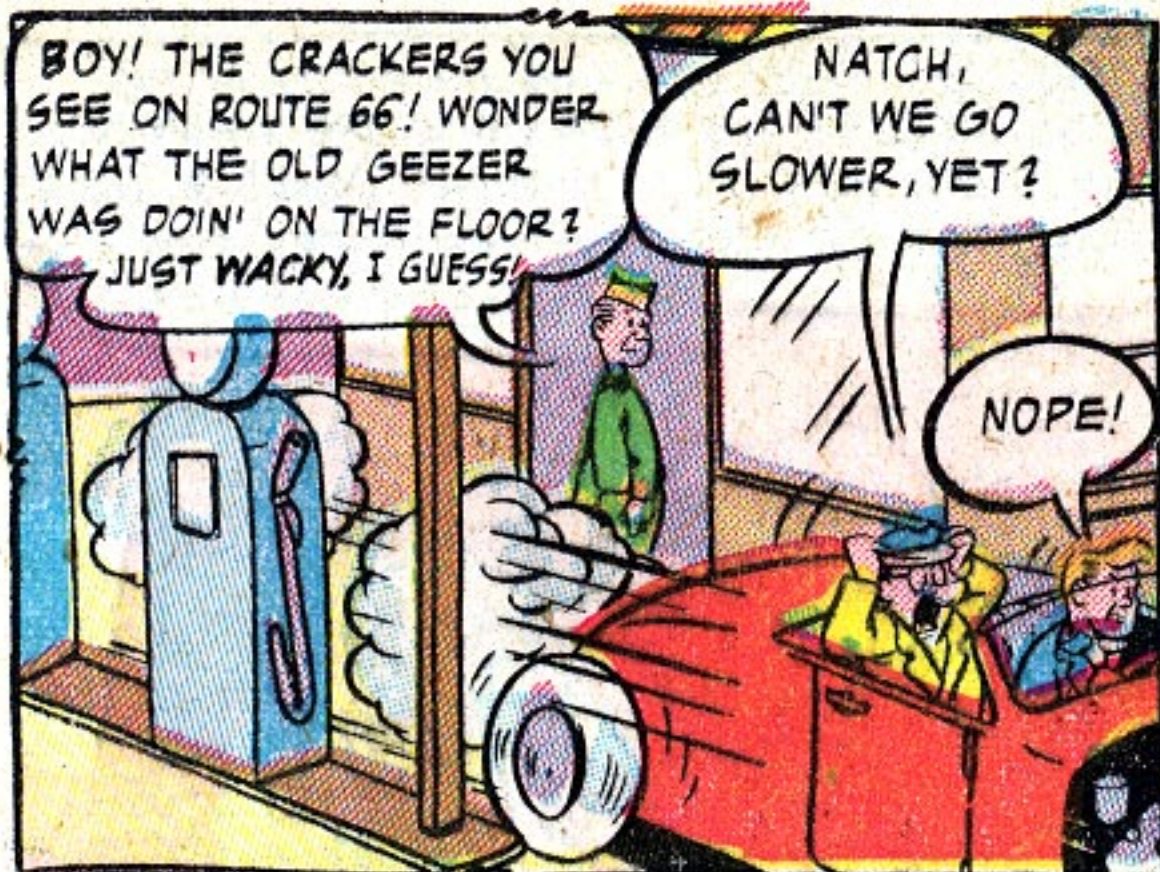
YIPE!
I'VE LOST HIM!



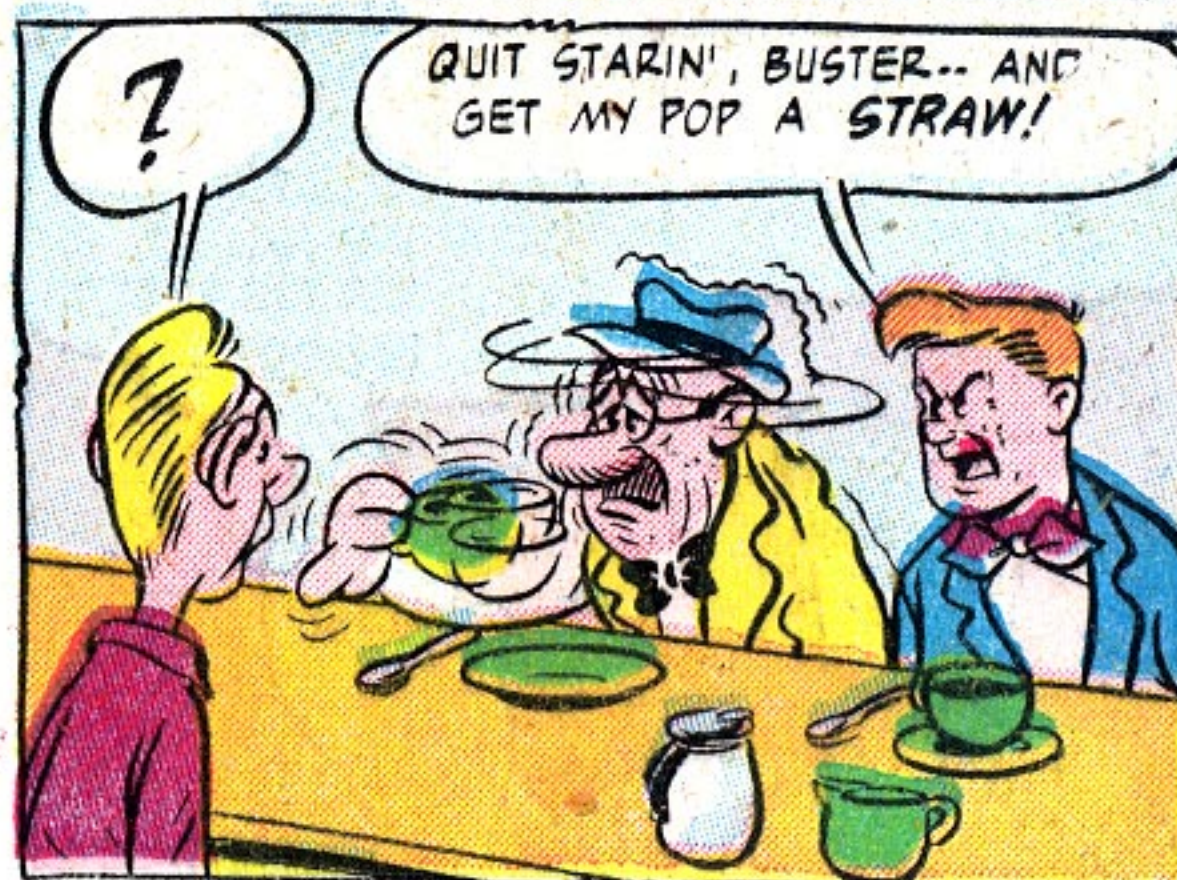
BUT I COULDN'T
HAVE! I... I... POP!

WODDEYA WANT, NATCH?
IS THIS WASHINGTON?

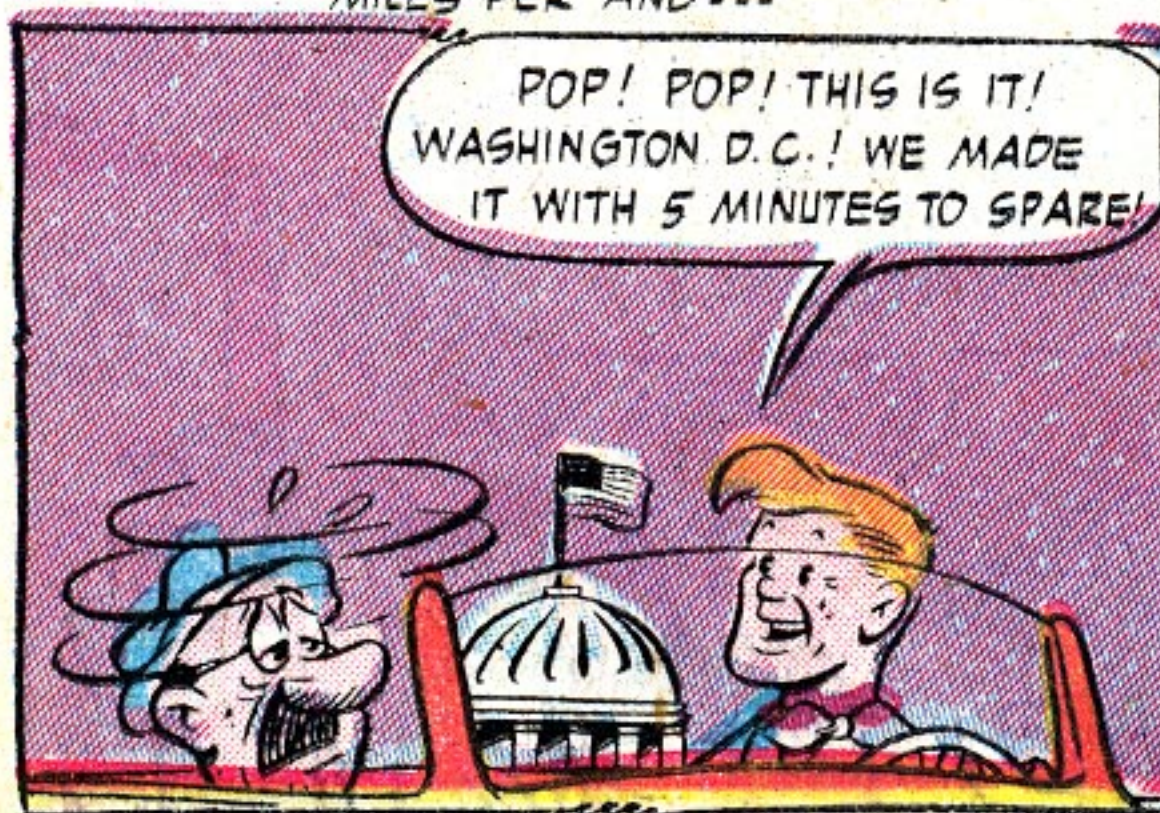
NO -- I
NEED MONEY
FOR GAS!

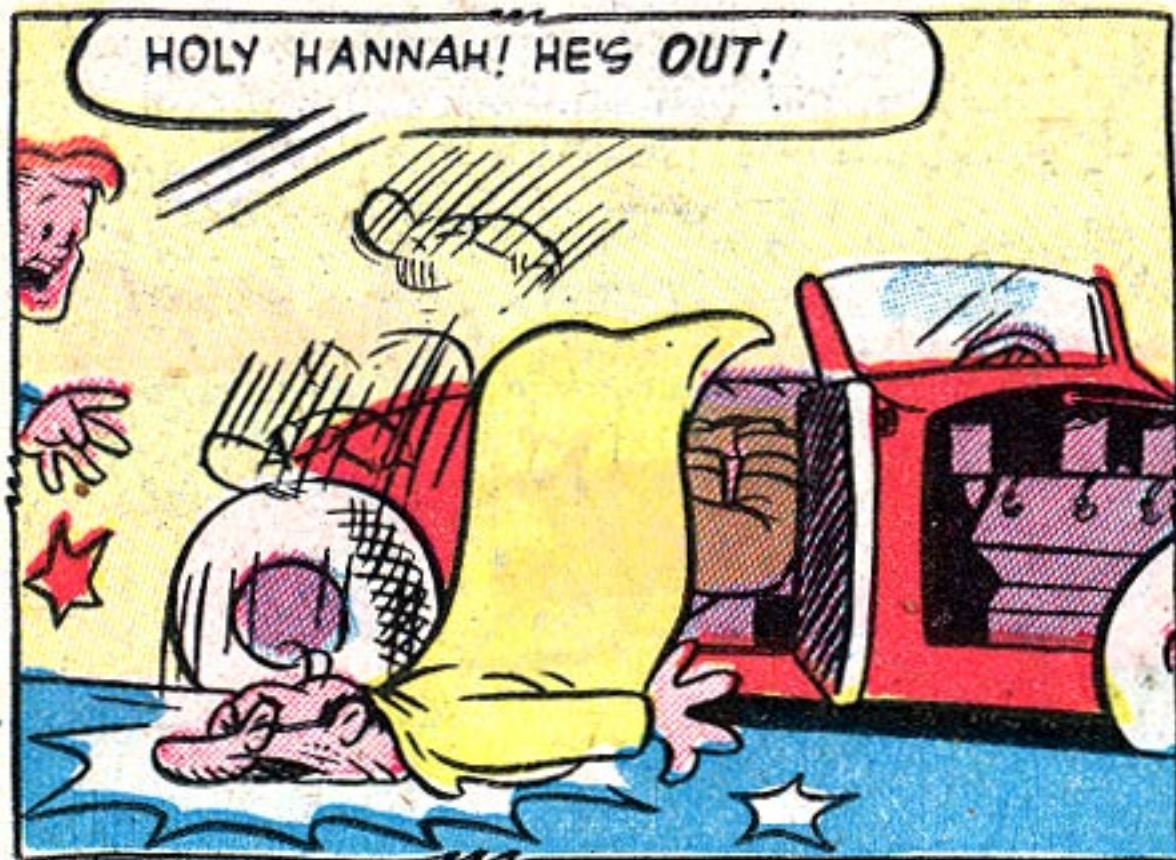


3 A.M. THE NEXT MORNING...



SO, MANY HOURS MORE PASS... AT 95 MILES PER AND---

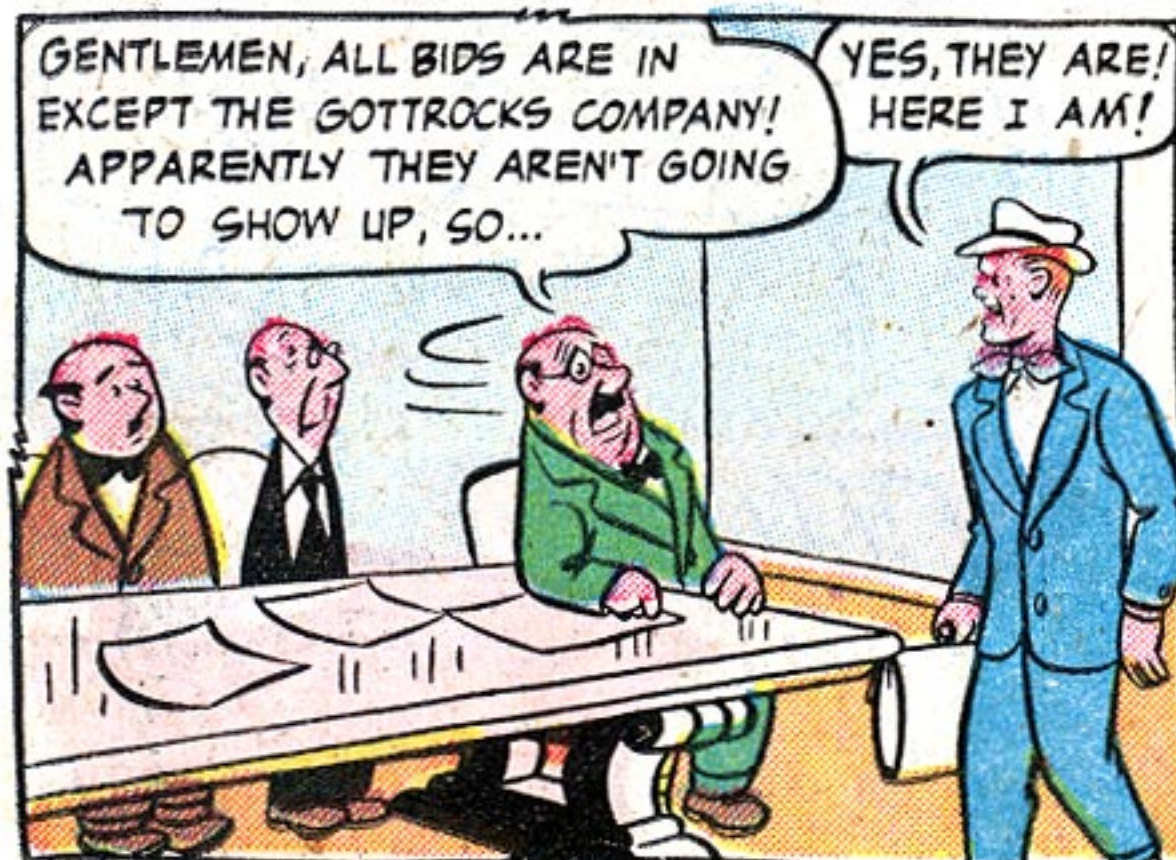




HOLY HANNAH! HE'S OUT!

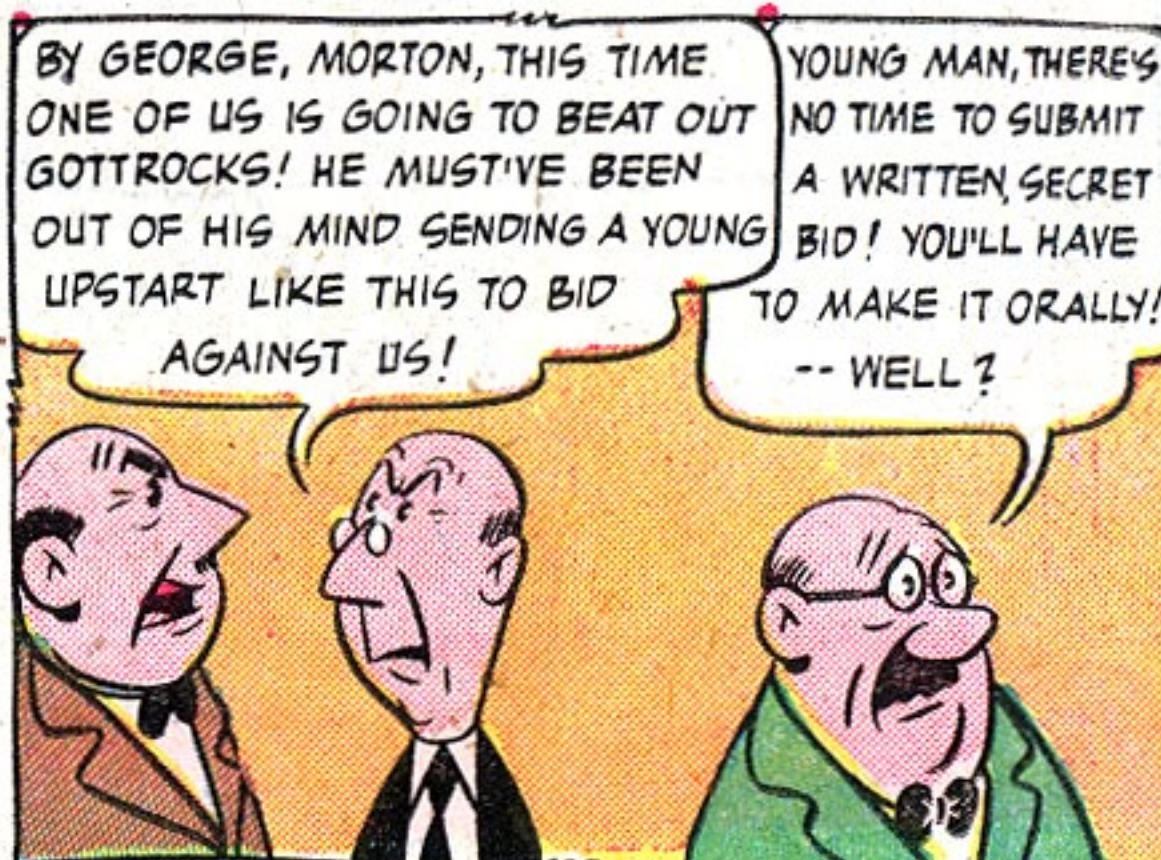


JEEPERS! AFTER ALL THIS, HE FOLDS AT THE LAST MINUTE! THE POOR GUY'LL DIE WHEN HE FINDS OUT HE'S LOST THE WHOLE DEAL!.. BY GOSH, I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, AND THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I CAN DO!



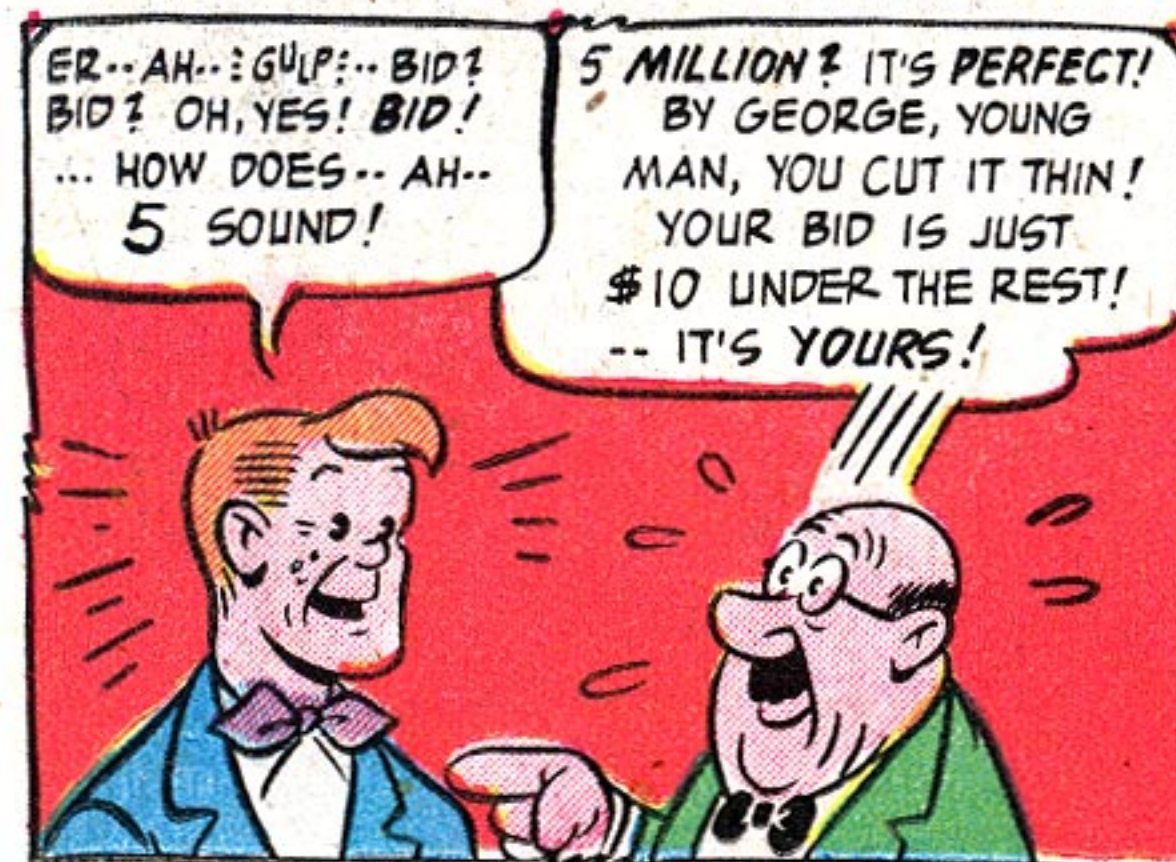
GENTLEMEN, ALL BIDS ARE IN EXCEPT THE GOTTROCKS COMPANY! APPARENTLY THEY AREN'T GOING TO SHOW UP, SO...

YES, THEY ARE! HERE I AM!



BY GEORGE, MORTON, THIS TIME ONE OF US IS GOING TO BEAT OUT GOTTROCKS! HE MUST'VE BEEN OUT OF HIS MIND SENDING A YOUNG UPSTART LIKE THIS TO BID AGAINST US!

YOUNG MAN, THERE'S NO TIME TO SUBMIT A WRITTEN, SECRET BID! YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT ORALLY! -- WELL?



ER.. AH..: GULP!.. BID? BID? OH, YES! BID! ... HOW DOES.. AH.. 5 SOUND!

5 MILLION? IT'S PERFECT! BY GEORGE, YOUNG MAN, YOU CUT IT THIN! YOUR BID IS JUST \$10 UNDER THE REST! -- IT'S YOURS!

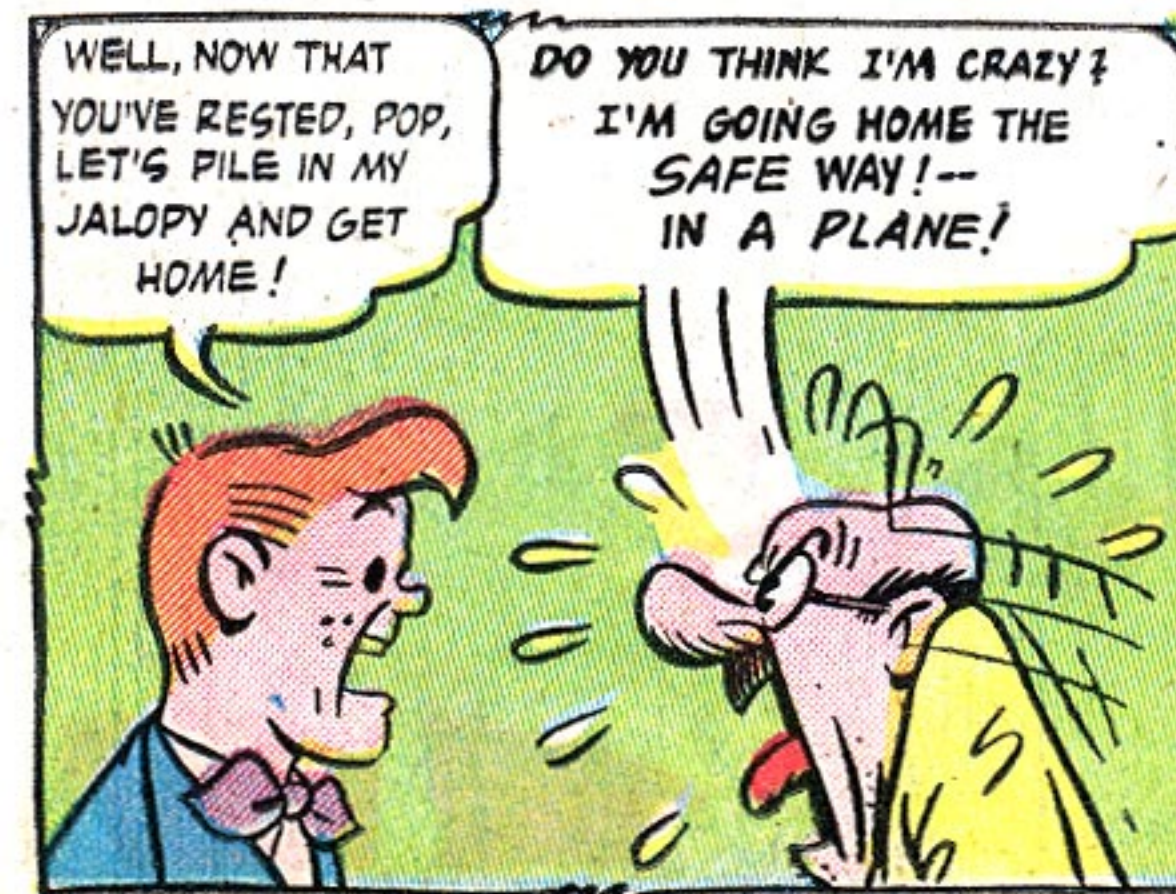


SO, SEVERAL HOURS LATER, IN A LOCAL HOTEL..

SO THAT'S IT, POP! I HADDA SAY SOME NUMBER SO I SAID FIVE AND HE TOOK IT FROM THERE! YOU GOT THE CONTRACT!

FINE! FINE!

... AND I WAS GOING TO SAY 6 MILLION!



WELL, NOW THAT YOU'VE RESTED, POP, LET'S PILE IN MY JALOPY AND GET HOME!

DO YOU THINK I'M CRAZY? I'M GOING HOME THE SAFE WAY! -- IN A PLANE!



AND SO...

YESSIR, PEOPLE! WE'VE GOT KILROY TO THANK FOR PUTTING OVER THE SHARPEST DEAL IN OUR HISTORY! TELL 'EM THAT CAGY WAY YOU PUT IT OVER, ED!

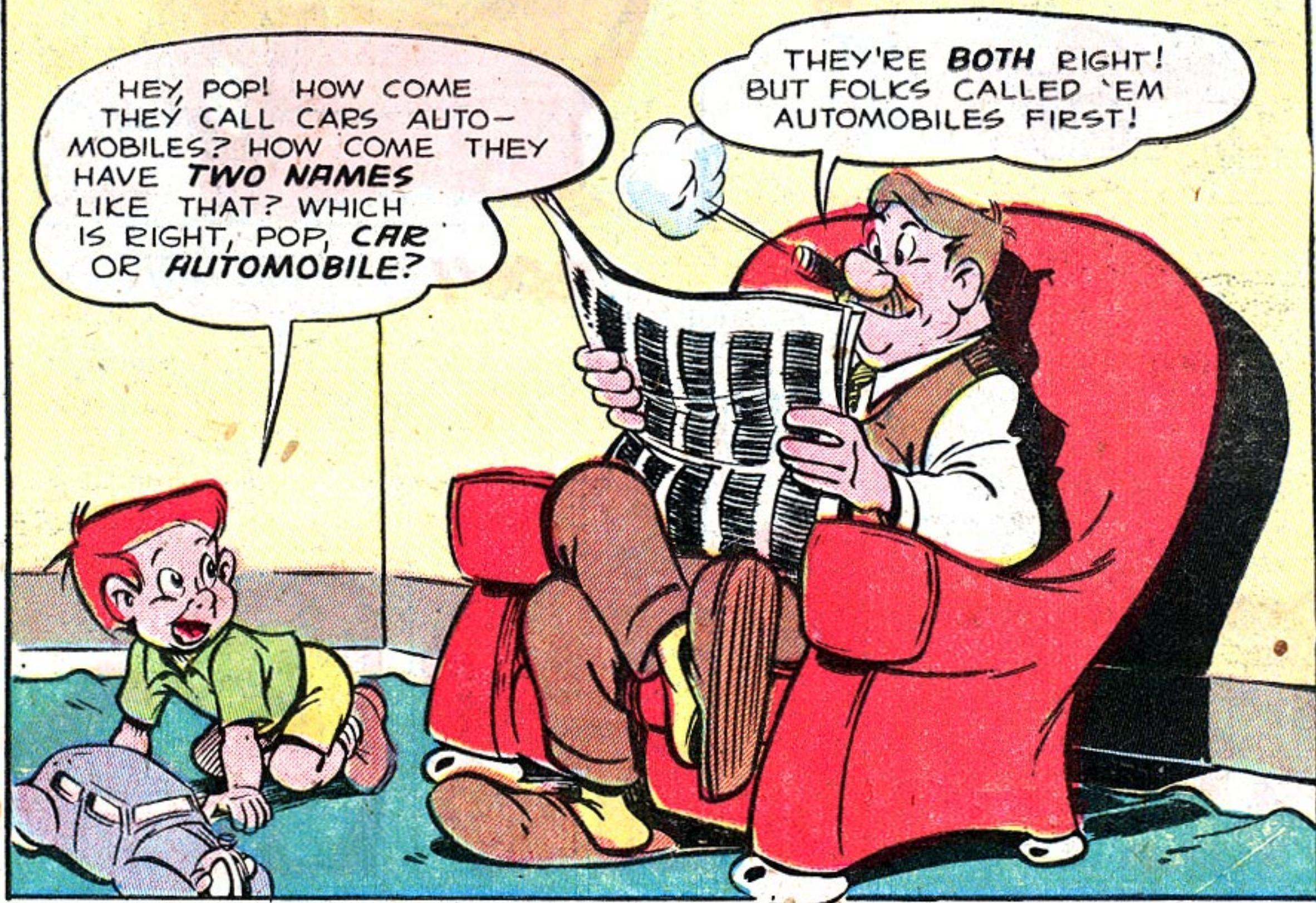
I SAID 5, AND HE TOOK IT OVER FROM THERE!

J. EDGAR KILROY
VICE-PRES.

THE END

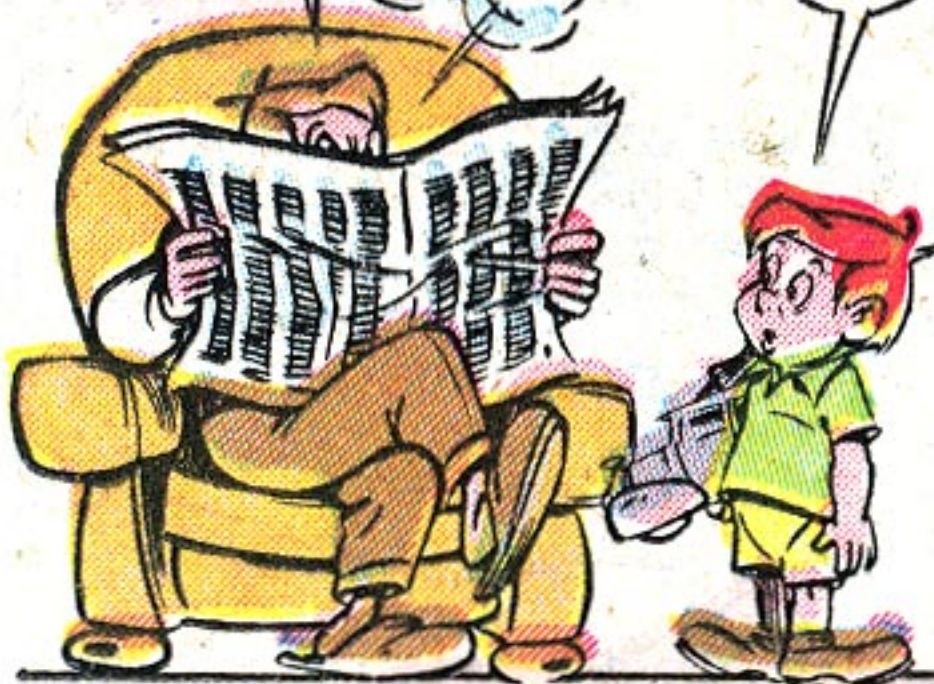
POP KNOWS

... OR DOES HE?

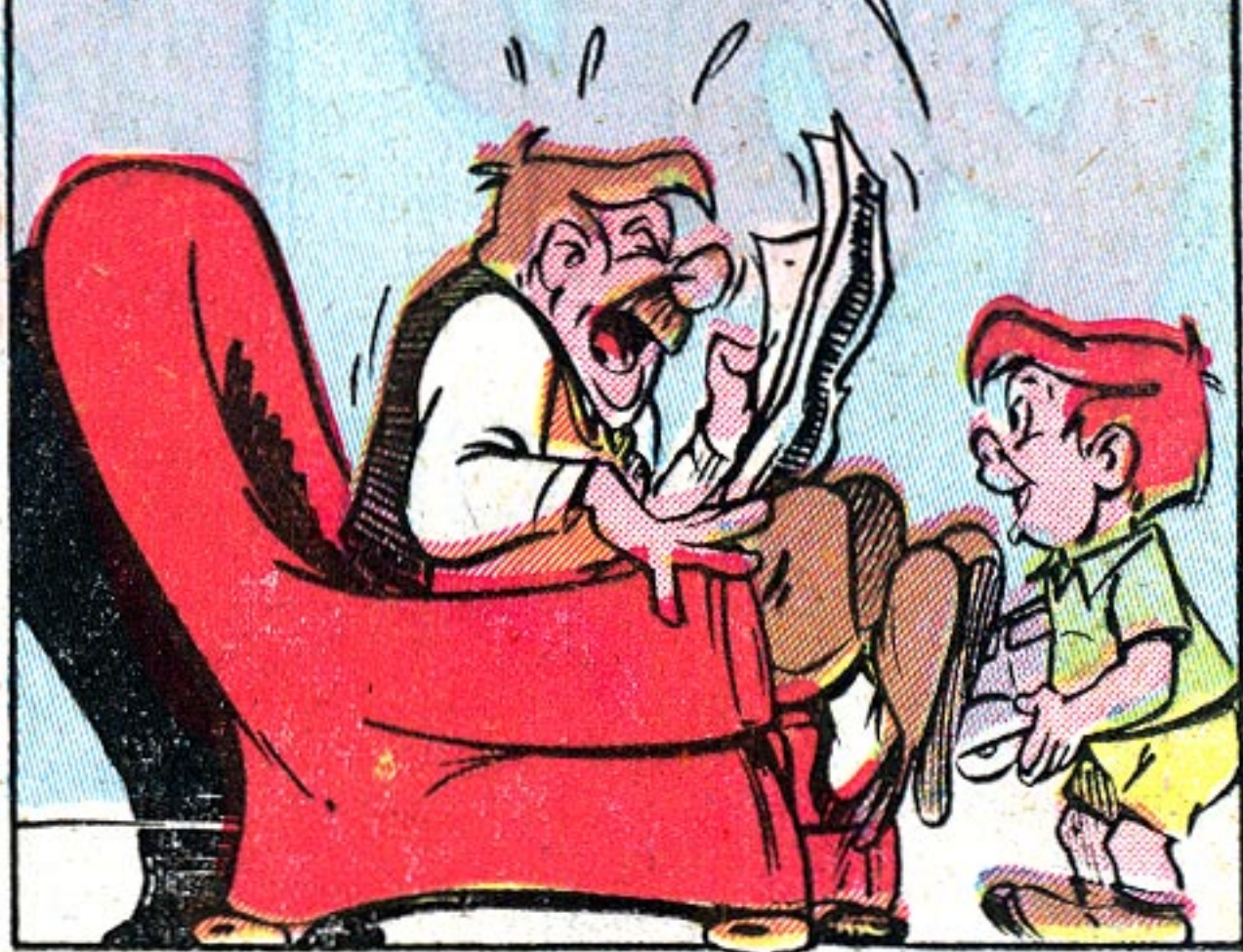


WELL, A LONG TIME AGO, IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY, THERE LIVED A MAN NAMED **OTTO MOBILE!** HE INVENTED THE FIRST CAR, SO THEY **NAMED** IT AFTER HIM! NOW **GET LOST!**

OH!



BUT WHY DID HE **INVENT** A CAR, POP?



YOU PROMISED TO GO AWAY IF I TOLD YOU HOW COME THEY FIRST CALLED AN AUTO-MOBILE AN AUTOMOBILE!

I KNOW, POP, BUT THIS IS A **DIFFERENT** QUESTION! **WHY** DID HE **INVENT** A CAR?

BECAUSE HE DIDN'T LIKE HORSES!

BAW! OTTO MOBILE WAS A **BAD MANS!** HE HATED POOR LITTLE HORSES!

HE WAS NOT! IF YOU'LL JUST STOP THAT BAWLING, I'LL TELL YOU THE **WHOLE STORY!**

OKAY! OKAY!



WELL, WHEN OTTO MOBILE GREW UP, HIS FATHER, **LOCO MOBILE**, TOLD HIM...

OTTO, YOU'RE BIG ENOUGH TO MAKE YOUR OWN LIVING NOW! SO BEING A **GOOD** FATHER, I'LL GIVE YOU **TWO DOLLARS** TO START YOU OUT IN BUSINESS!

Y-YESSIR!



GOLLY, WHAT **KINDA** BUSINESS CAN I GO INTO FOR ONLY **TWO DOLLARS?**



I KNOW! I'LL GO INTO THE **JUNK BUSINESS!** I'LL GET A HORSE AN' WAGON AN' BUY OLD JUNK FROM PEOPLE AN' THEN SELL IT!



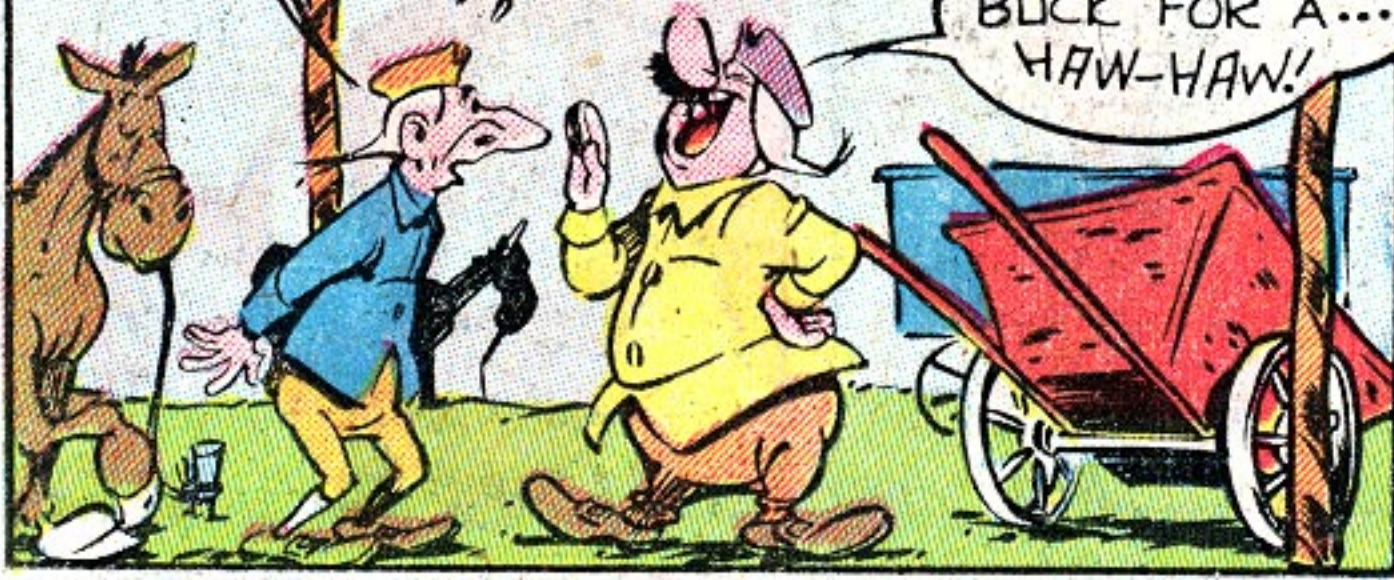
"BUT..."

100 DOLLARS
FOR A HORSE
AN' WAGON? B-BUT
ALL I CAN AFFORD
IS **ONE DOLLAR!**
I GOTTA SAVE THE
OTHER BUCK
TO BUY
JUNK!

GLUFFAWING GASTON

USED HORSES AND WAGONS

HAW-HAW-HAW!
YOU **KIDDIN'** SONNY?
HAW-HAW! A
BUCK FOR A...
HAW-HAW!



WAIT! THIS IS MY CHANCE
TO GET RID OF THAT
NO-GOOD HORSE THAT
GOES CRAZY IF YOU TRY
TO HITCH HIM TO A WAGON
--AND ALSO TO GET RID
OF THAT OLD WRECK OF
A WAGON!



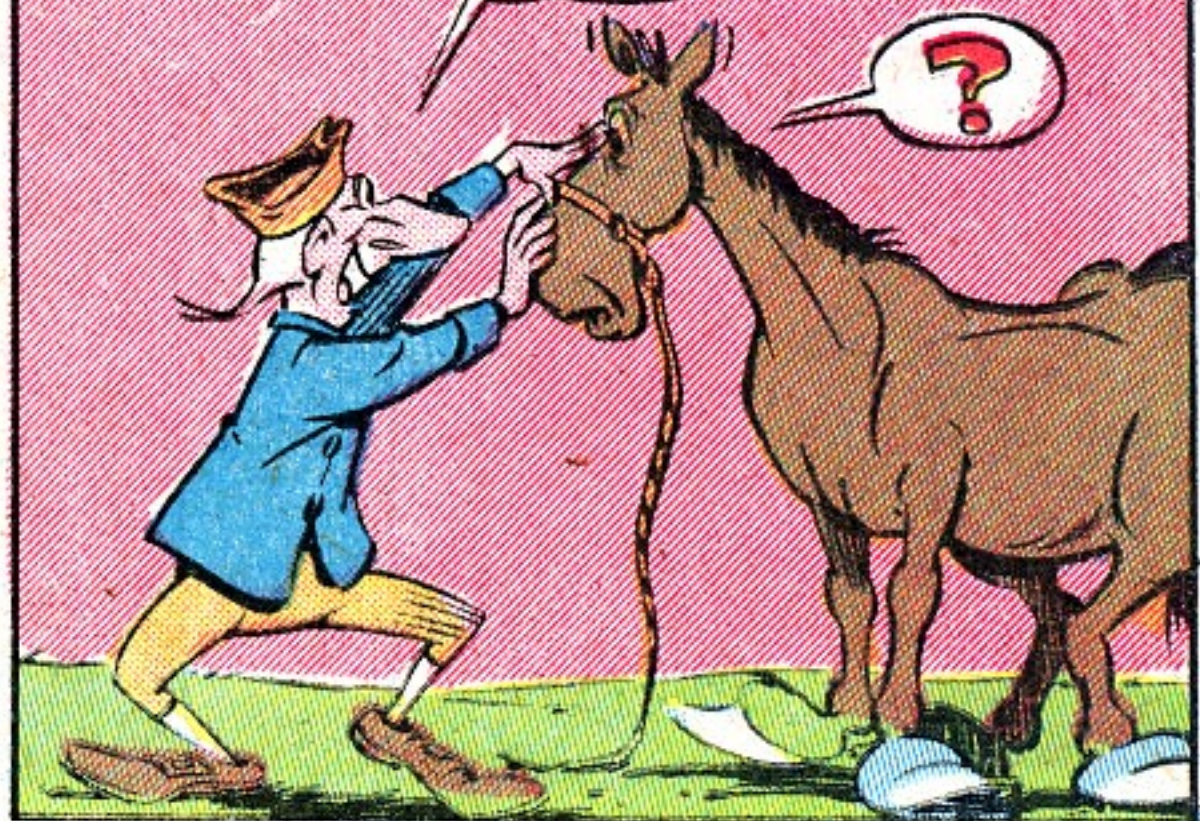
WAIT! OTTO! I JUST
REMEMBERED I **DO**
HAVE A HORSE AND
WAGON I CAN LET
YOU HAVE FOR
A DOLLAR!

YEAH? WOW!
NOW I CAN
GO IN
BUSINESS!

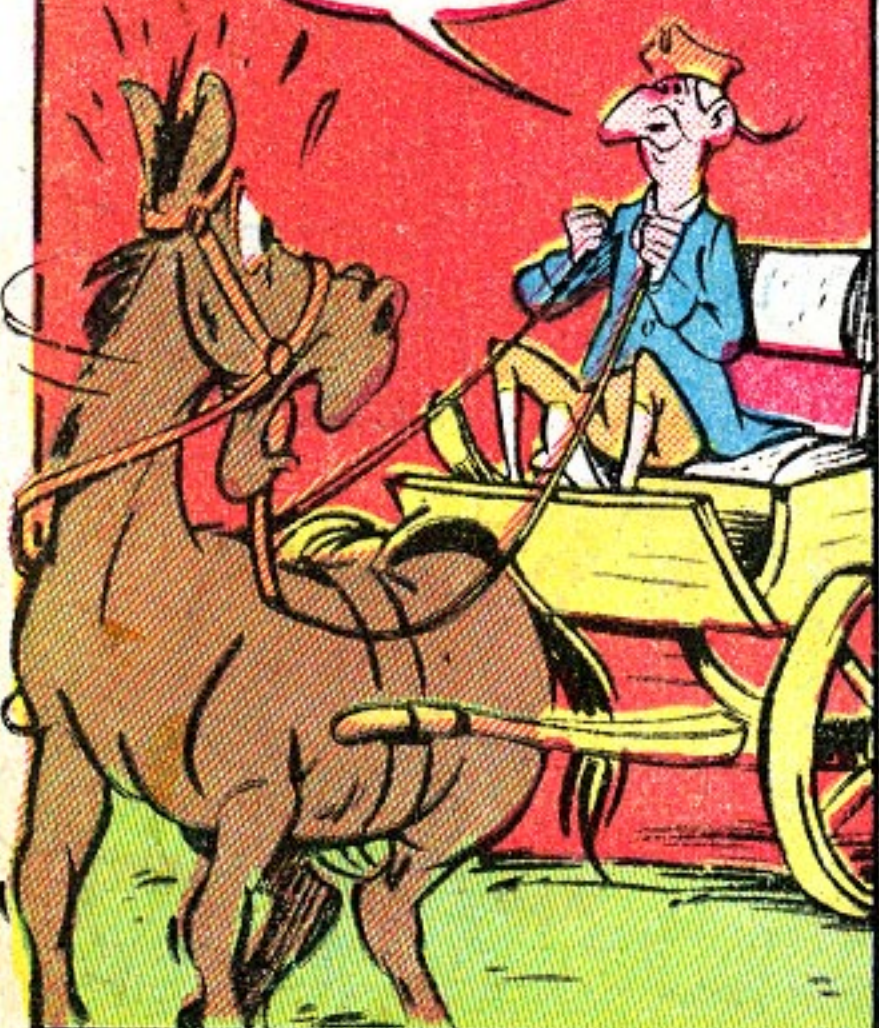


So...

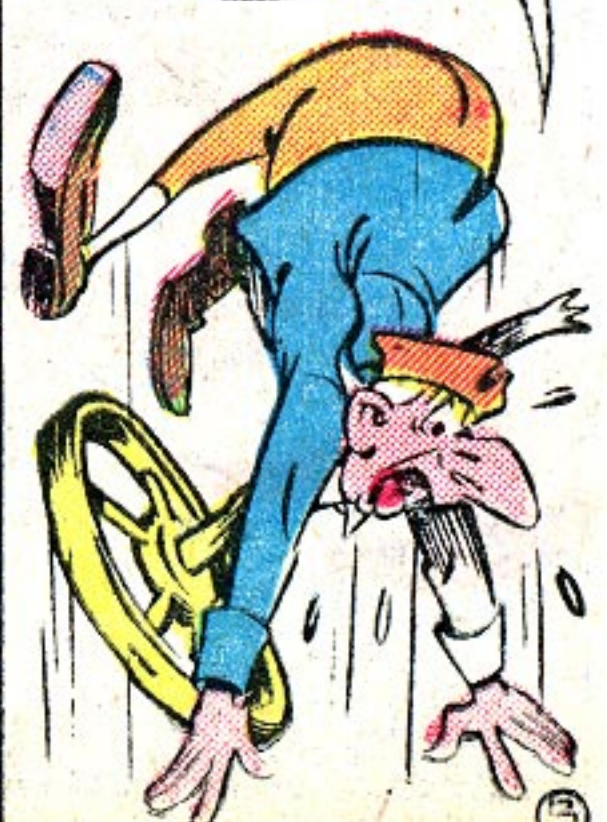
WHOA, HORSIE! JUST
STAND STILL 'TIL I HITCH
THE WAGON ON--THEN
WE'LL GO BUY A LOAD
OF JUNK!



OKAY, GIDDAP!



THAT CRAZY HORSE
HAS KICKED ME
SO HIGH, I'LL BE
KILLED WHEN I
COME DOWN!



BUT OTTO **WASN'T** KILLED, BECAUSE HE WAS A VERY SMART APPLE...

I'VE GOT IT! MY HAND-KERCHIEF WILL SAVE ME!

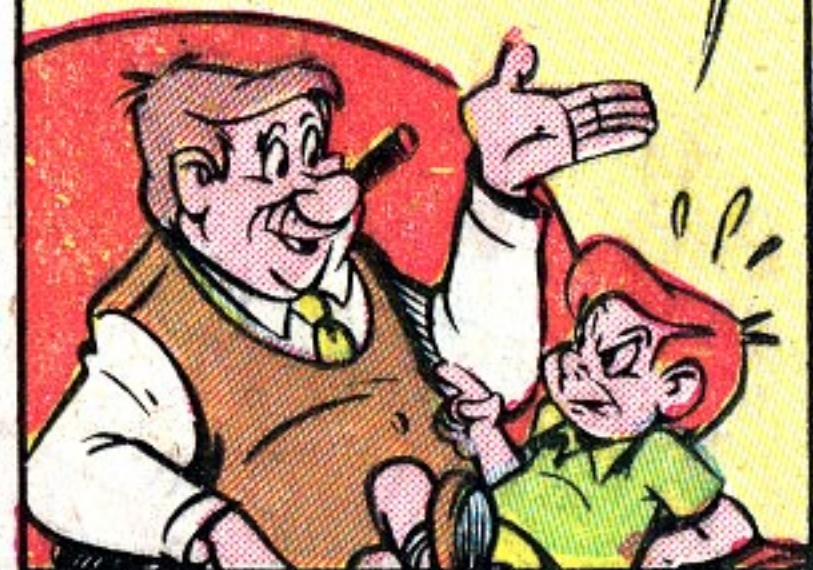


AND IT **DID!**.. HOLDING THE FOUR CORNERS OF IT, HE FLOATED SAFELY DOWN TO EARTH.....



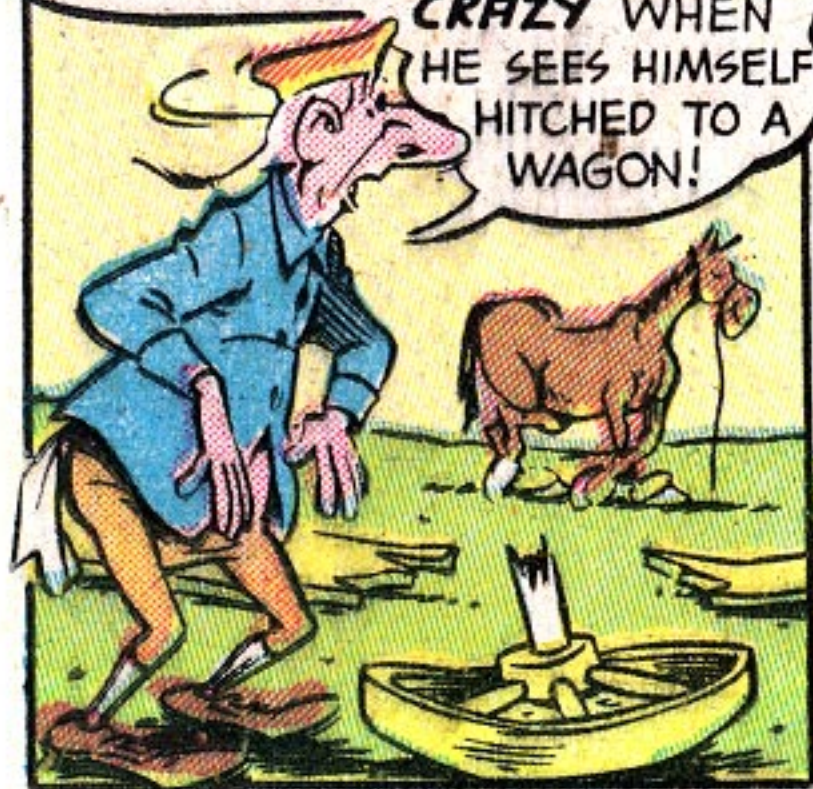
--AND THAT'S HOW THE FIRST **PARACHUTE** WAS INVENTED!

COME ON! WHO CARES ABOUT THE PARACHUTE? I WANTA KNOW HOW HE INVENTED THE **AUTOMOBILE!**



"OH...ER...YES! WELL, OTTO LANDED SAFELY, BUT HIS WAGON DIDN'T..."

NO **WONDER** HE ONLY CHARGED ME A DOLLAR! THAT HORSE IS **NO GOOD!** HE GOES **CRAZY** WHEN HE SEES HIMSELF HITCHED TO A WAGON!

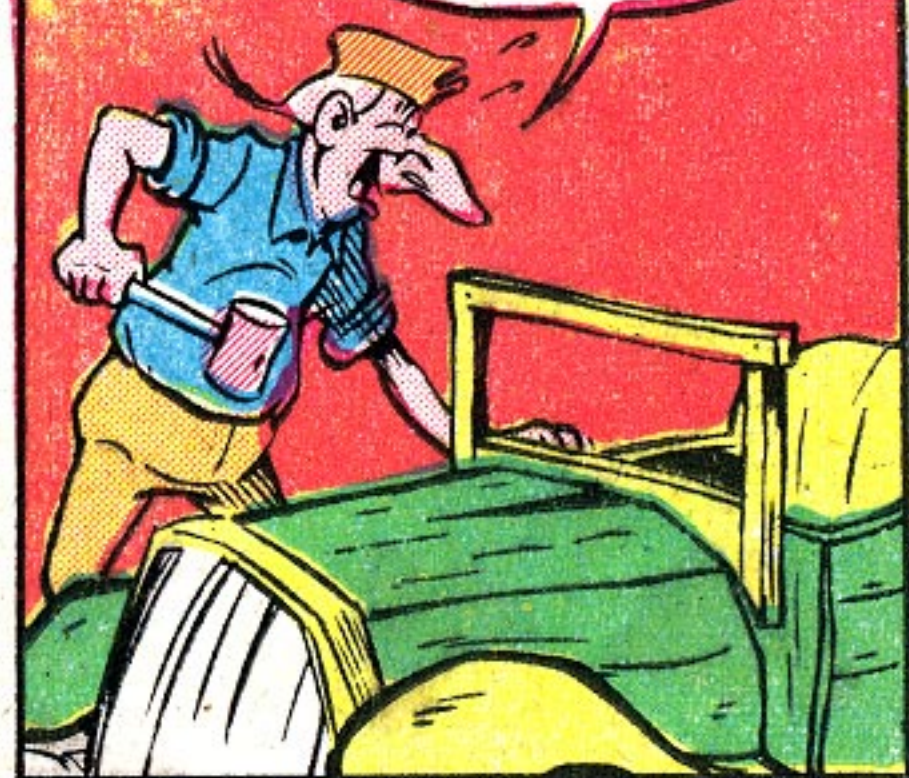


I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL CHANGE MY WAGON SO IT DOESN'T **LOOK** LIKE A WAGON AND SO HE CAN'T EVEN TELL THAT HE'S PULLING IT!

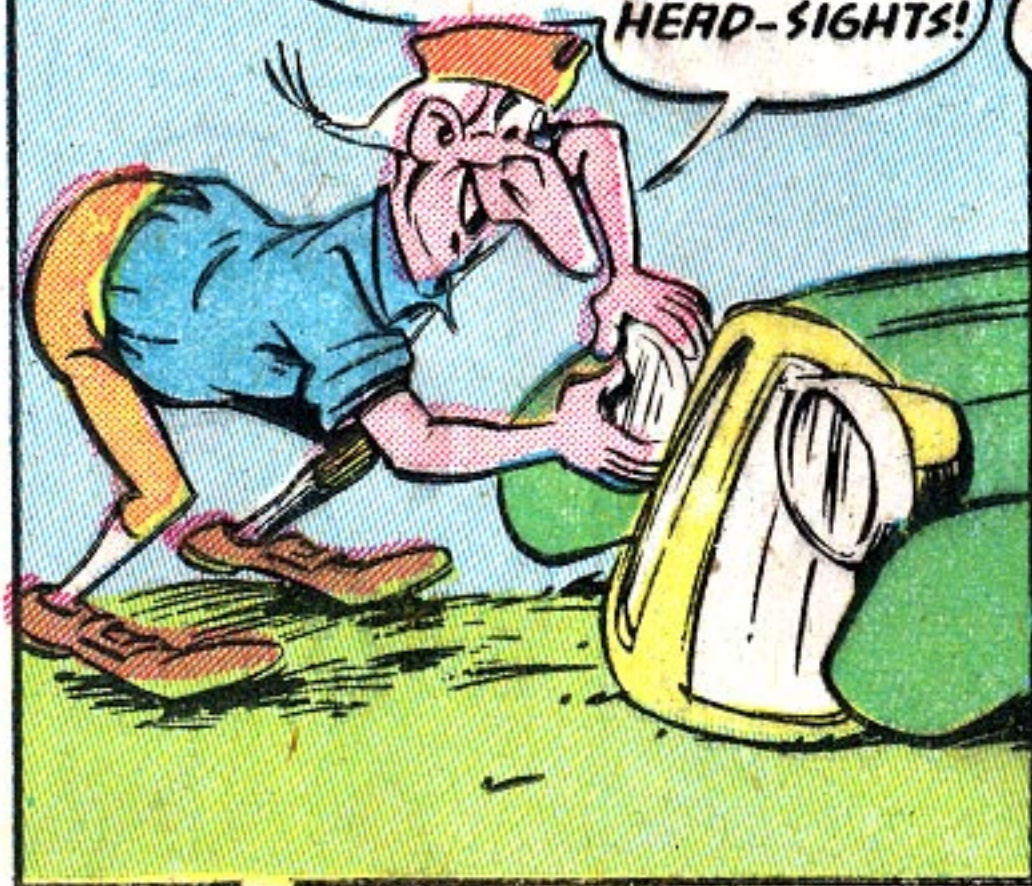


"SO..."

THERE! I'LL LIFT THE WHOLE THING UP IN THE AIR AND SET IT DOWN ON HIM... BUT **WAIT!** HE'LL HAVE TO BE ABLE TO **SEE** WHERE HE'S GOING!

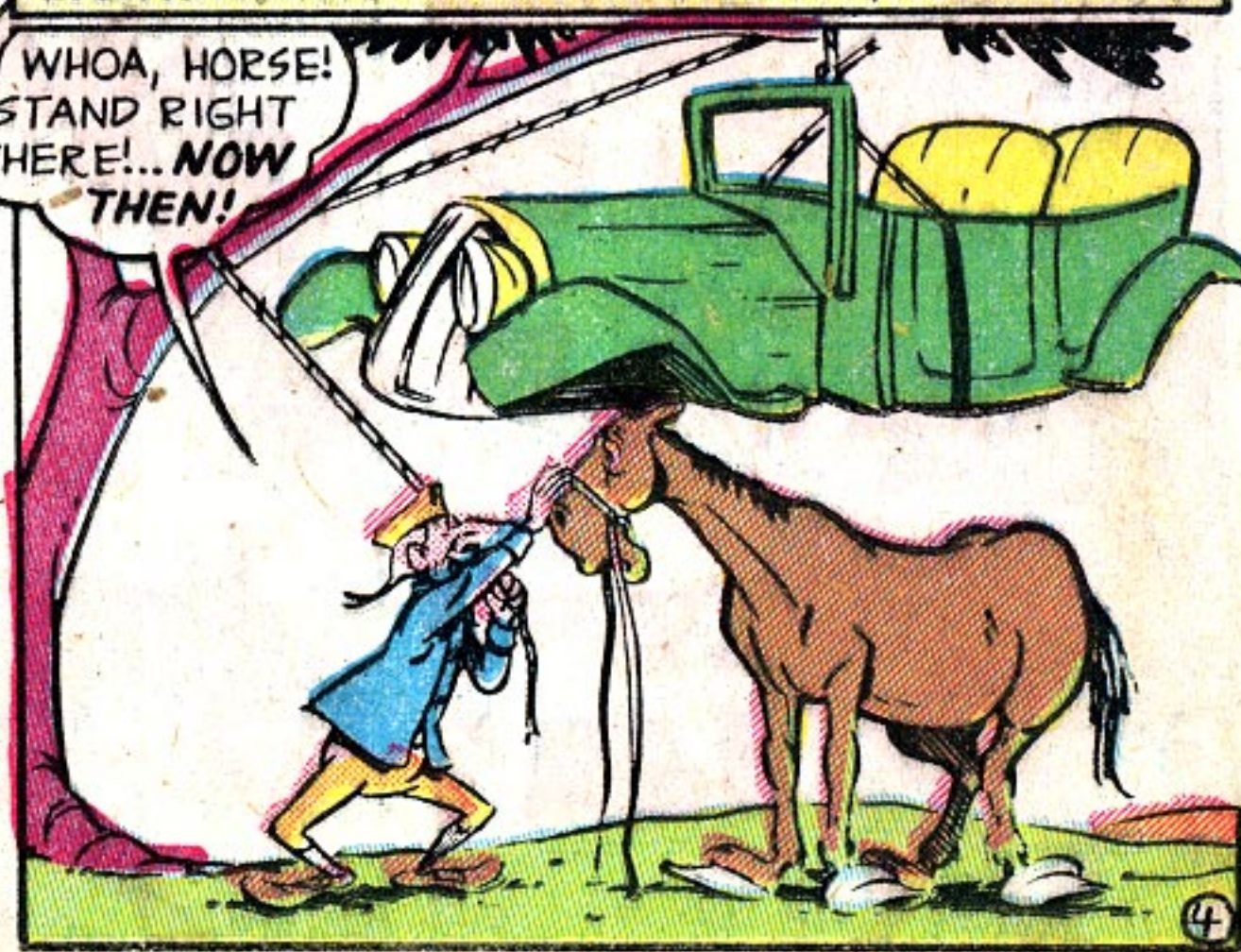


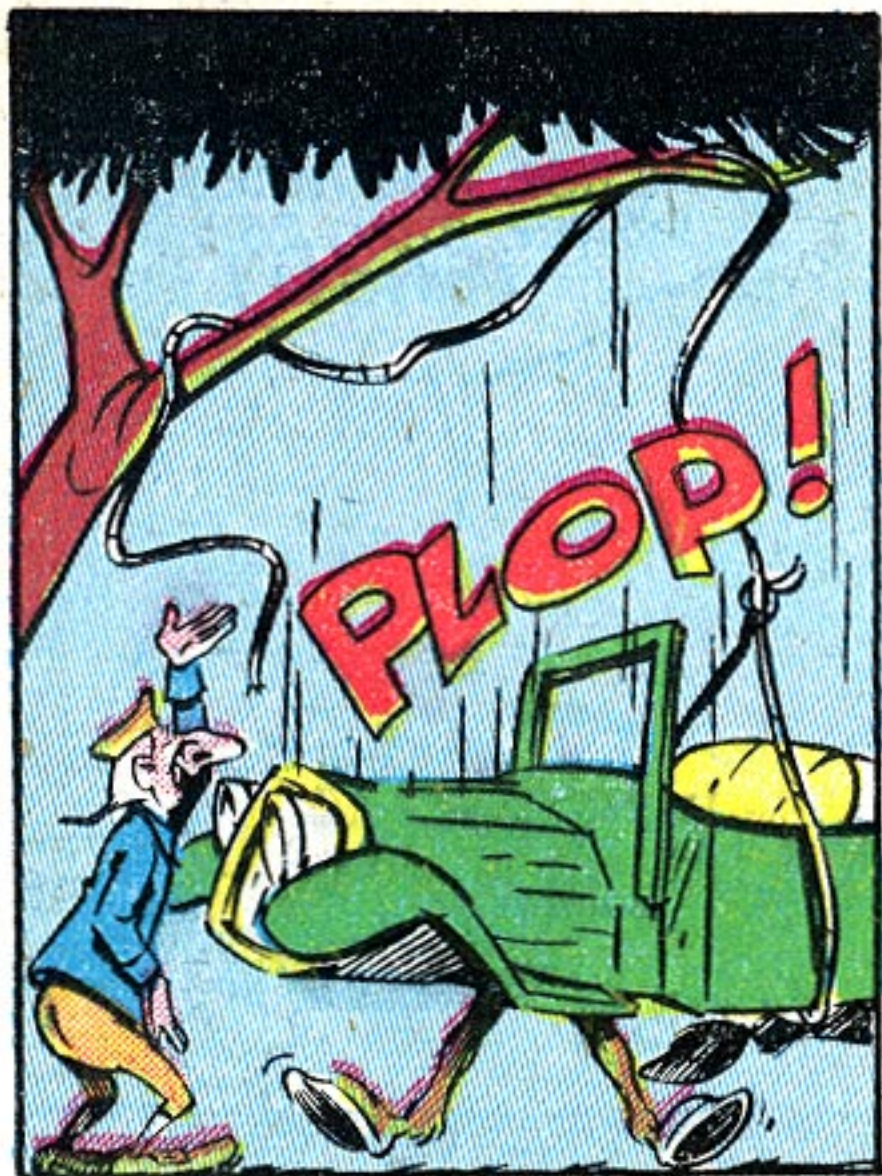
THAT'S EASY TO FIX! I'LL PUT THESE TWO GADGETS I MADE UP HERE WHERE HIS **HEAD'S** GONNA BE AND HE CAN SEE THROUGH **THEM!**.. I'LL CALL 'EM **HEAD-SIGHTS!**



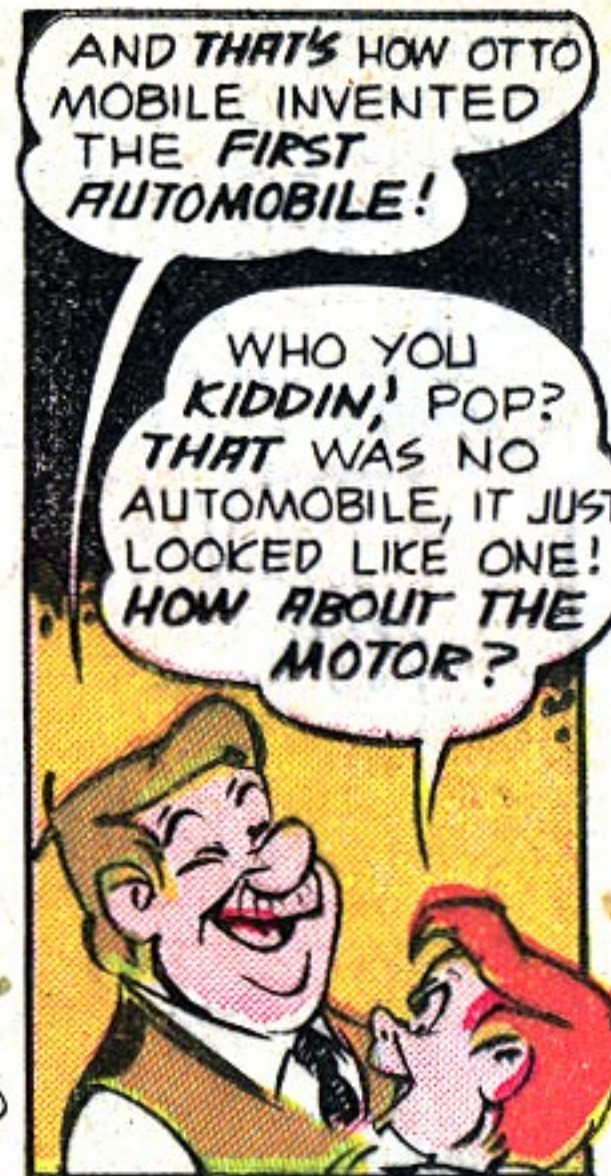
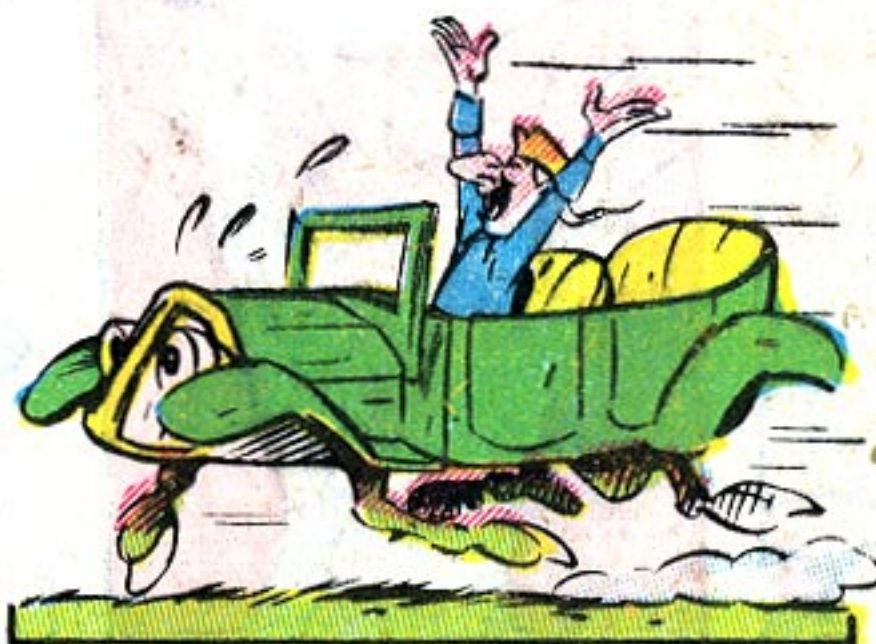
BUT YEARS LATER, WHEN PEOPLE PUT ELECTRIC BULBS IN THEM, THEY CALLED THEM **HEAD LIGHTS** INSTEAD OF **SIGHTS!**... ANYWAY, FINALLY...

WHOA, HORSE! STAND RIGHT THERE!... **NOW THEN!**





HOORAY! IT WORKED! AT LAST, I'M IN BUSINESS! GIDDAP, HORSIE!



AND THAT'S HOW OTTO MOBILE INVENTED THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE!

WHO YOU KIDDIN', POP? THAT WAS NO AUTOMOBILE, IT JUST LOOKED LIKE ONE! HOW ABOUT THE MOTOR?

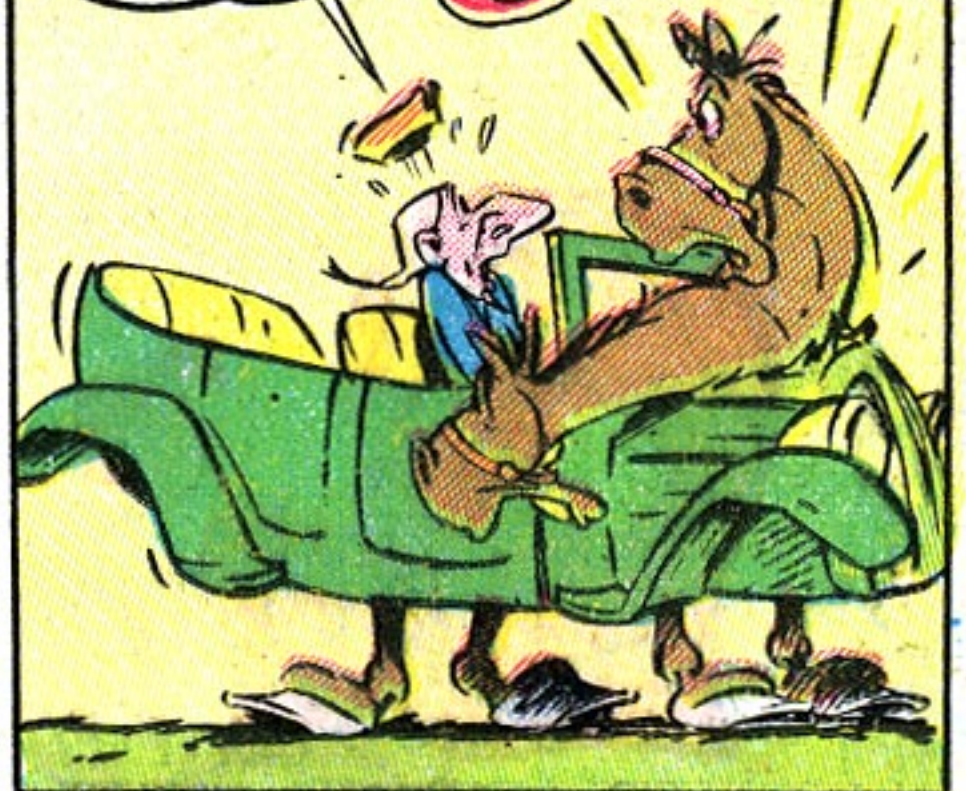
WUH? THE MOTOR? ULR-ER, YEAH, SURE-WELL, WHEN OTTO BOUGHT HIS FIRST LORD OF JUNK TO SELL-

WOW! I GOTTA LOT OF JUNK FOR A DOLLAR! EVEN AN OLD MIRROR! NOW I'LL LOAD IT ON AND--

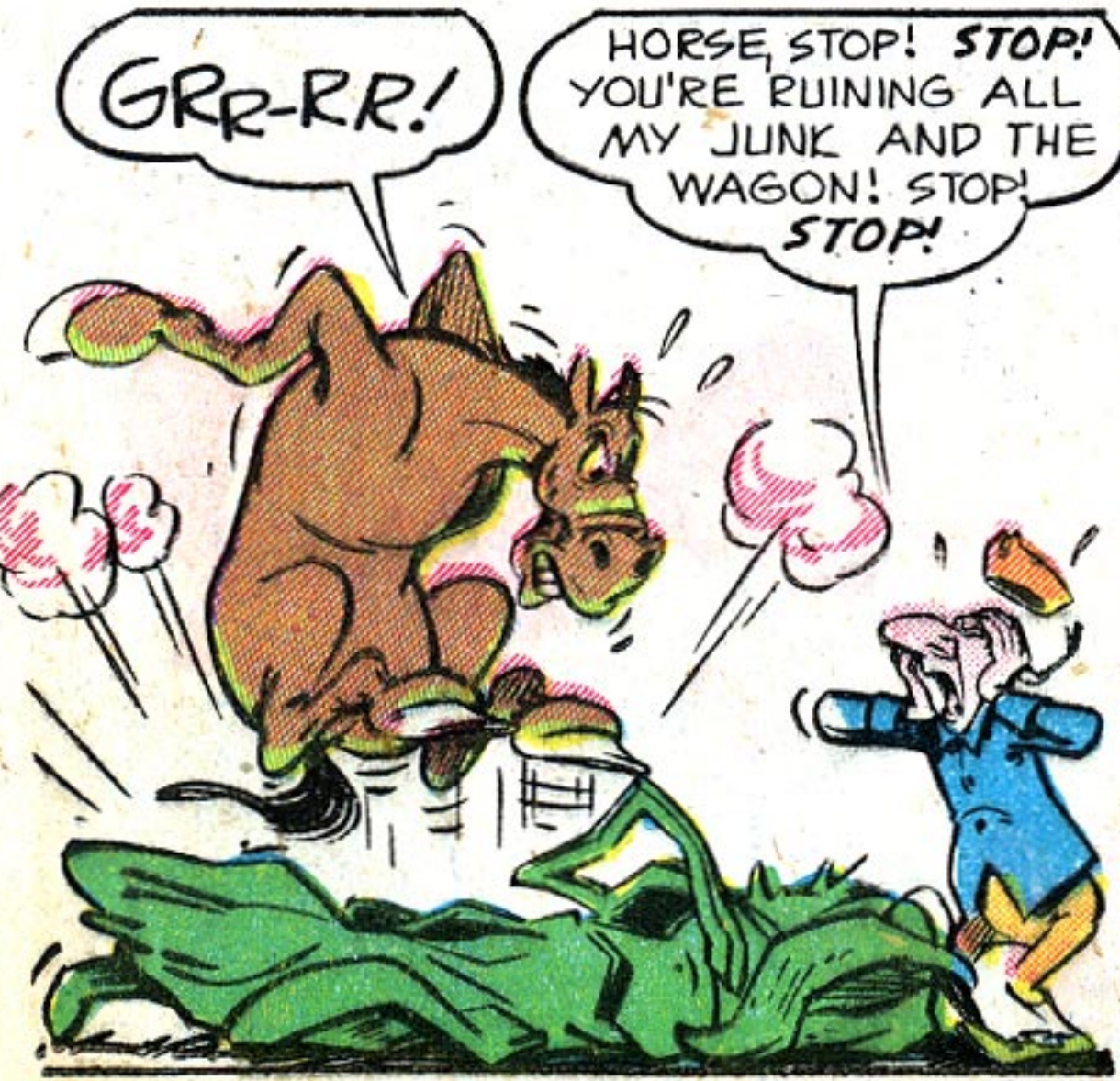
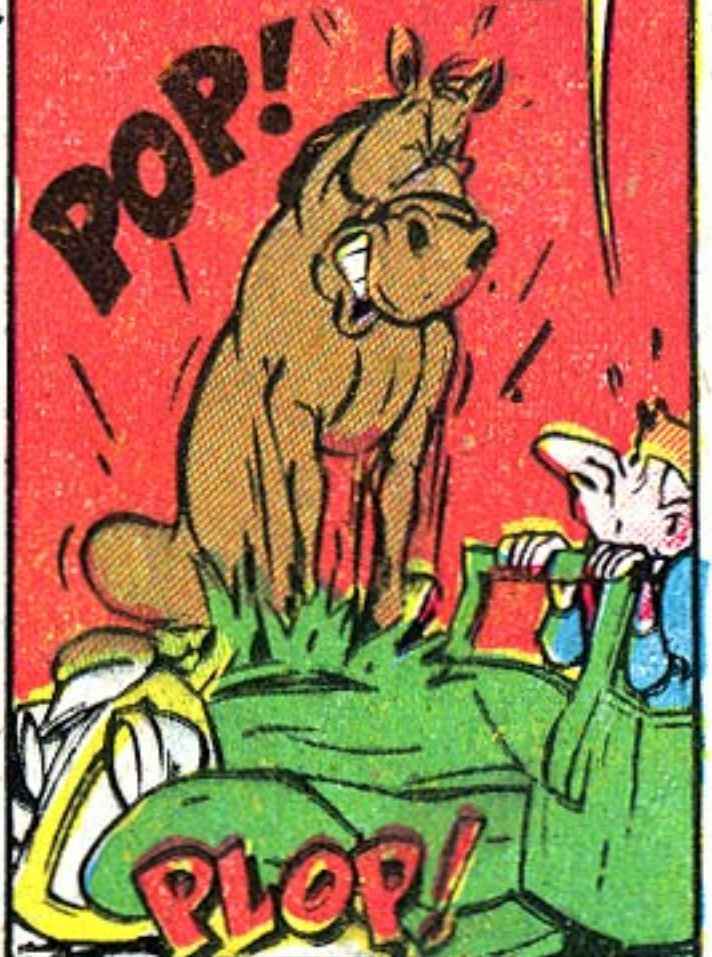


THAT'S RIGHT! WHEN OTTO WENT IN FRONT OF THE CAR, THE HORSE SAW HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR AND....

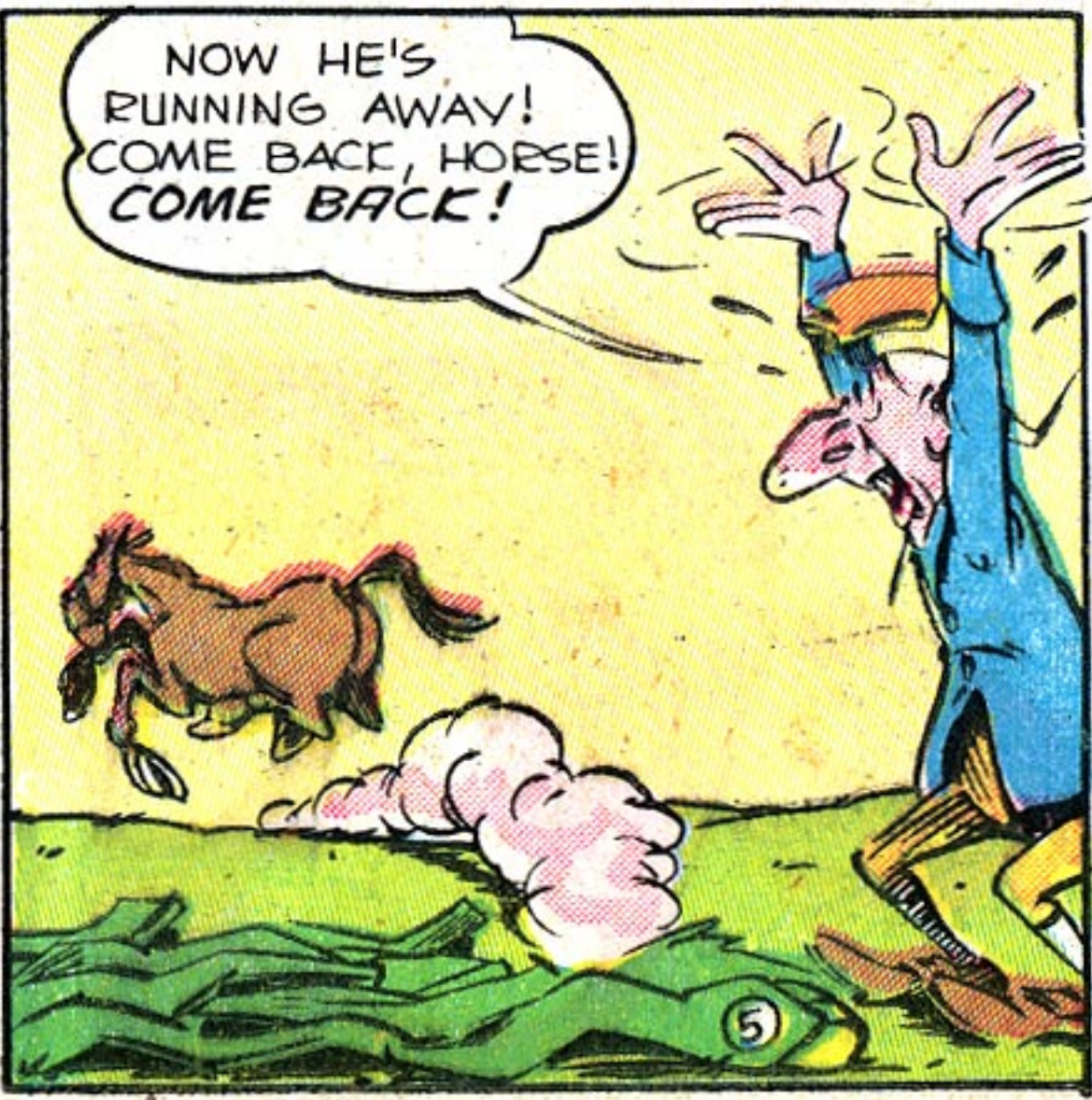
OKAY, HORSE, GID....



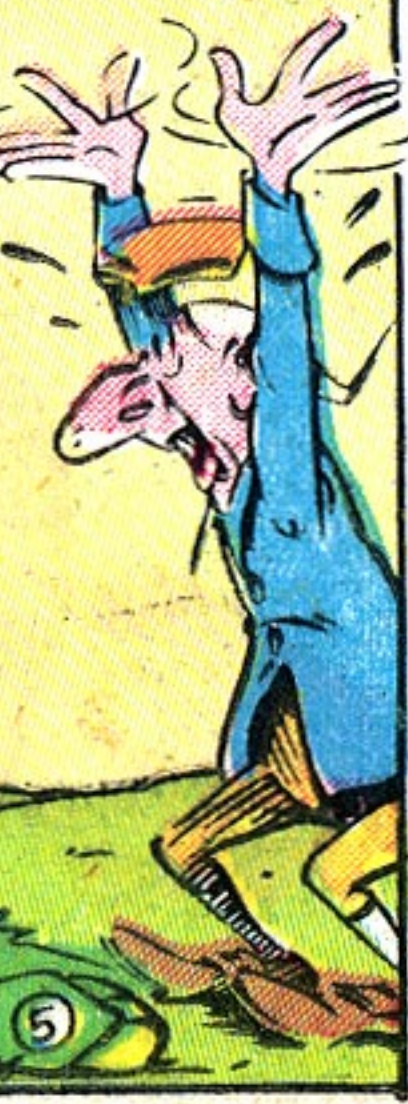
YIPE! HE KNOWS HE'S IN A WAGON!



HORSE, STOP! STOP! YOU'RE RUINING ALL MY JUNK AND THE WAGON! STOP! STOP!



NOW HE'S RUNNING AWAY! COME BACK, HORSE! COME BACK!

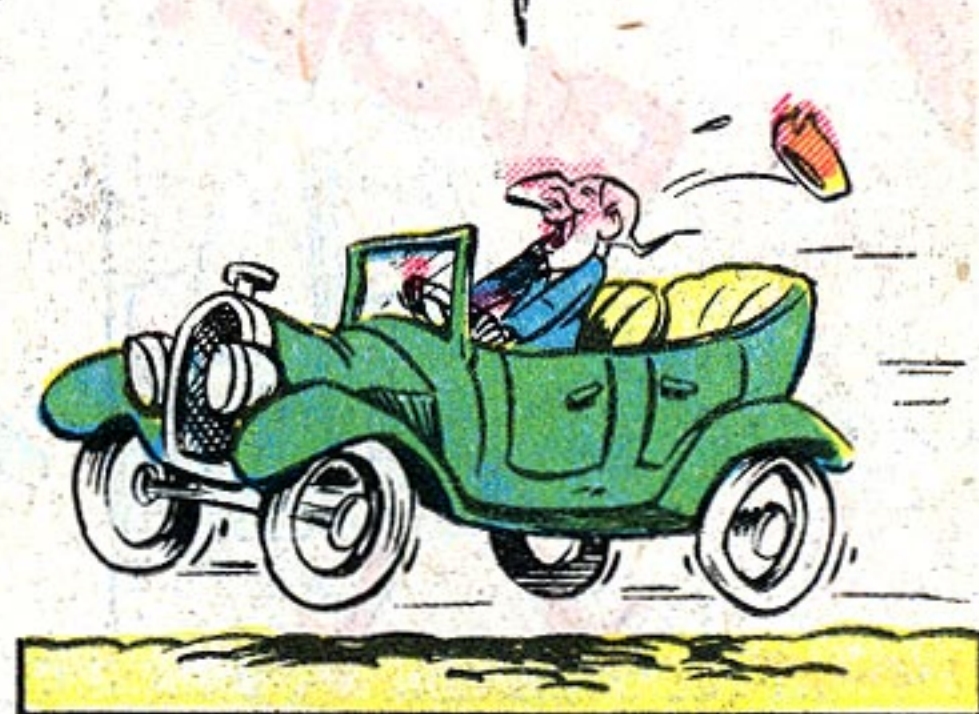
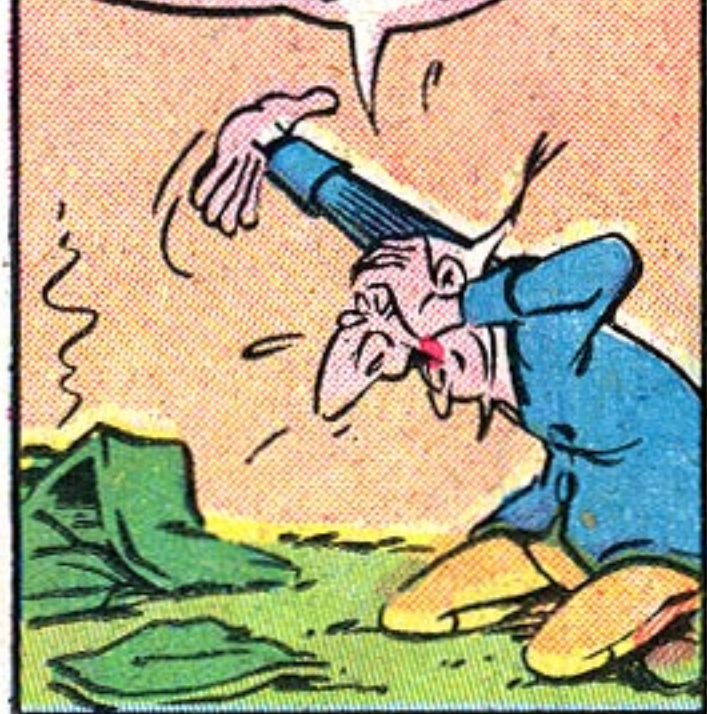


HE'S **GONE!** NOW I'LL **NEVER** BE ABLE TO GO IN BUSINESS! EVEN IF I **DID** REBUILD MY WAGON, I HAVE NOTHING TO PULL IT!-- ALL I'VE GOT IS A SMASHED WAGON AND A BUNCH OF **JUNK!** *SOB?*

THE **JUNK!** THAT'S **IT!** I'LL REBUILD MY **WAGON**, AND USE THE **JUNK** TO INVENT A **MECHANICAL GADGET** TO PULL MY WAGON!--I'LL CALL IT A **MOTOR**, 'CAUSE **NOTHING ELSE** IS CALLED A **MOTOR!**

AND SO--

IT WORKS!-- HORSES, **BAH!** MY MOTOR HAS MORE POWER THAN **20 HORSES!**



THAT'S WHY THEY SAY, NOWADAYS, THAT A MOTOR HAS SO MUCH **HORSE POWER!** WELL, WHEN PEOPLE SAW OTTO'S INVENTION--

OTTO! IT'S **WONDERFUL!** WHAT DO YOU **CALL** THIS INVENTION OF YOURS THAT GOES FASTER THAN THE WIND?

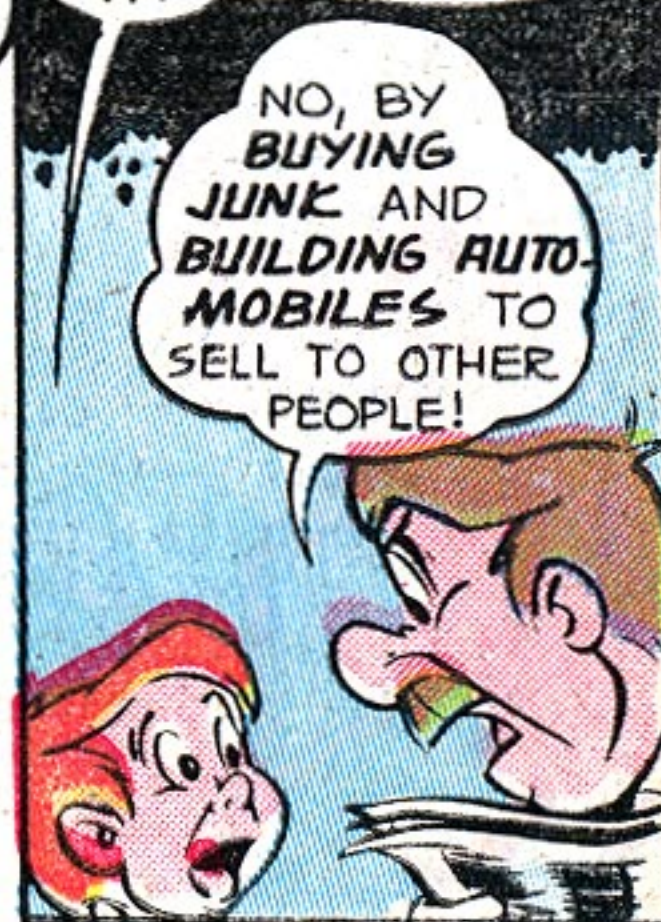
WELL, MY NAME IS OTTO MOBILE, SO I THINK I'LL CALL IT AN **AUTO-MOBILE!**

AND **THAT'S** HOW OTTO INVENTED THE AUTOMOBILE AND MADE A MILLION DOLLARS!

GOLLY! THANKS, POP, FOR TELLING ME ALL ABOUT IT!

BUT **HOW** DID HE MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS? BY BUYIN' JUNK AN' SELLIN' IT?

NO, BY **BUYING JUNK** AND **BUILDING AUTO-MOBILES** TO SELL TO OTHER PEOPLE!



GOLLY, SO THAT'S HOW THE AUTOMOBILE WAS INVENTED--AND WHY IT'S CALLED THE AUTOMOBILE!

NOW TELL ME WHY THEY CALL IT A **CAR** TOO!



BAW! MY POP WHOPPED ME FOR JUST ASKIN' A SIMPLE QUESTION! **BAW!**

YA CAN'T WIN!



The End



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Betsy *in the* PINK!

MOTHER!" BETSY'S VOICE was pleading and tired, as though she'd been saying "mother!" in exactly that same way for a long, long time!

"For the last time, Betsy, the answer is *no*! Let's have no more discussion about it, dear. Believe me, mother knows what is right for you!"

Although Betsy knew that her mother's refusal was really the last word in the family court of appeals, she made a last desperate plea to her father, who'd been trying, uncomfortably, to stay out of the discussion.

"Dad, you help me! Honestly, I'm past fifteen and you know it! There isn't *one* other girl my age who doesn't wear lipstick, except maybe Rowena Sweeney, and *she* doesn't care about things like that! Just books!"

Betsy's dad said something vague about "listen to your mother", picked up his newspaper and fled, glad to escape the controversy that had been raging in the household for almost two weeks.

"Dad!" Betsy wailed.

"When it's all right for you to wear lipstick, I'll be happy to allow you to, Betsy," her mother said. "Now, why don't you go upstairs and get ready for bed? It's quite late, you know!"

Half-way up the stairs, Betsy threw a last, large-eyed look of woe at her mother who countered with, "Now, that will be enough! Betsy, I *never* want to hear another word about this lipstick business from you! Remember that...not another word!"

Alone in her room, Betsy gazed starkly at her reflection in the mirror. "Oh, brother!" she groaned, miserable at the sight of her pouting mouth, untouched by even the lightest tint of lipstick pink. She sank miserably into bed, staring up at the ceiling and thinking, "They don't

understand! They just don't *understand*!"

How could her mother know how she felt, a drab gray bird among peacocks at school? How could her mother understand the shame of not being asked to dances because she was considered "a baby" by most of the boys? Of course, dad would think she was beautiful no matter *what*, but why couldn't *he* understand how unhappy it made her to look *different* from the other girls? Different...different... *that* was it...

When Betsy awoke the next morning, the plan was already in her mind, as though it had been put into her head while she slept and carefully stored there for use upon awakening. Without hesitation, she went to her clothes closet and selected her costume for the day, dressing as quickly as possible. She did not bother to wash her face, brush her teeth or comb her hair. "Mother said not to *mention* lipstick again!" she thought. "All right, I won't!"

"Betsy!" Mother's voice was almost a shriek as Betsy quietly took her place at the breakfast table.

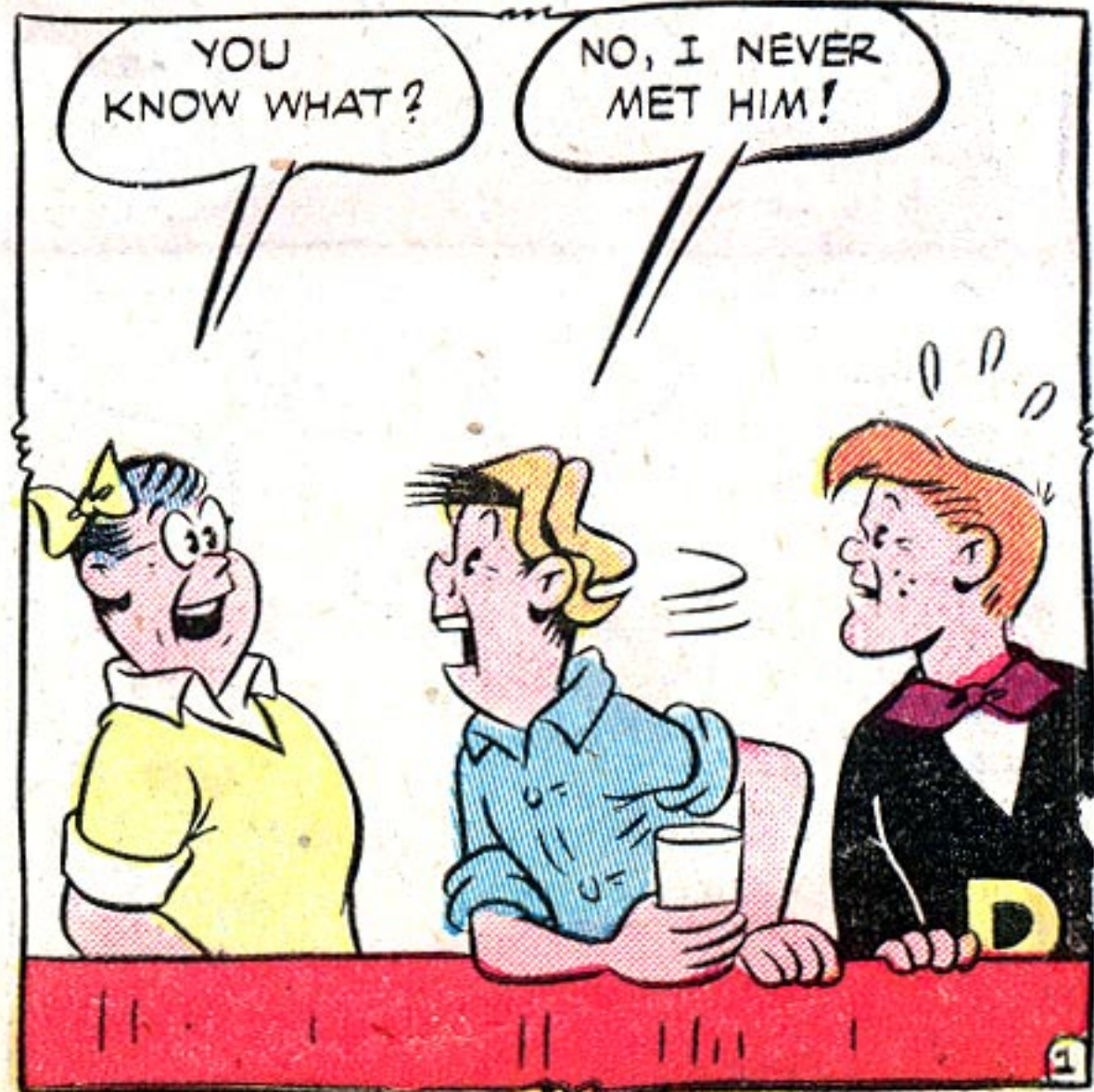
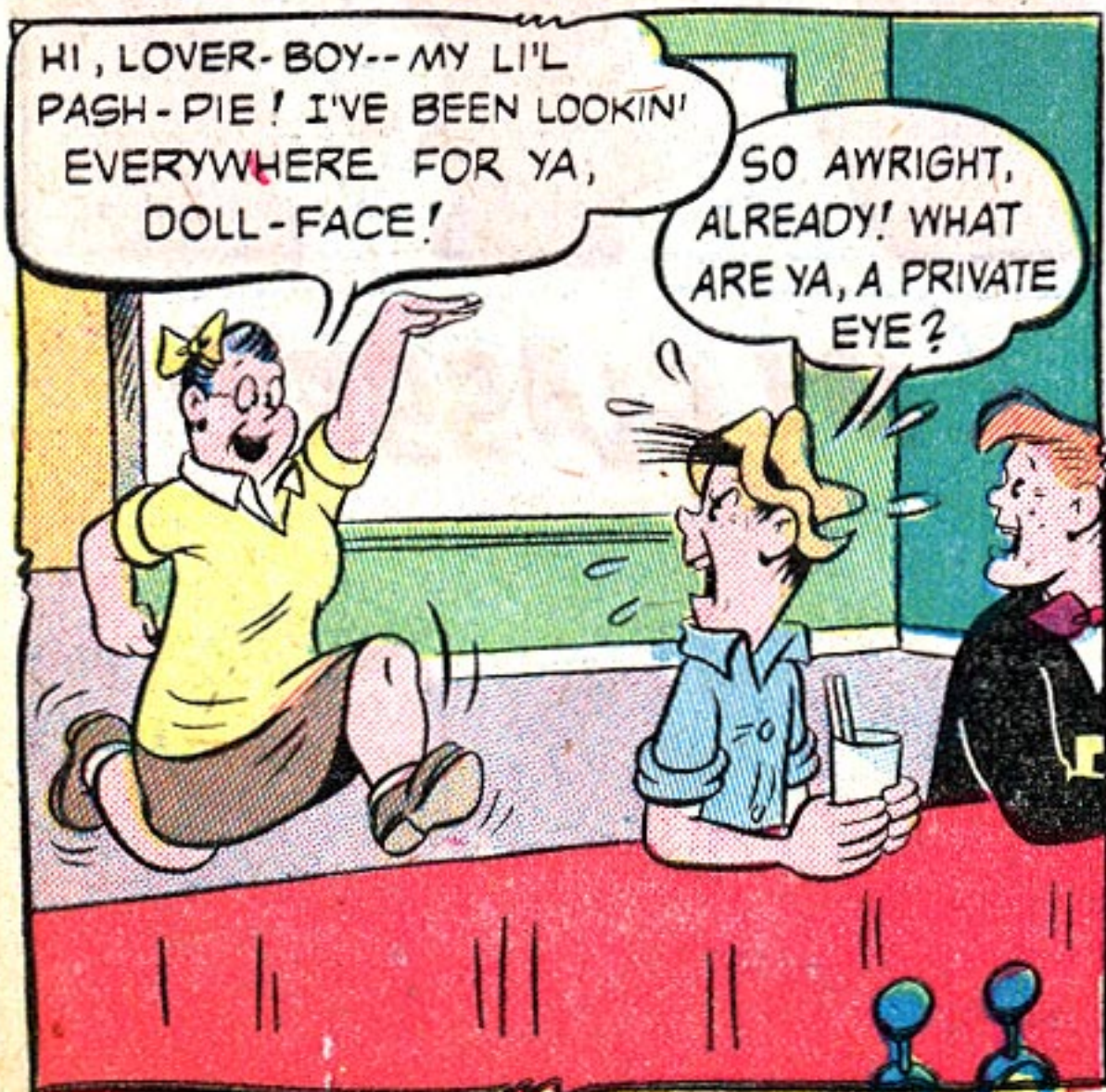
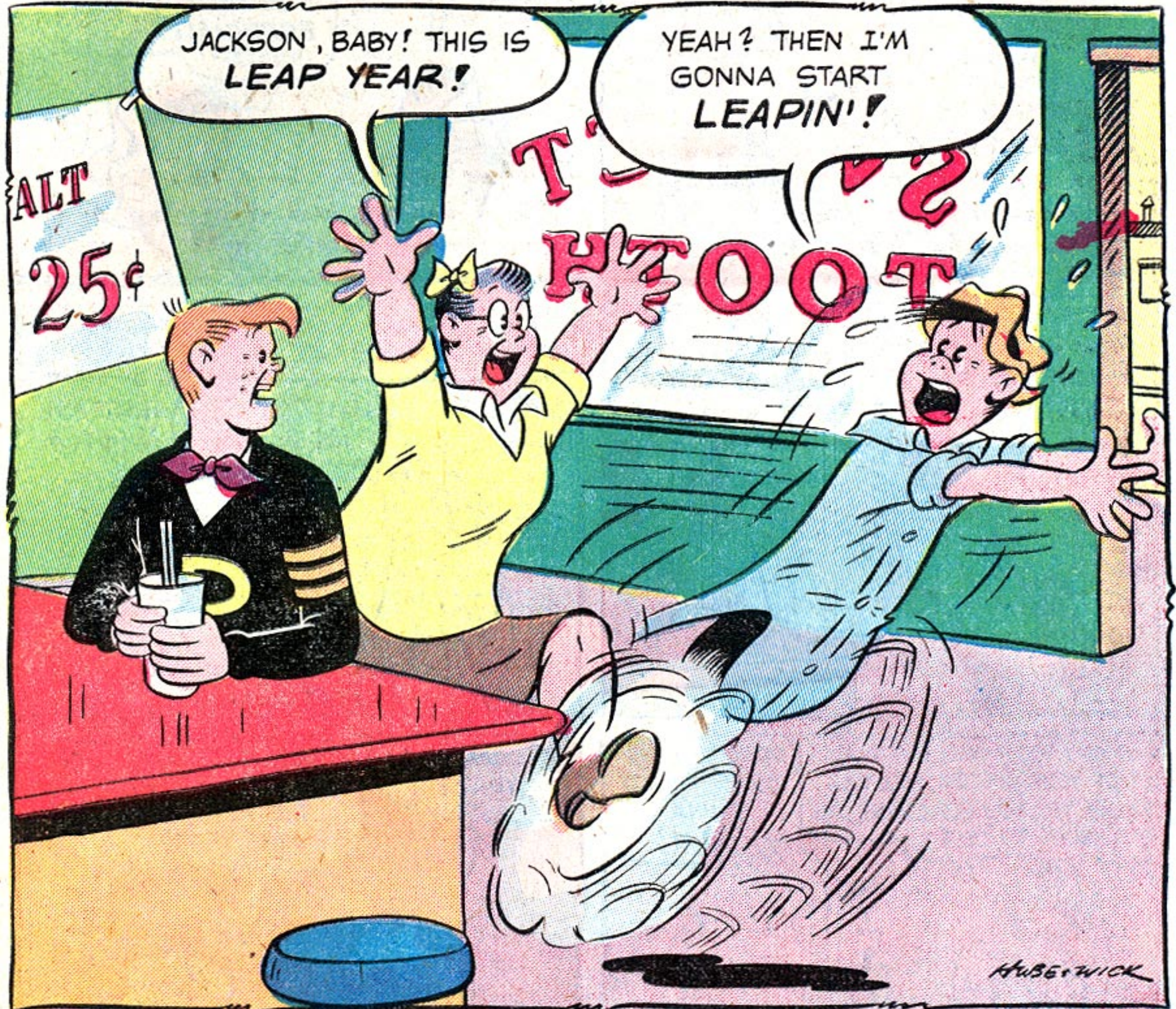
"Betsy!" Dad's voice sounded squeaky, too, with shocked surprise.

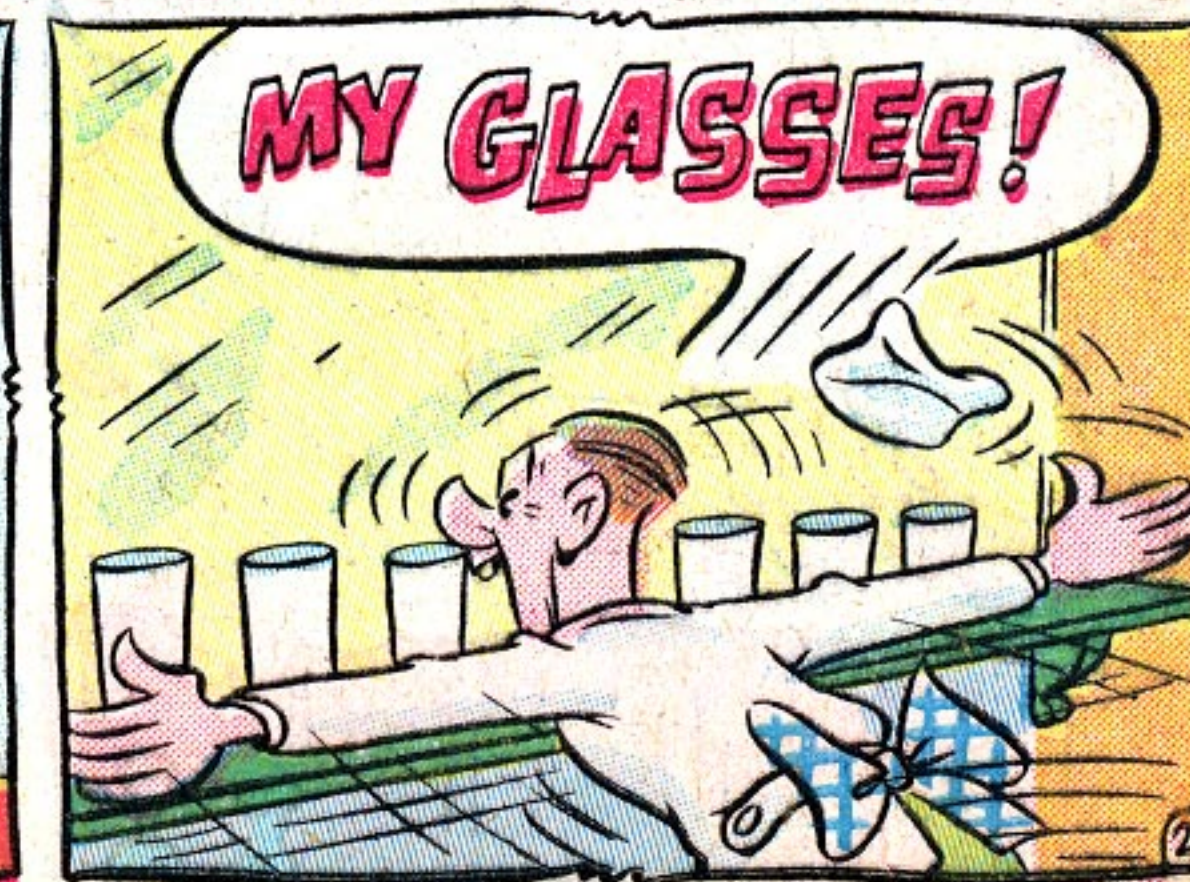
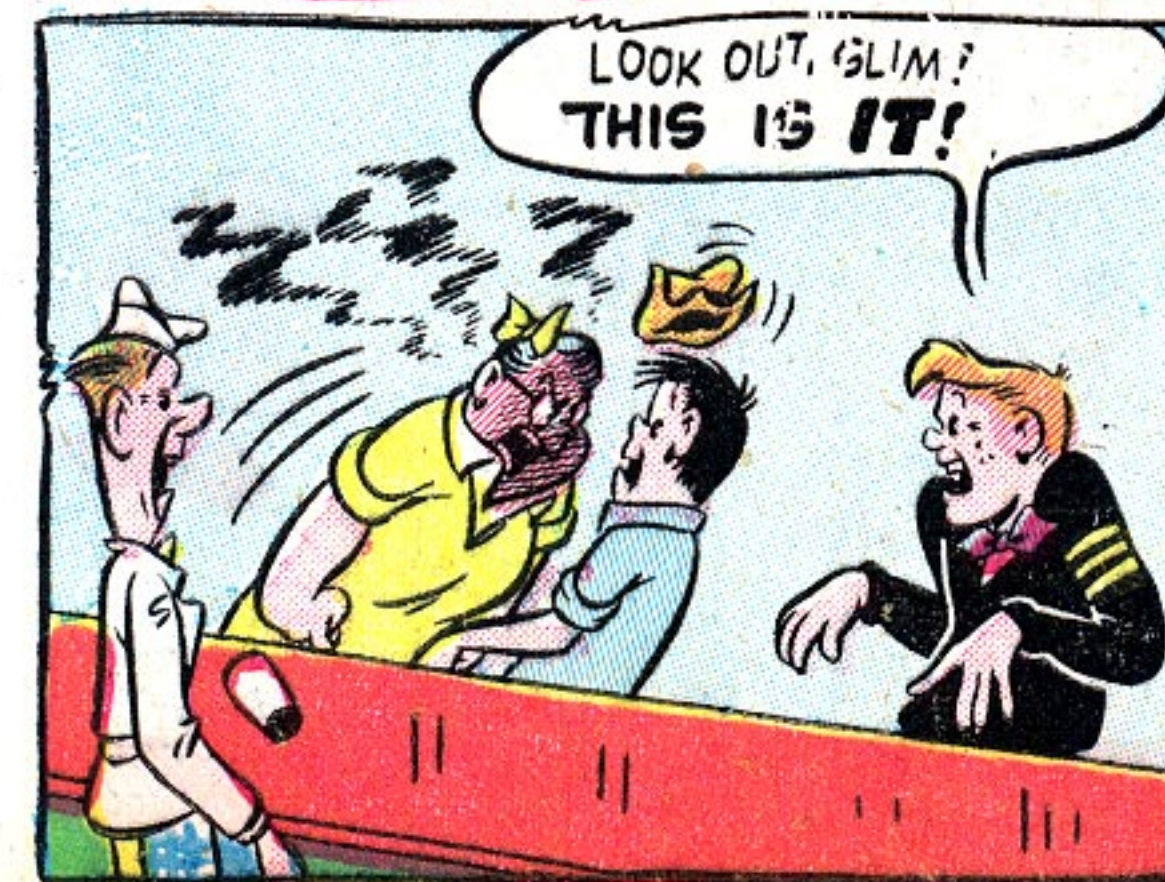
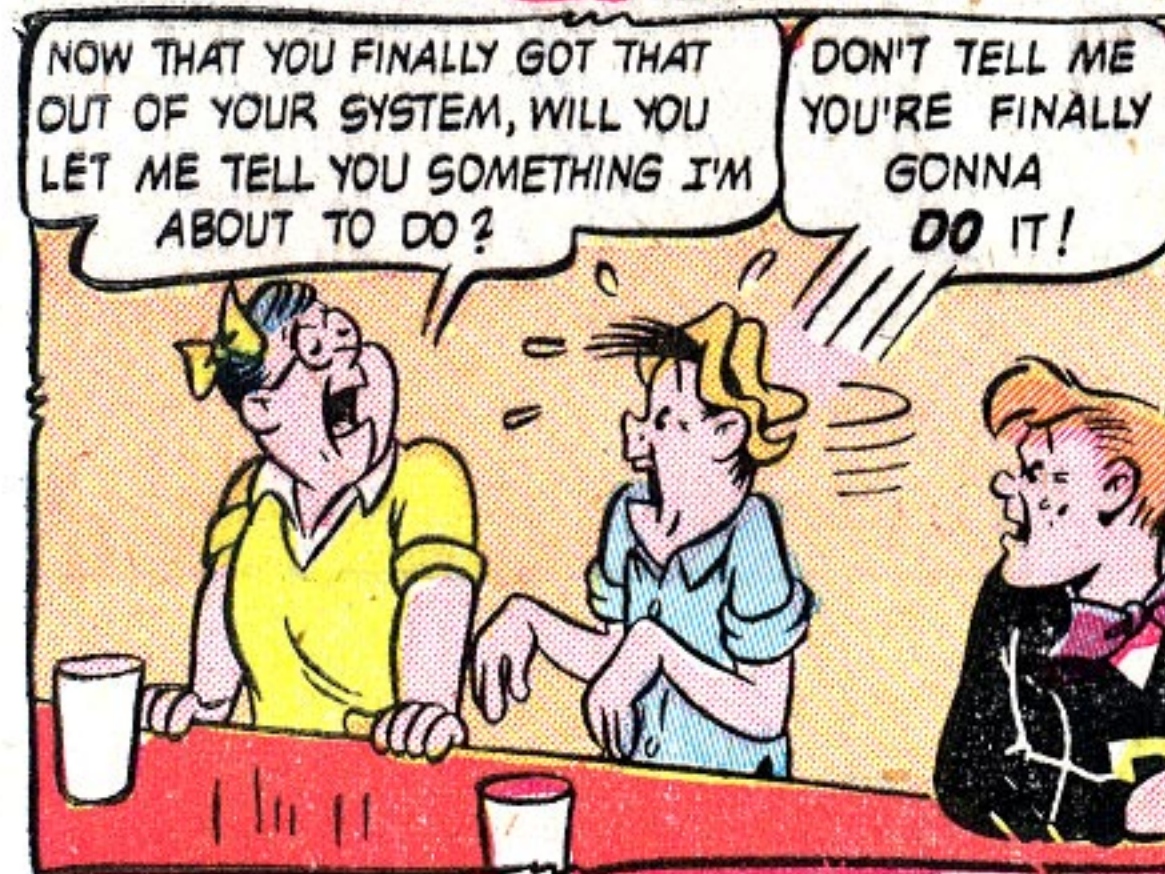
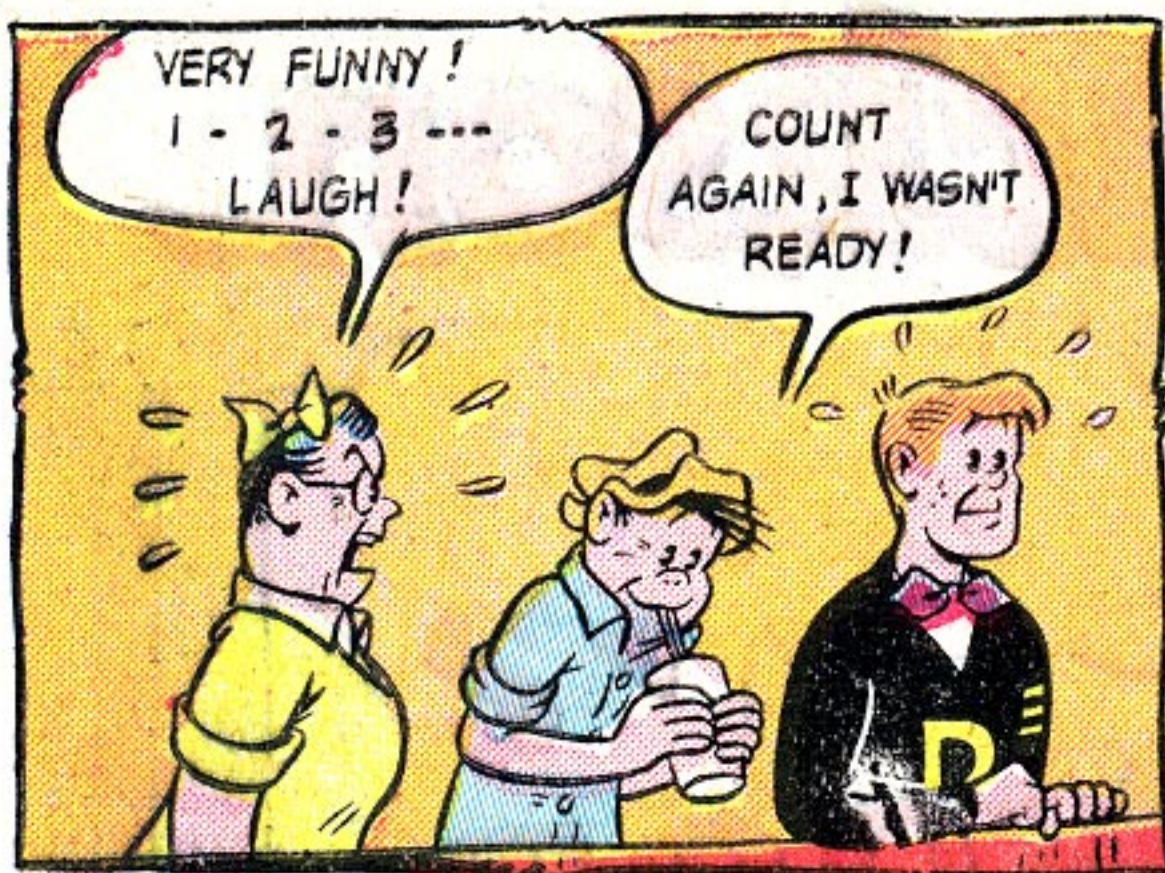
"What on earth...?" Stunned, mother took in Betsy's appearance. Two different socks, one yellow and one dark green... a heavy red sweater, though the day was warm, topping a full skirt of sheer organdy...a shock of tousled curls topped by a mad plaid ribbon...

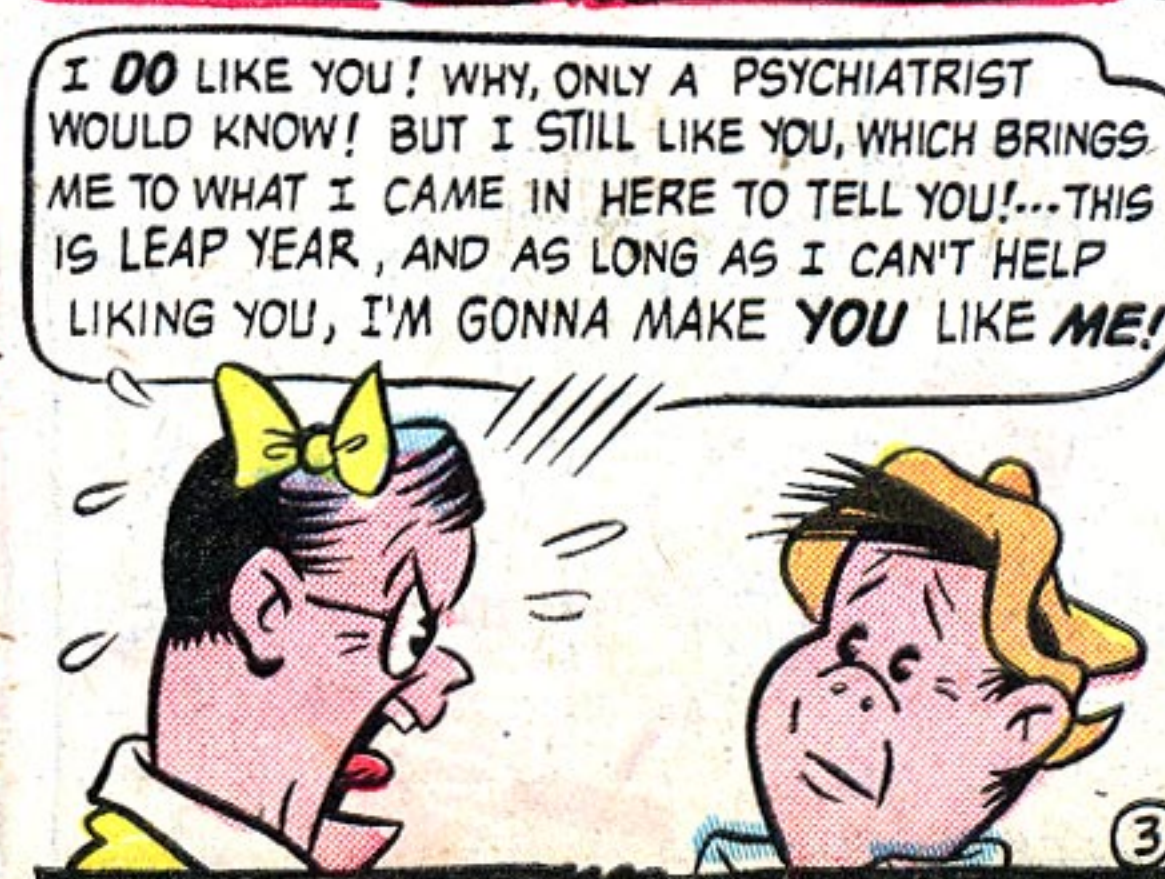
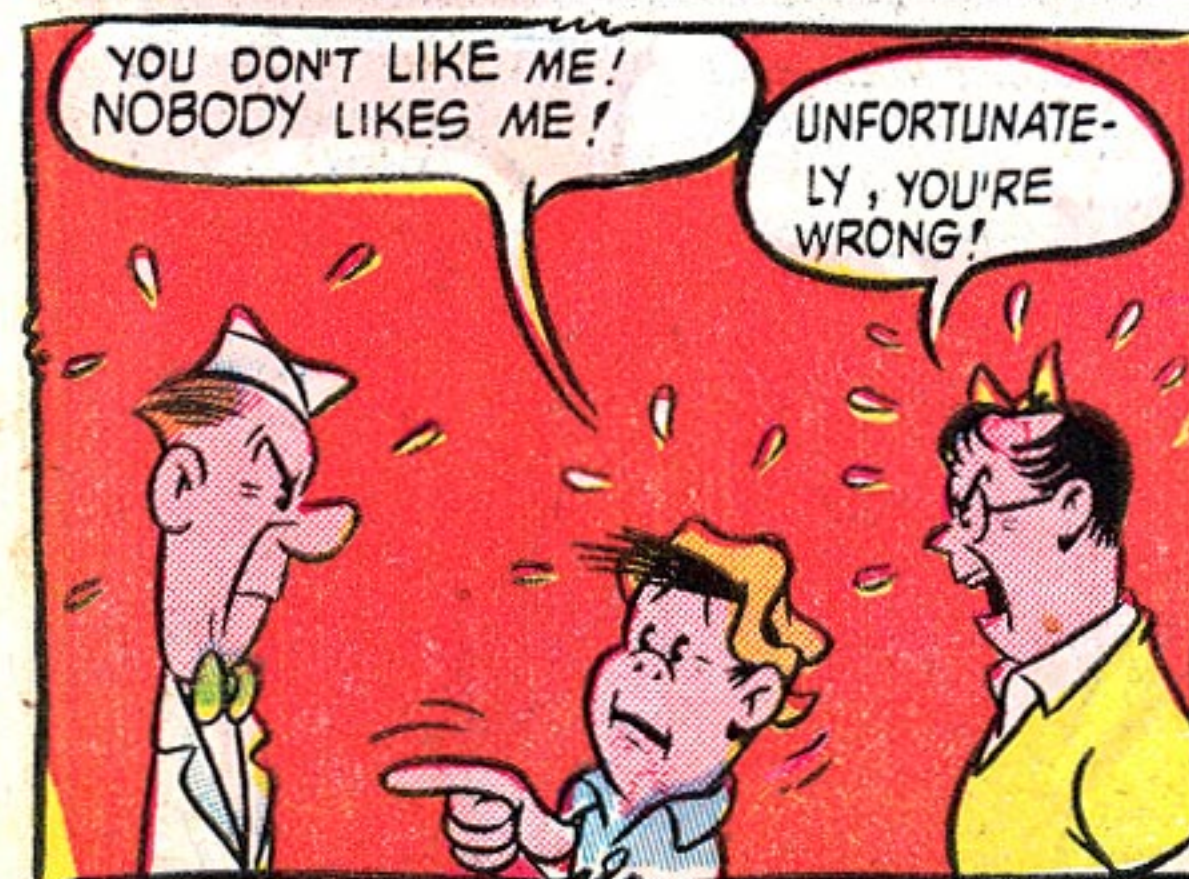
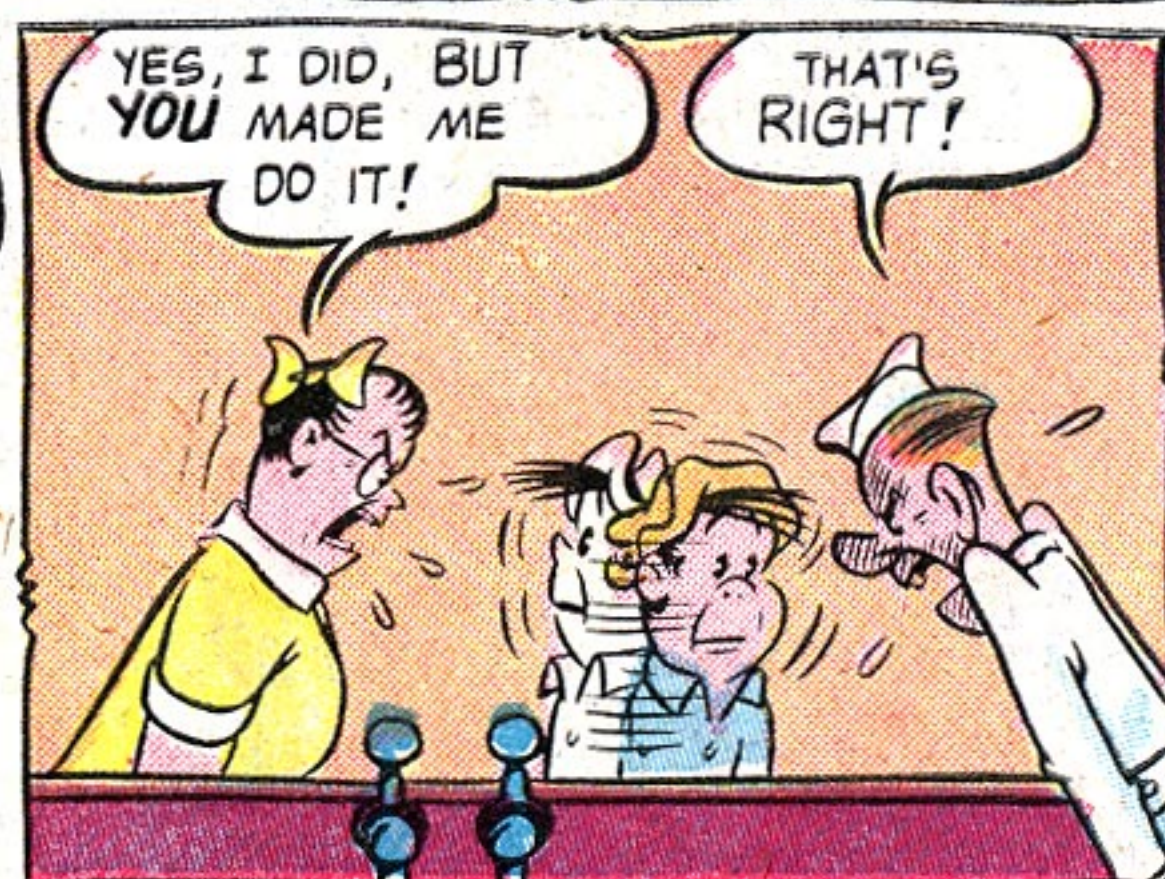
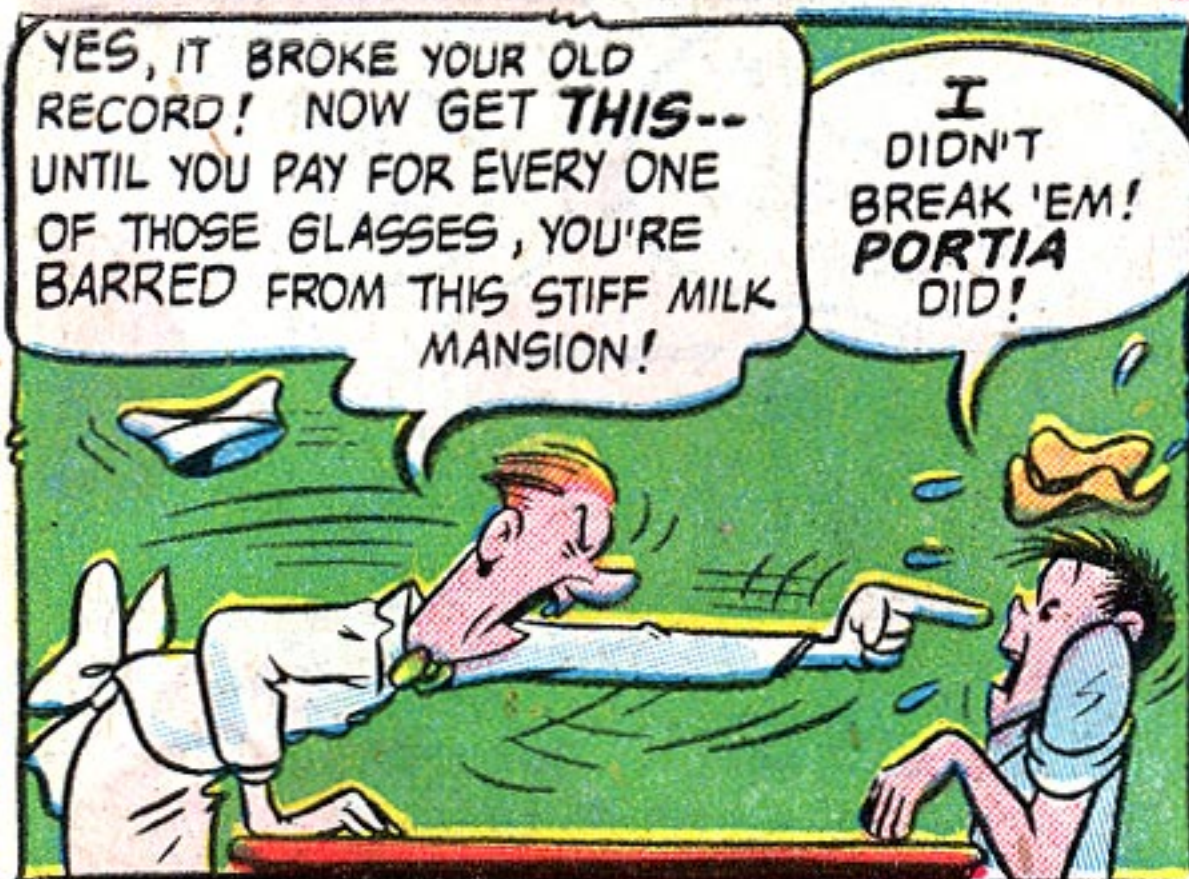
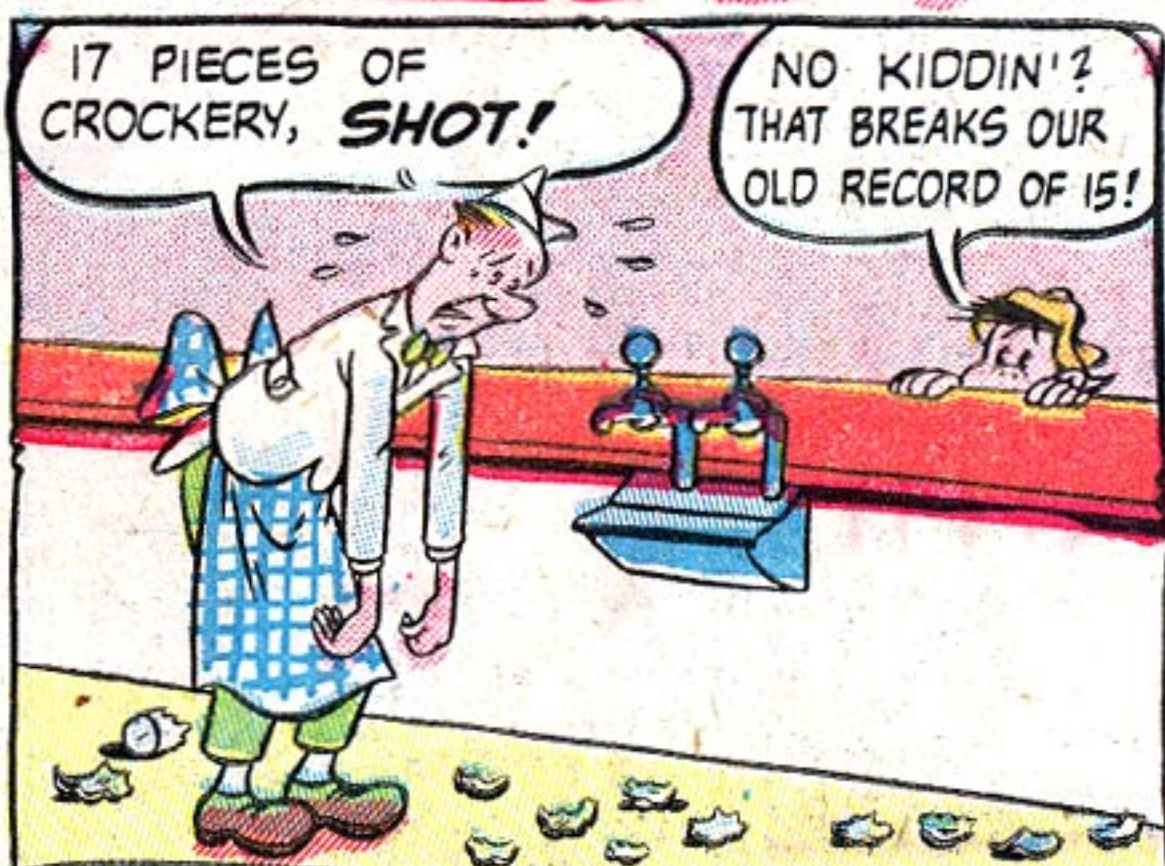
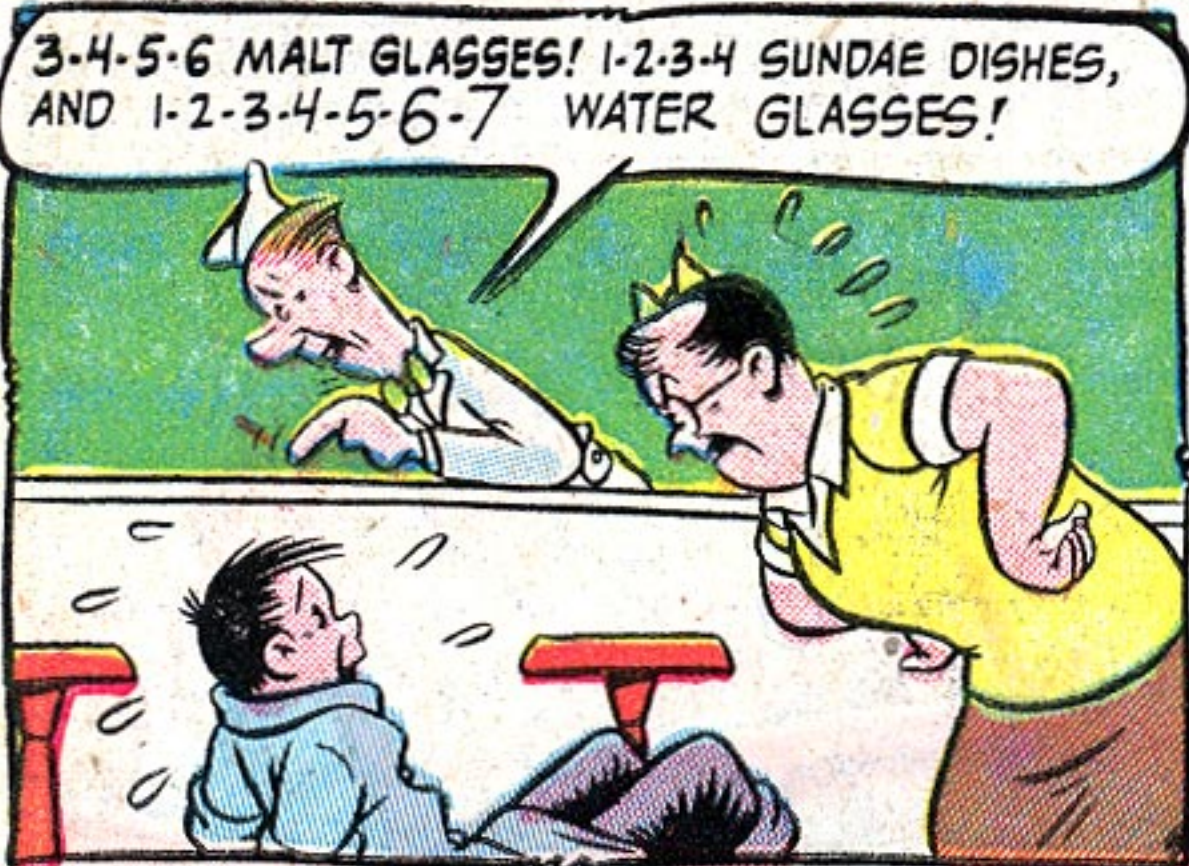
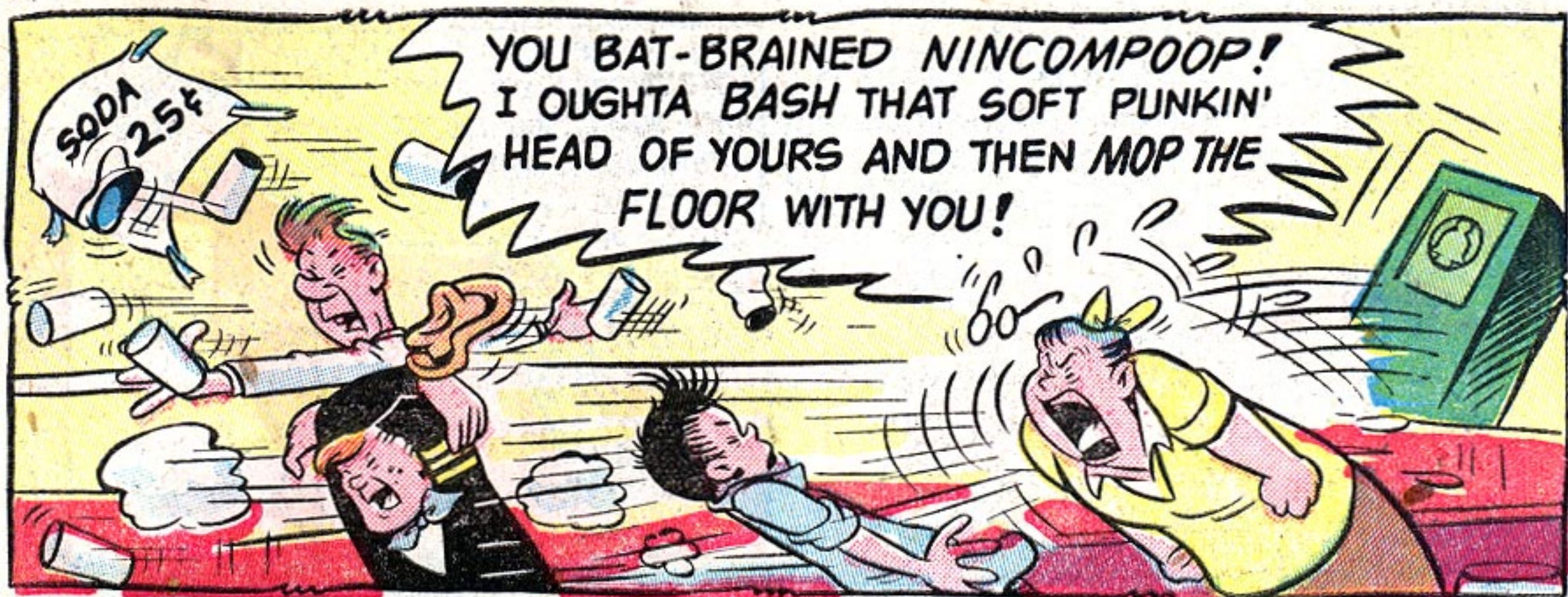
Betsy looked her mother and dad square in their faces. "If I'm going to look *different* from the others, at least it might as well be *good* and different!"

Silently, her mother opened her purse, took out a small, gleaming tube, and handed it to Betsy. "You win, dear," she said. "It's a nice light pink!"

Solid Jackson

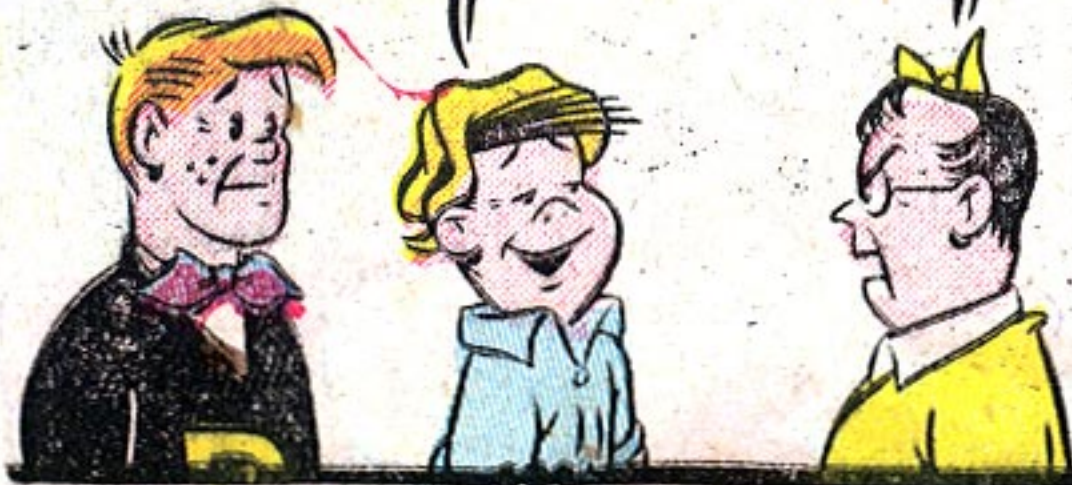






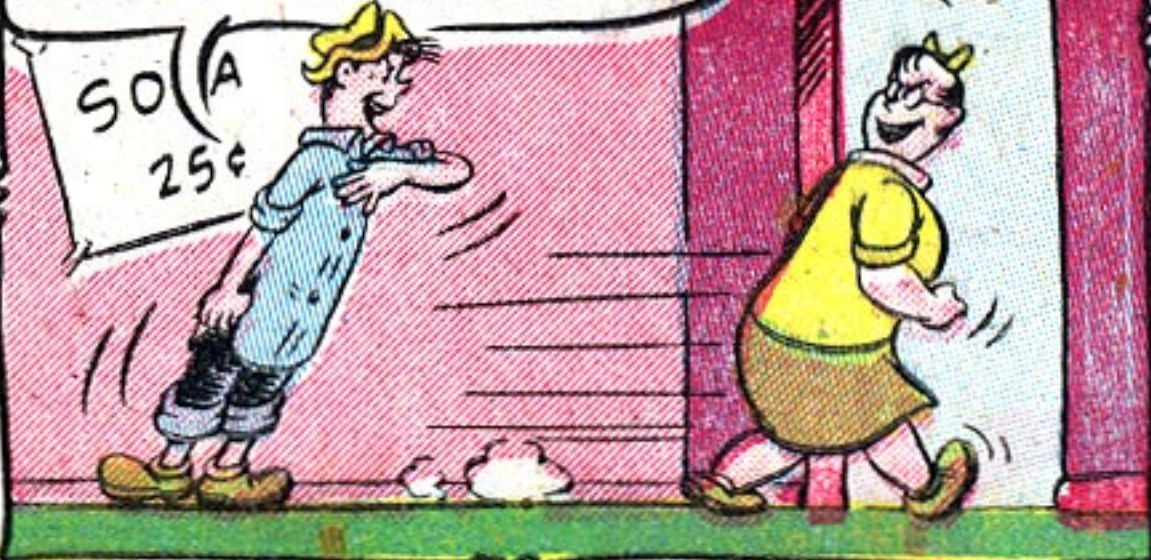
HO-HO! BIG TALK! BIG-TIME BOY FRIEND GETTER! THE TWO-TON TEENAGE MATA HARI IS GONNA CHARM THE INNOCENT SIMPLE-MINDED JACKSON! HO-HO! THAT'S RICH!

YOU'RE RIGHT ON THE SIMPLE-MINDED PART!



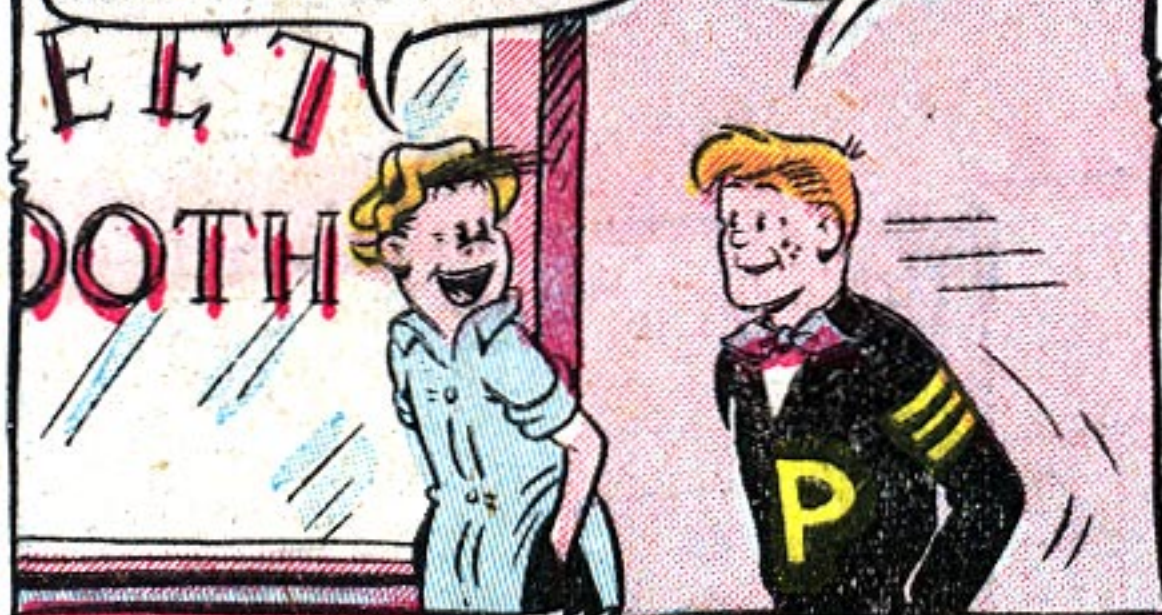
WELL, I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YA! YOU'VE LOST BEFORE YOU START, AND YA KNOW WHY?-- BECUZZ GIRLS DON'T INTEREST ME, ESPECIALLY YOU!-- MY ERECTOR SET IS MY BIG LOVE!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

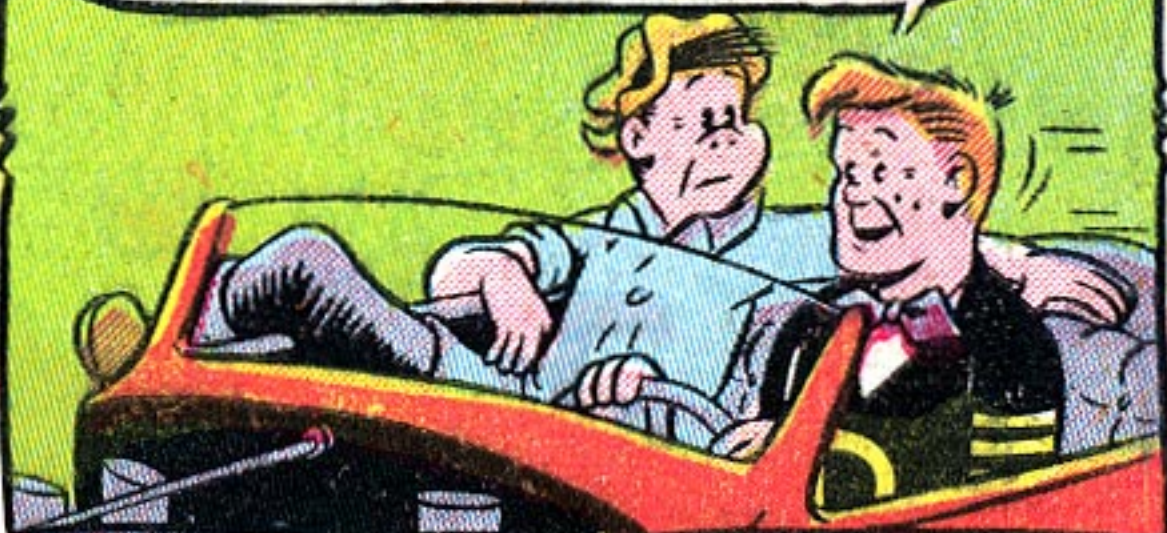


HEH-HEH! HOW ABOUT THAT, NATCH? IT'S LEAP YEAR, SO SHE'S GONNA MAKE ME LIKE HER! PRETTY JERKY, HUH?

I DUNNO, JACKSON!

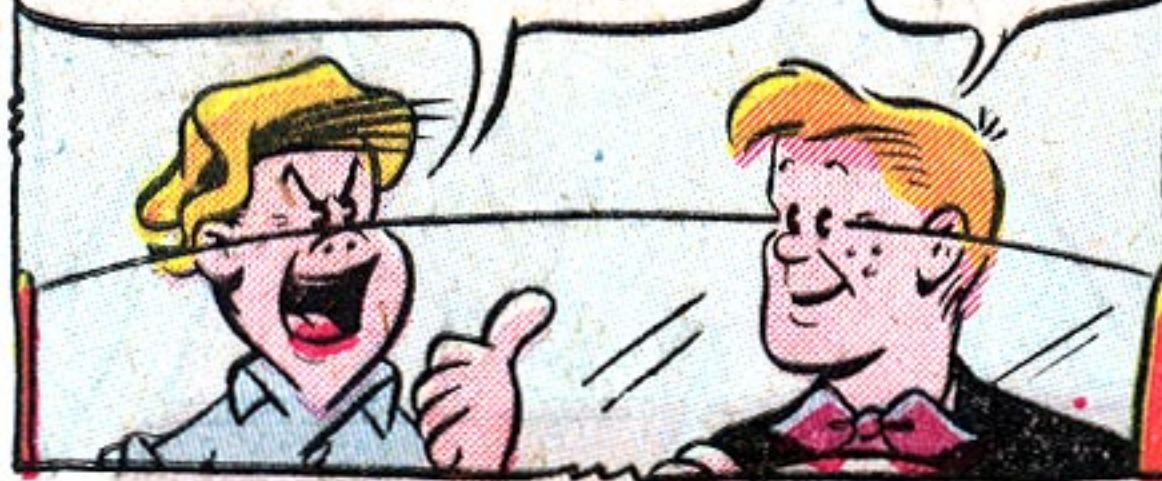


CHICKS ARE TRICKY! THEY HAVE METHODS OF GETTIN' THEIR WAY THAT YA DON'T KNOW ABOUT! HOLY HEH, I REMEMBER JUDY GETTIN' ME TO GIVE HER MY GOLD FOOTBALL THAT I SAID I'D NEVER PART WITH, AND DARNED IF I KNOW HOW SHE DID IT!



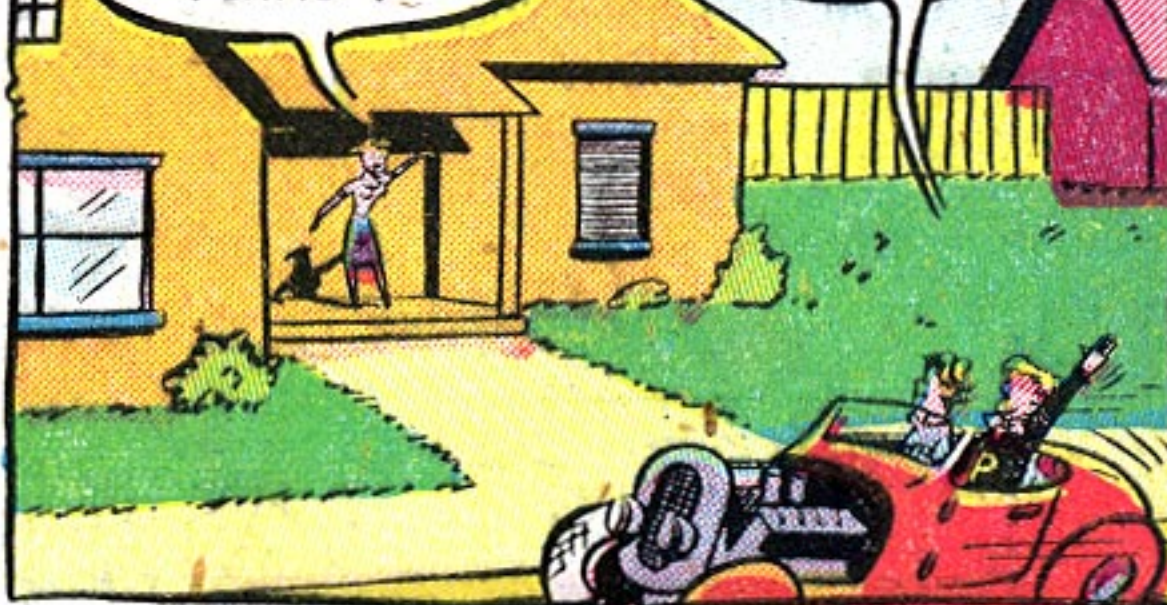
WELL, I DO! WOMANLY WILES, THAT'S HOW! AND BESIDES, JUDY'S A REAL GONE CHICK! SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, BUT PORTIA COMES ON LIKE A GORILLA'S GRAND-MOTHER THAT'S BEEN CAUGHT IN A BEAR TRAP HEAD FIRST!

MAYBE! ANYWAY, LET'S BLAST OVER TO MY HUN-BUN'S AND SEE WHAT GIVES!



HI, NATCH, HONEY! C'MON IN, I'VE GOT A NEW JOHNNIE RAY PLATTER!

REET, SWEET!



MAN! WE'RE LIVIN', JUDY-PIE!

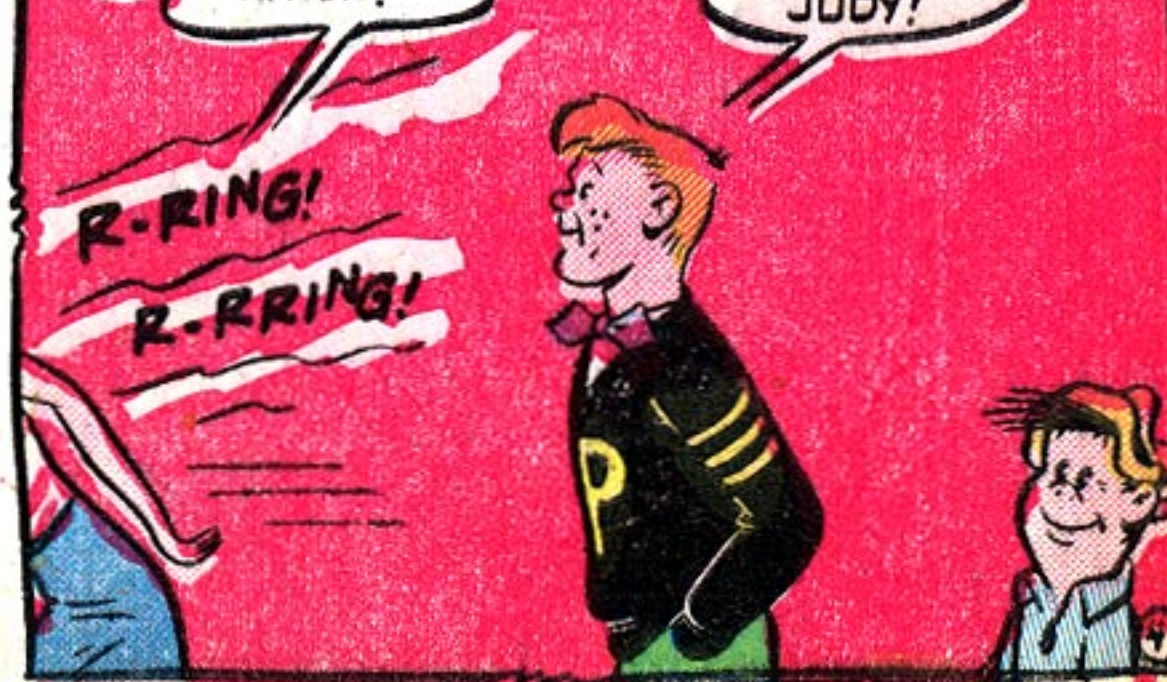
JACKSON, SPIN THAT PLATTER AGAIN WHEN IT STOPS!

WITH PLEASURE! A REAL GEORGE TUNE, BOY! THE GREATEST!



THERE'S THE PHONE! -- I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, NATCH!

OKAY, JUDY!



HMM? OH, WONDERFUL! THAT SOUNDS LIKE LOADS OF FUN! YES, YES, HE'S HERE! ALL RIGHT, I'LL TELL THEM! 'BYE NOW!



NATCH! JACKSON! THAT WAS PORTIA! SHE'S INVITED US OVER TO HER HOUSE FOR SUPER MALTS, HAMBURGERS, AND A PLATTER SPINNING BALL!



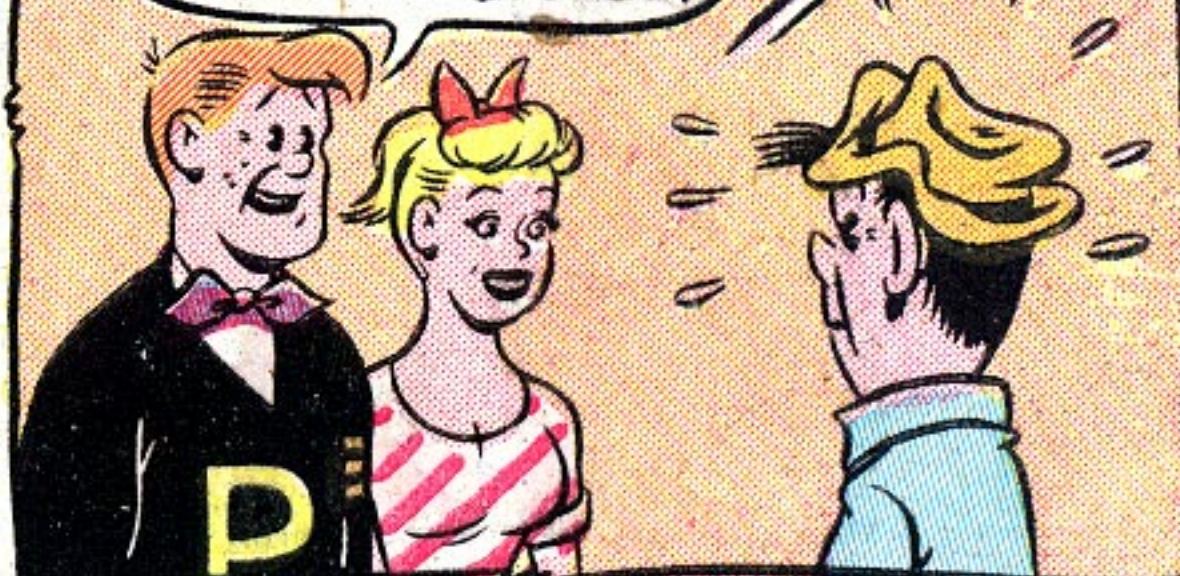
HOLY COW! WHO WANTS TO GO OVER TO HER HOUSE?



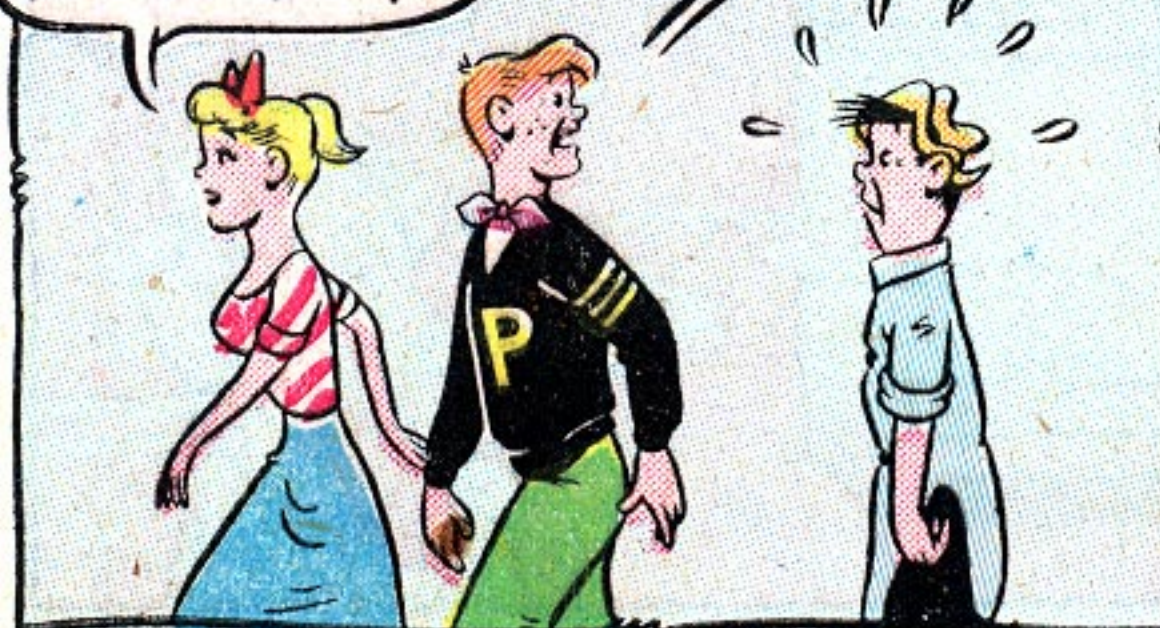
I DO!

HER MALTS ARE THE GREATEST! HAMBURGERS TOO! -- REAL GEORGE!

ME TOO!

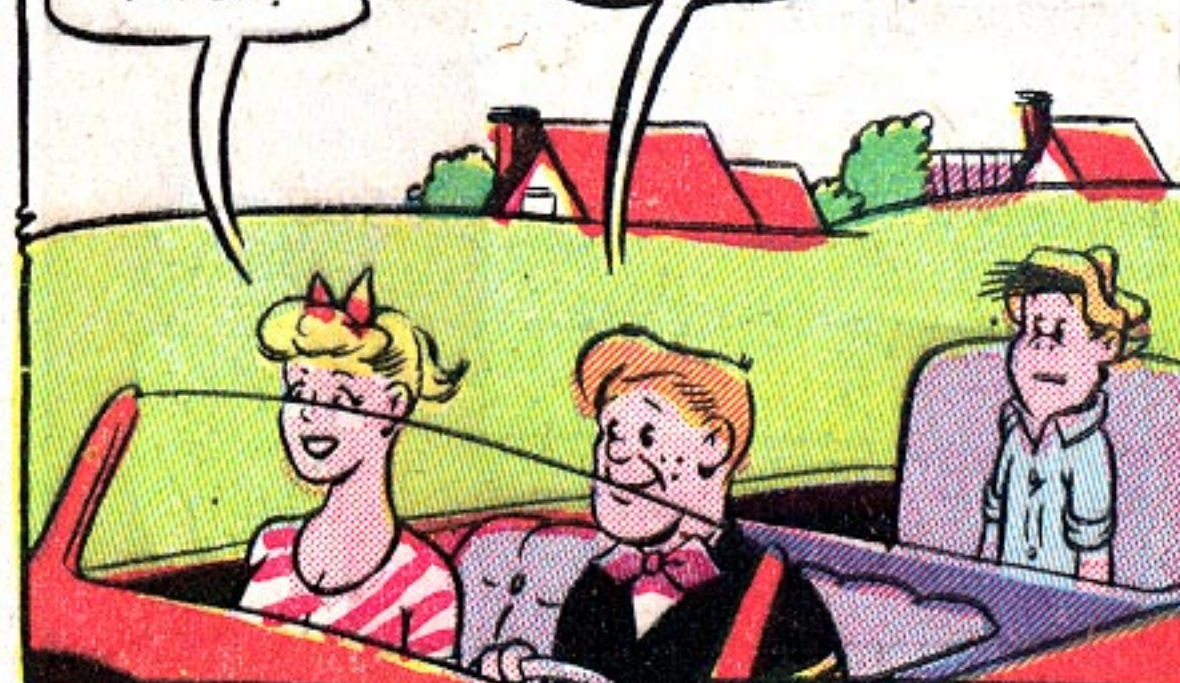


BUT IF YOU DON'T WANT TO COME ALONG, WE'LL DROP YOU OFF SOMEPLACE ELSE!
I TOLD HER WE'D BE RIGHT OVER!

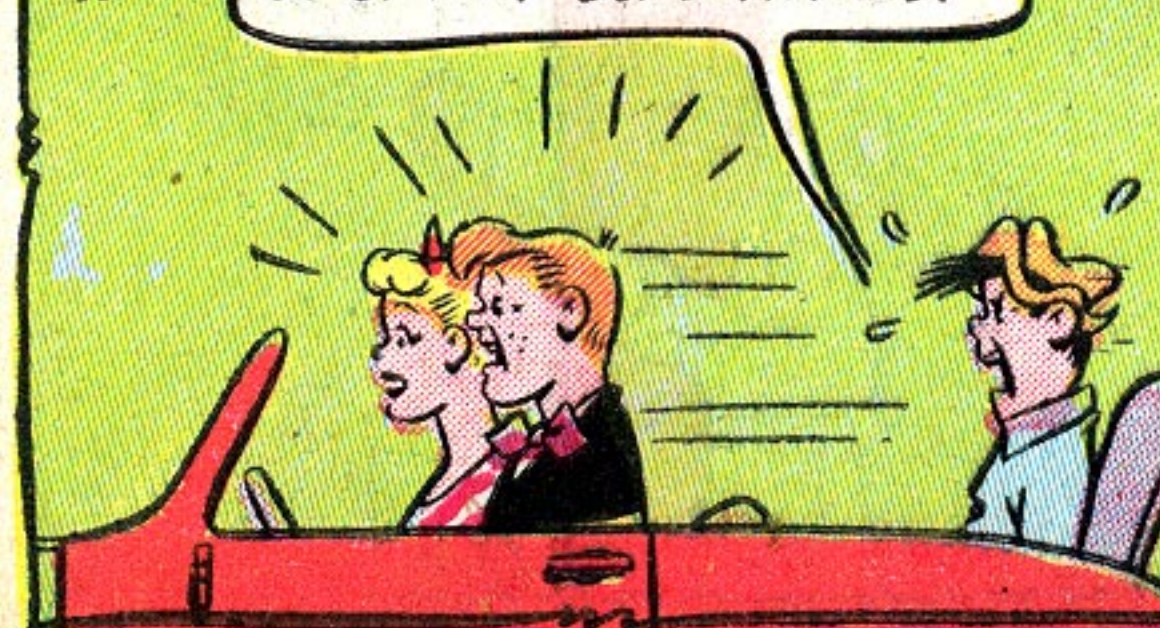


I CAN TASTE THOSE MALTS ALREADY, NATCH!

ME TOO, PASH-PIE!

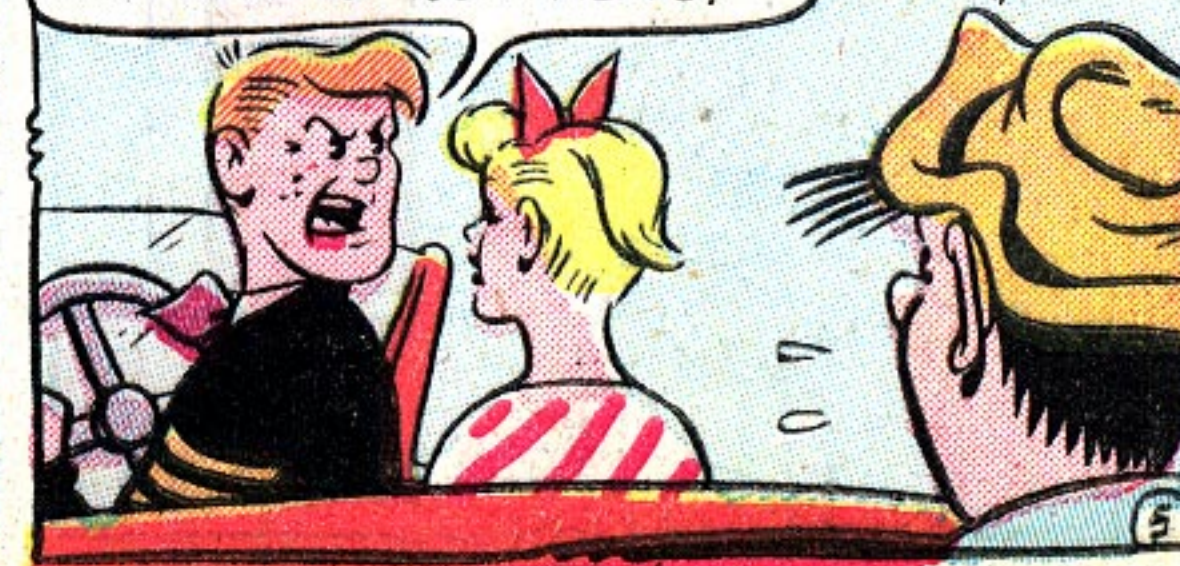


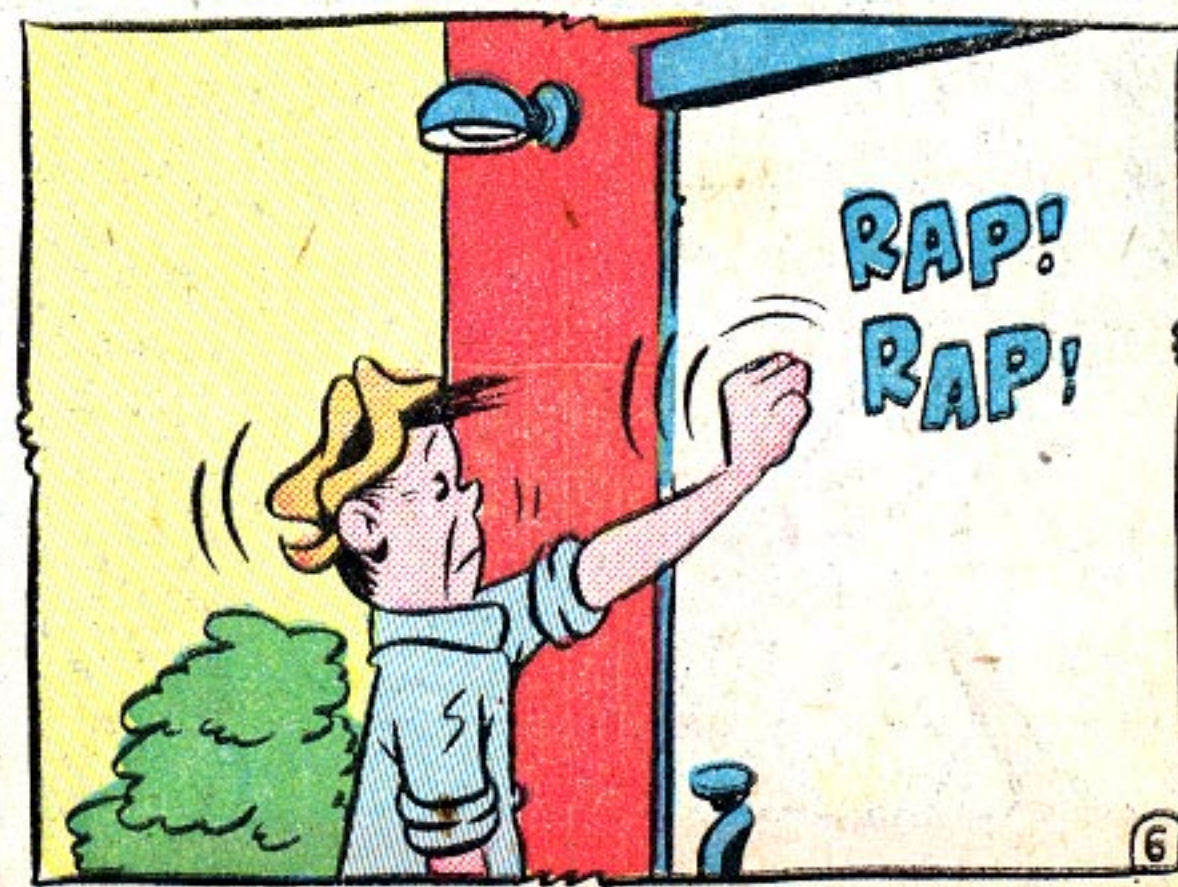
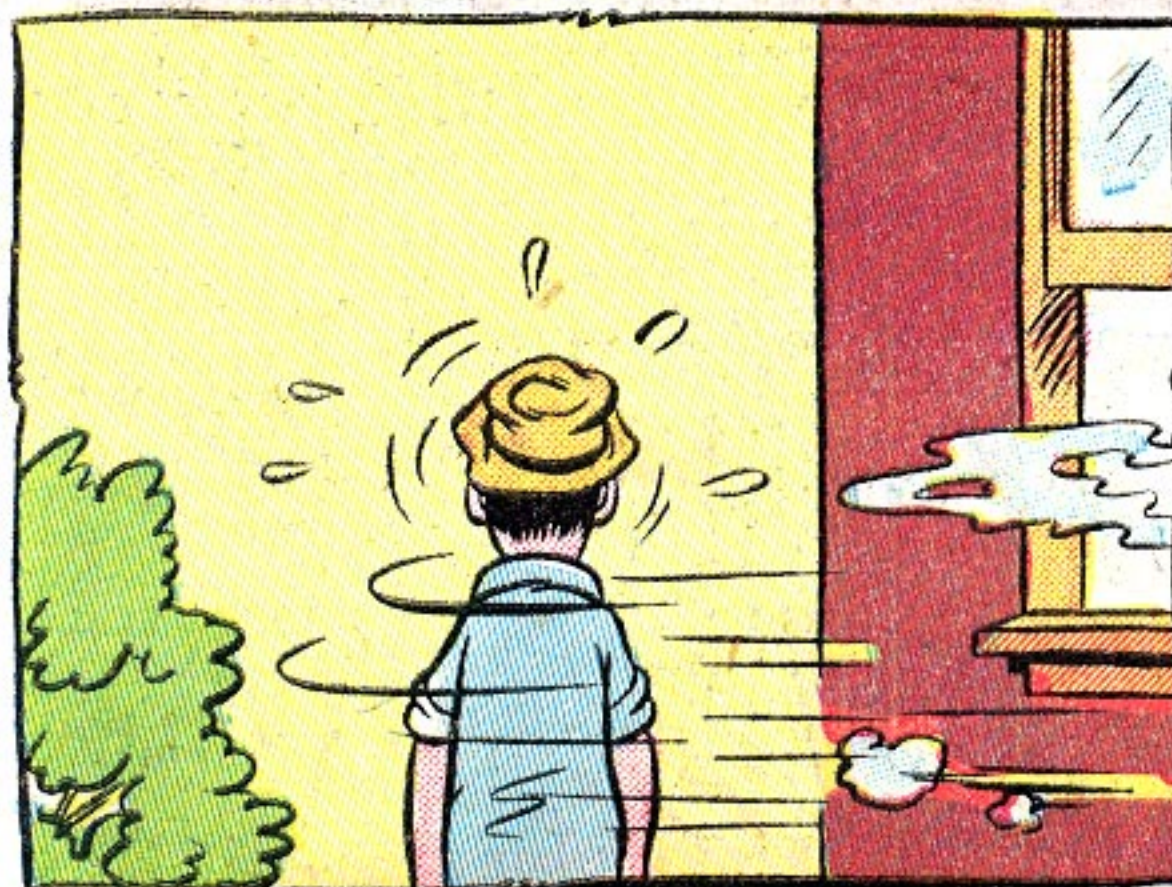
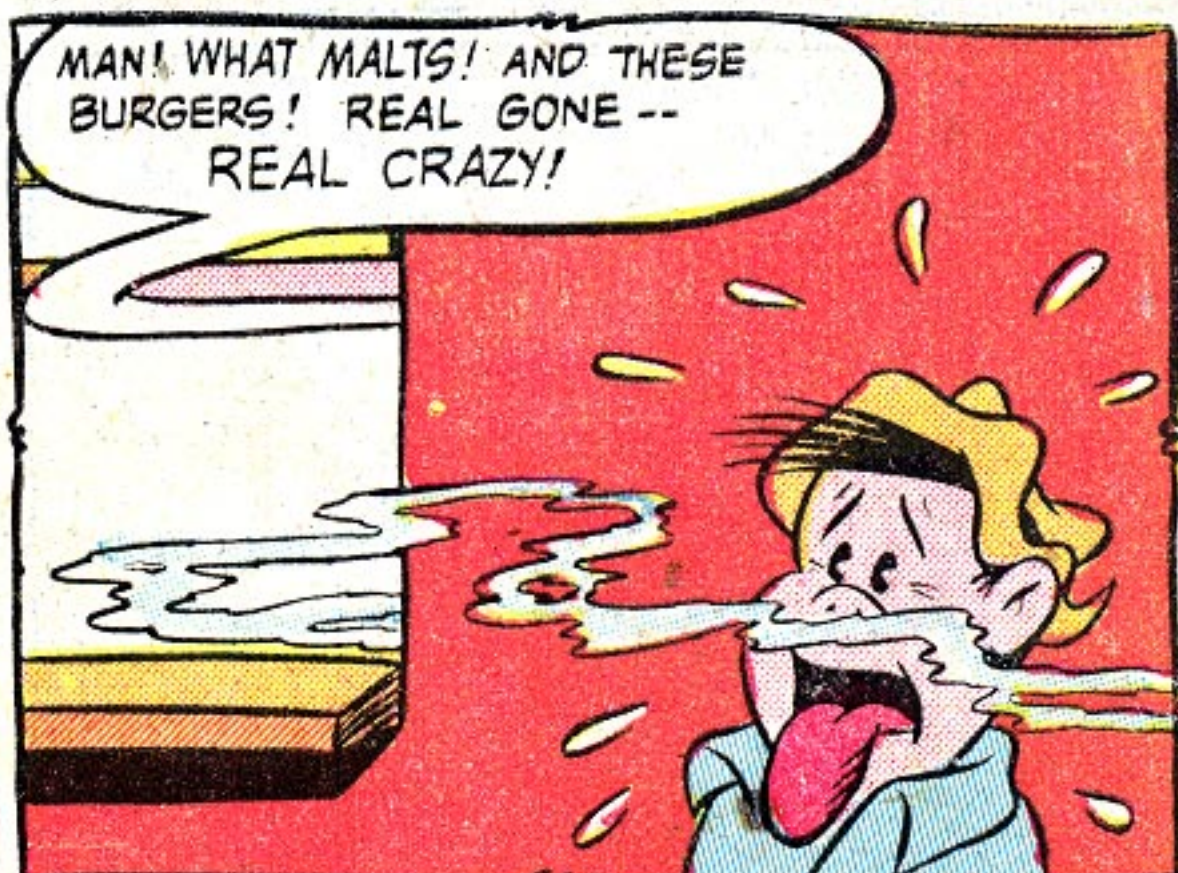
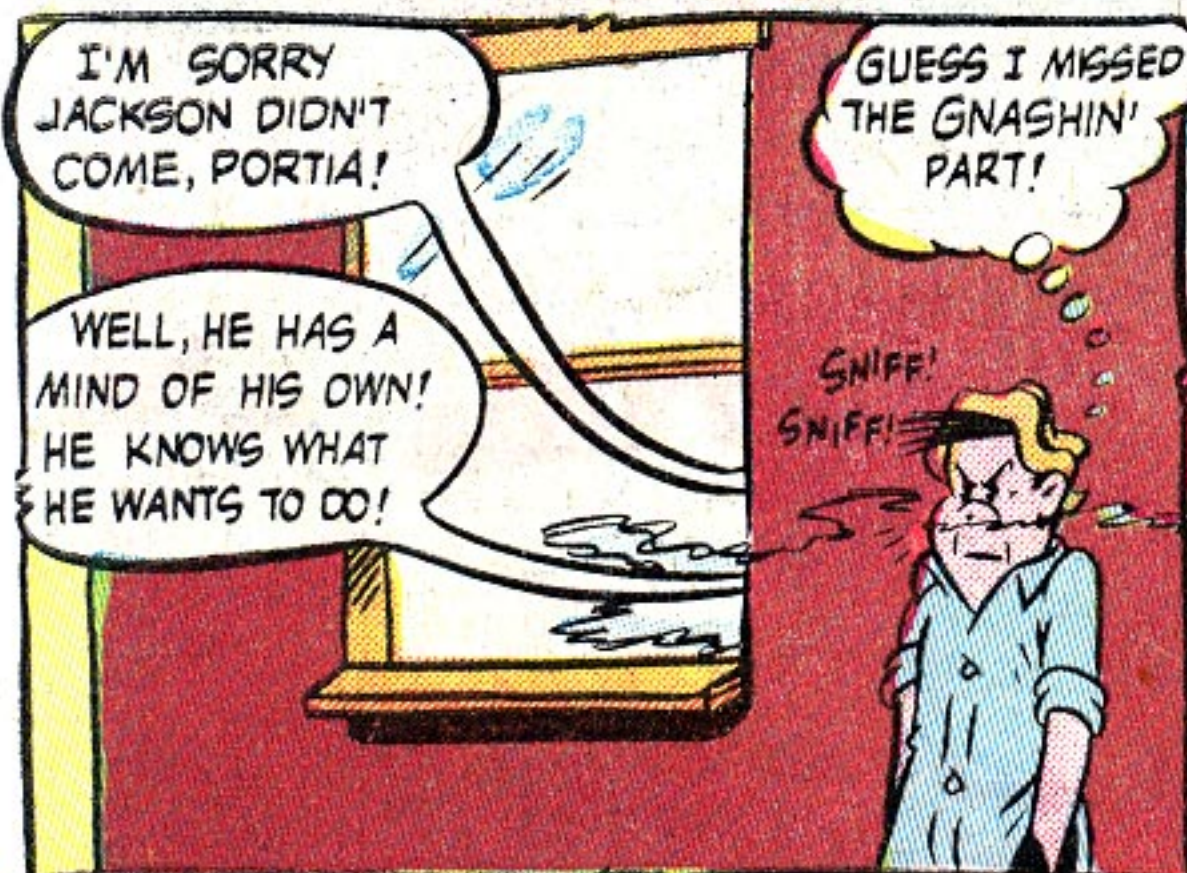
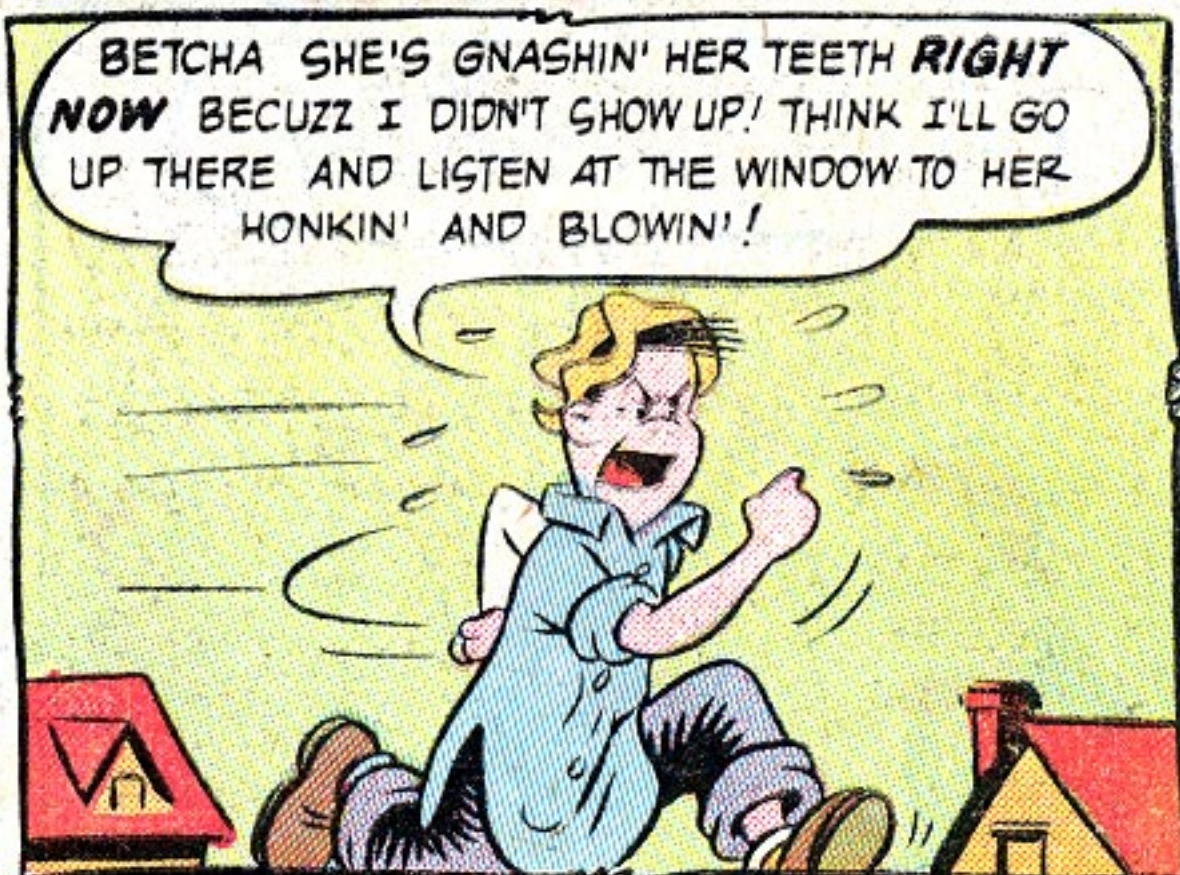
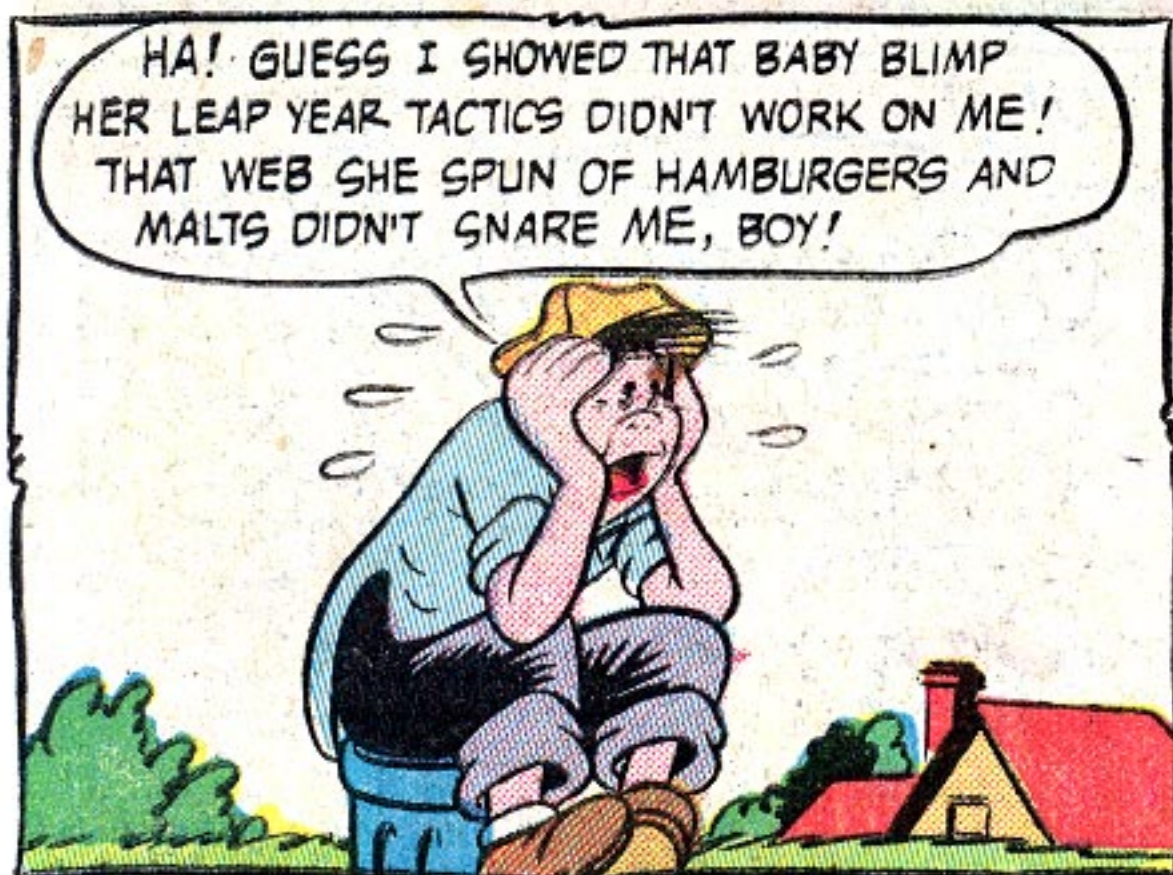
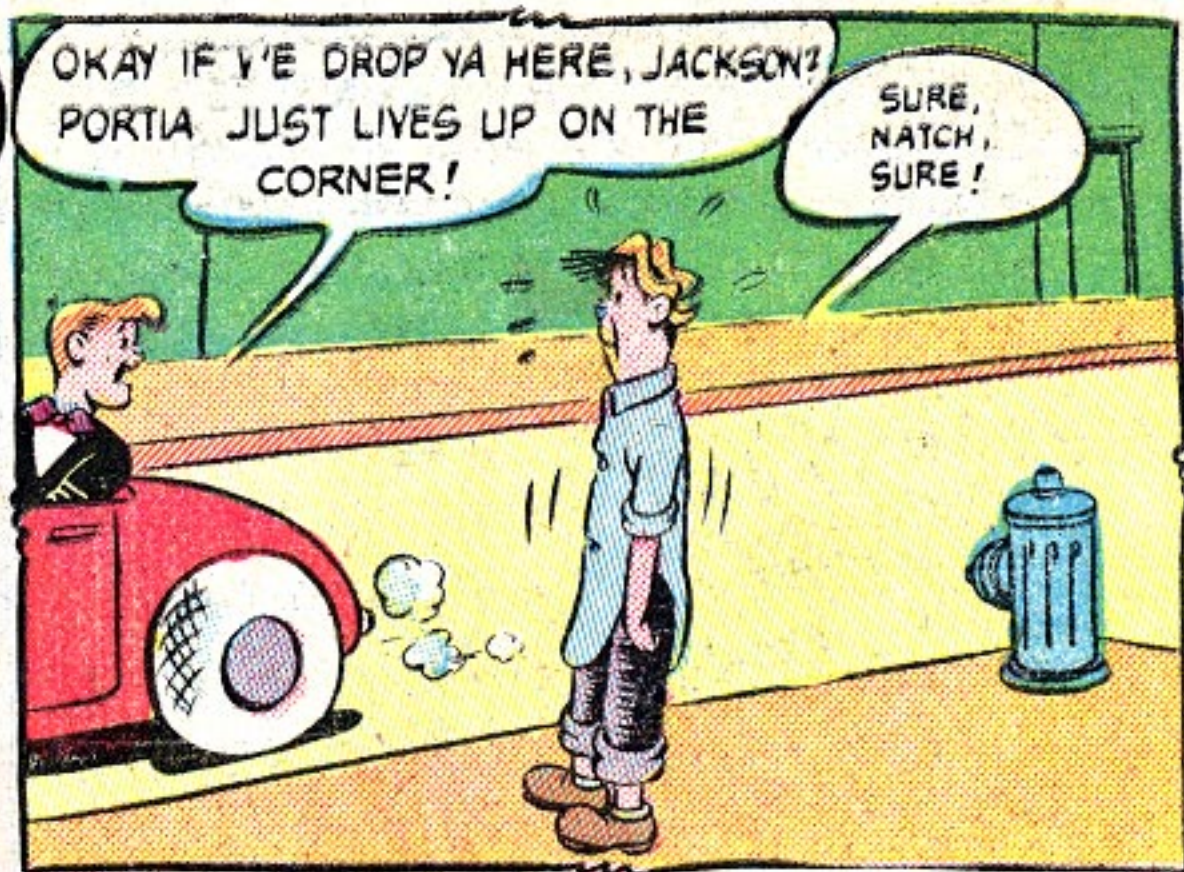
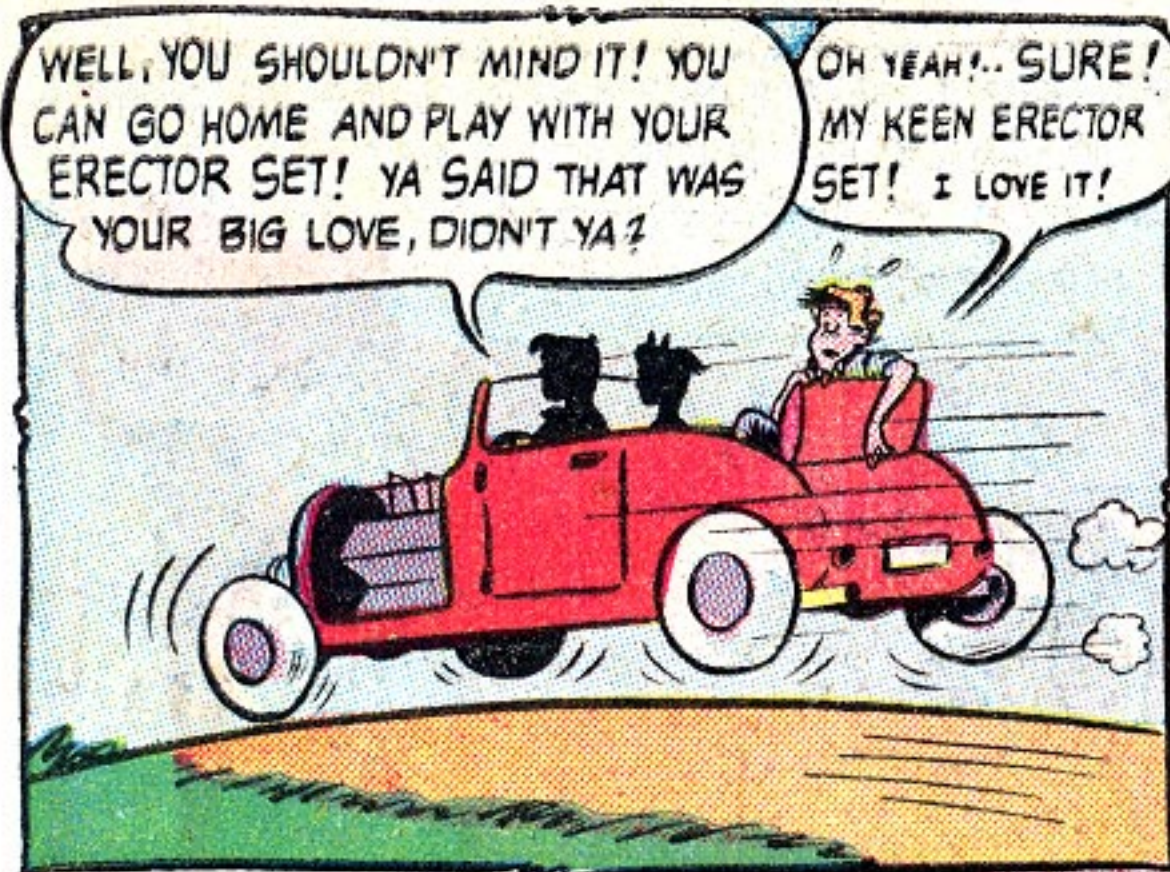
SOME FRIENDS, BOY! KEEN PALS, HEY! RUN OFF AND LEAVE A GUY ALL ALONE 'CUZZ THEY THINK MORE OF MALTS THAN THEY DO OF HIM! SOME FRIENDS!

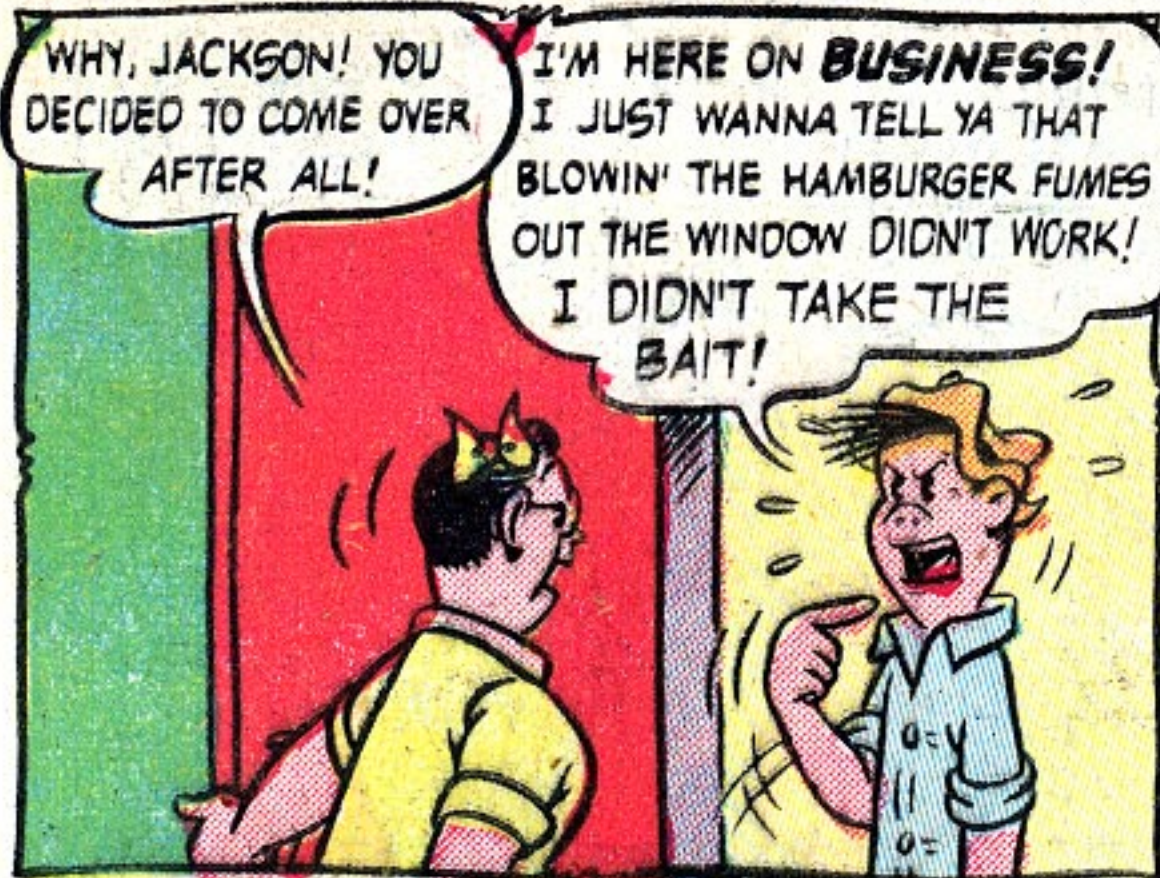


LISTEN, BEETLE-HEAD! WE'RE STILL YOUR FRIENDS AND YOU KNOW IT! JUST BECUZZ YOU WANT TO STEER CLEAR OF PORTIA IS NO SIGN THAT WE DO, AND THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE'RE NOT YOUR FRIENDS!

I'M GONNA BE ALONE THOUGH! HOW ABOUT THAT?







WHY, JACKSON! YOU DECIDED TO COME OVER AFTER ALL!

I'M HERE ON **BUSINESS!** I JUST WANNA TELL YA THAT BLOWIN' THE HAMBURGER FUMES OUT THE WINDOW DIDN'T WORK! I DIDN'T TAKE THE BAIT!

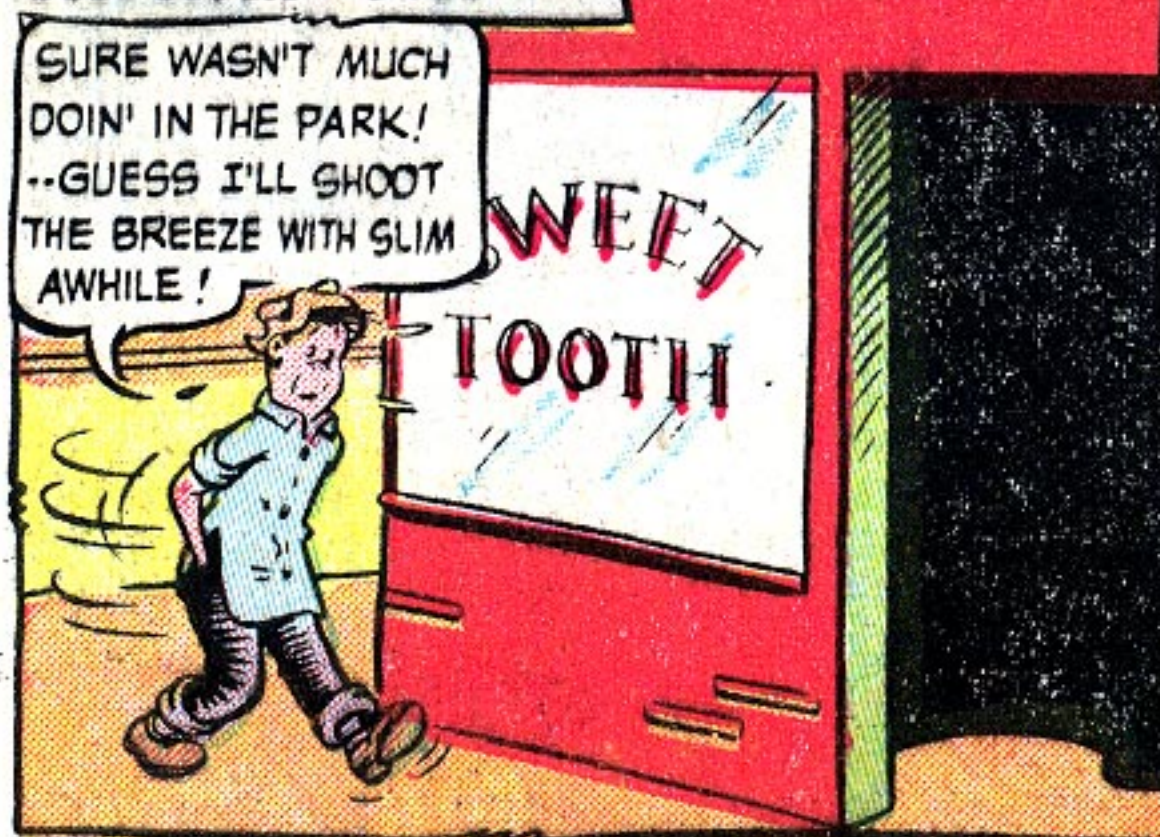


I DIDN'T BLOW ANY HAMBURGER FUMES OUT THE WINDOW! WHY SHOULD I? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE OUTSIDE, AND BESIDES, WHAT WERE YOU DOING HANGING AROUND MY WINDOW, ANYWAY?

I WAS JUST PASSIN' BY ON MY WAY HOME TO PLAY WITH MY ERECTOR SET, WHICH I LOVE!

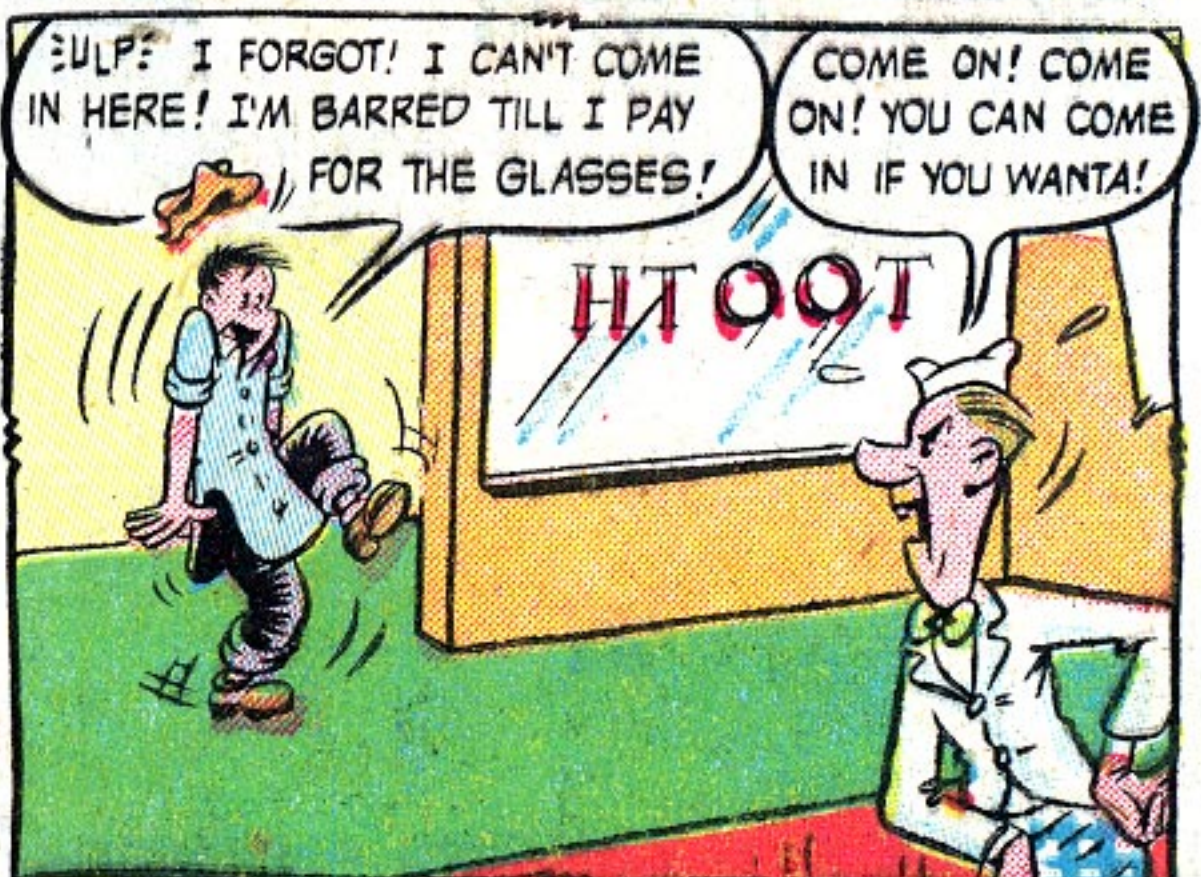
WELL, **GOODBYE** THEN!

An hour later...



SURE WASN'T MUCH DOIN' IN THE PARK! --GUESS I'LL SHOOT THE BREEZE WITH SLIM AWHILE!

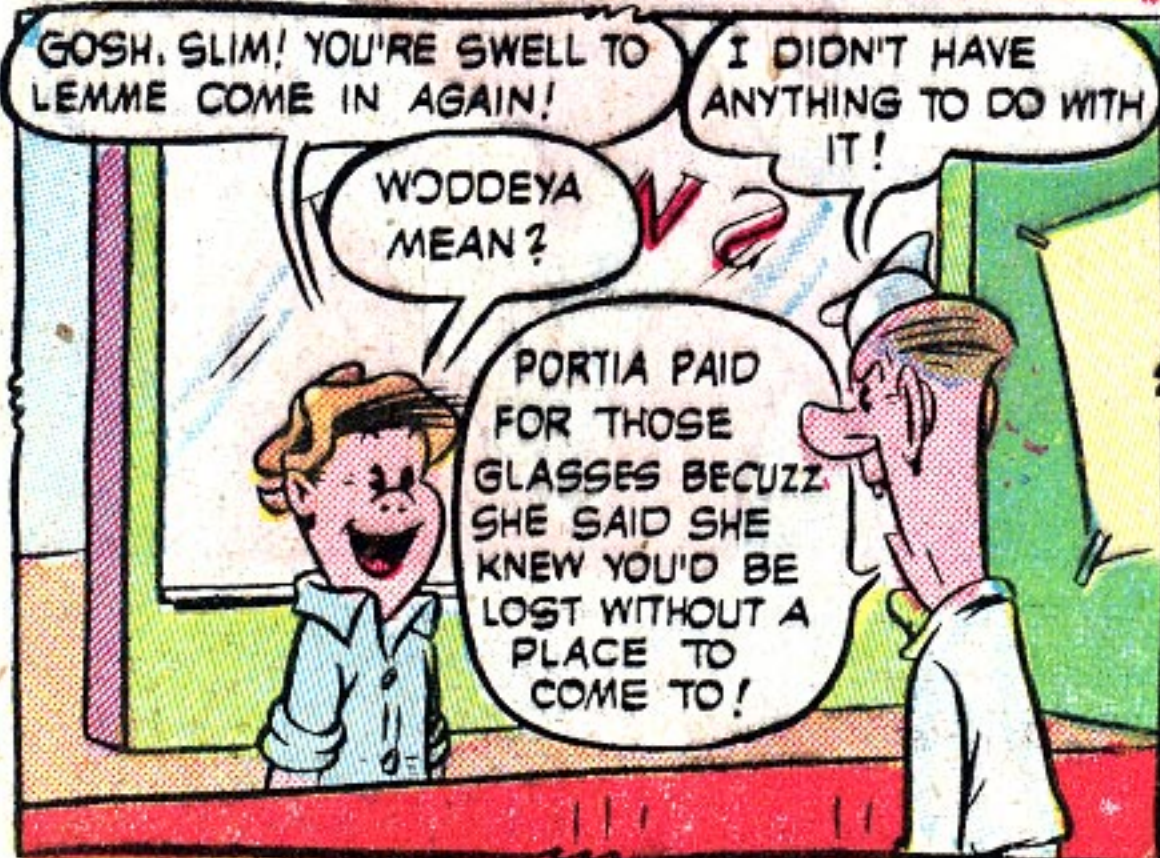
SWEET TOOTH



HELP! I FORGOT! I CAN'T COME IN HERE! I'M BARRED TILL I PAY FOR THE GLASSES!

COME ON! COME ON! YOU CAN COME IN IF YOU WANT!

HTOOT

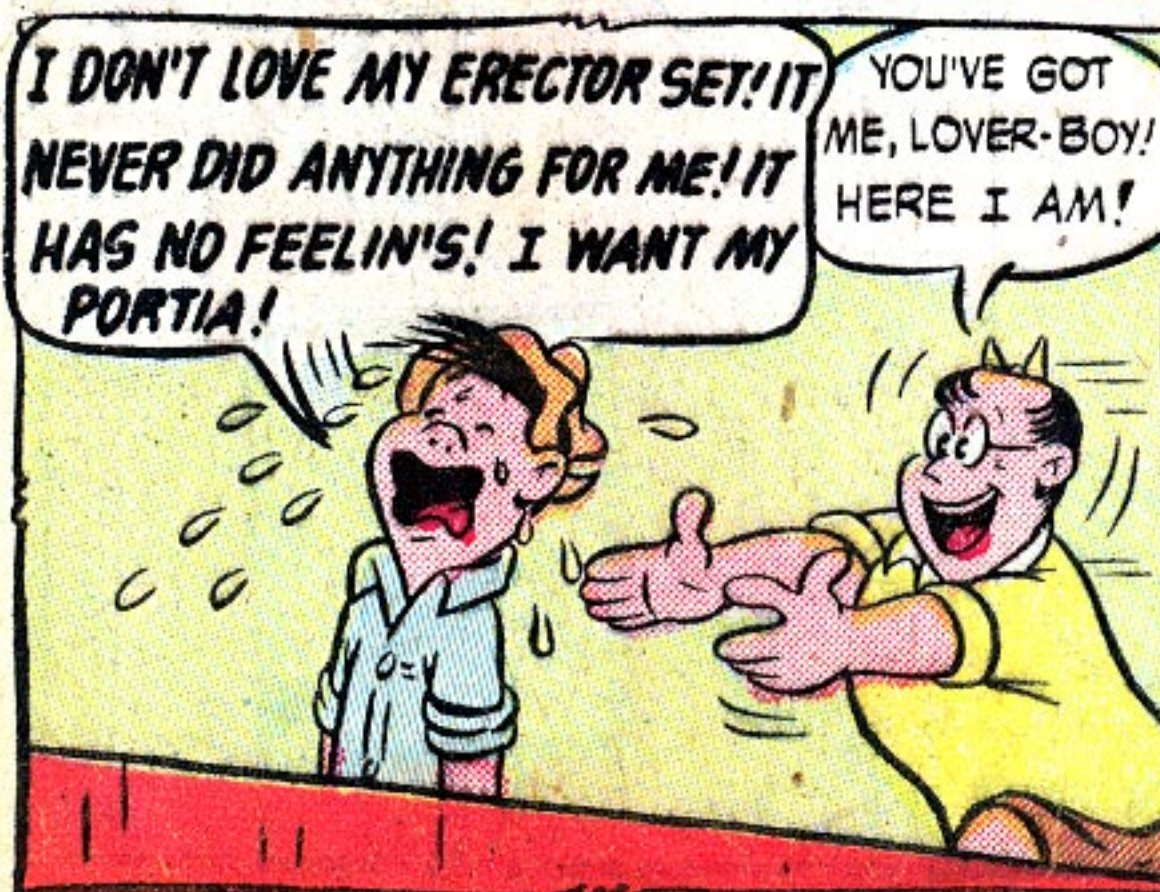


GOSH, SLIM! YOU'RE SWELL TO LEMME COME IN AGAIN!

I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT!

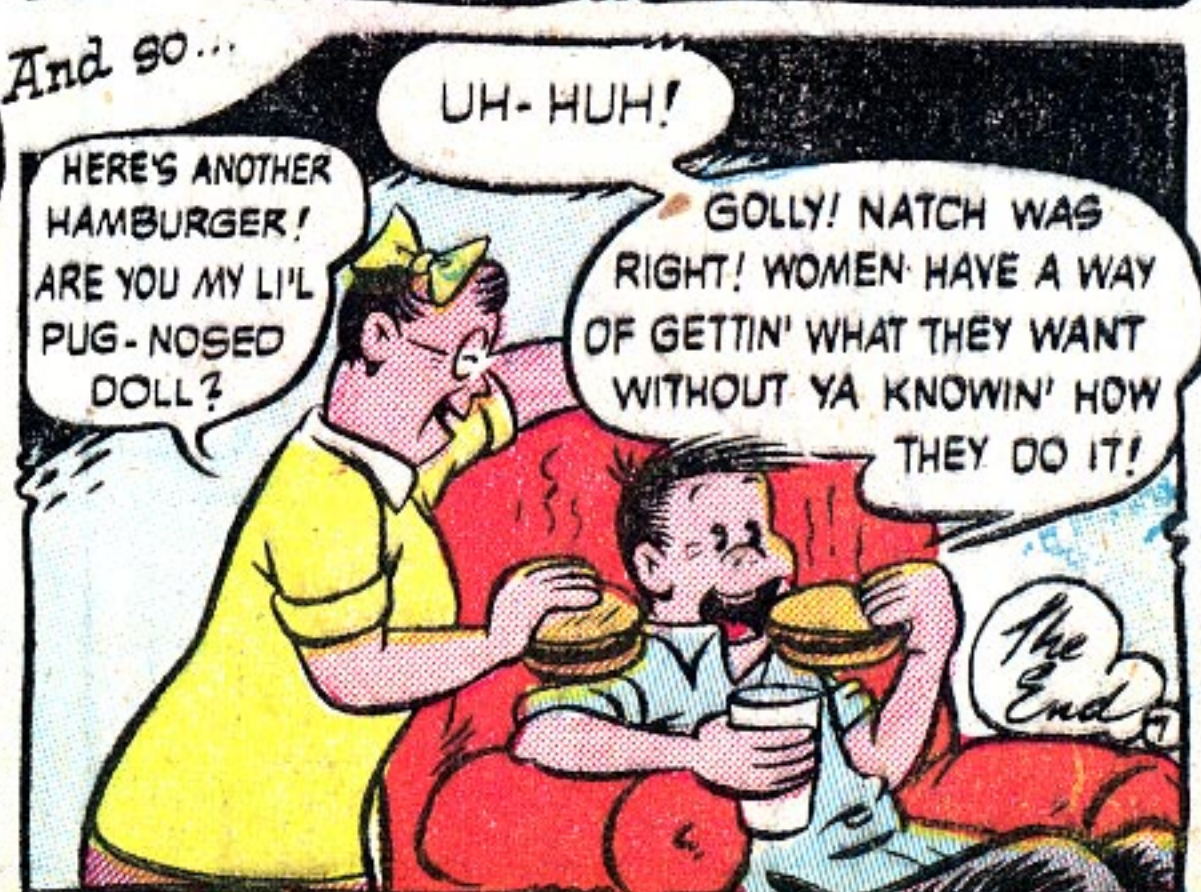
WODDEYA MEAN?

PORTIA PAID FOR THOSE GLASSES BECUZZ SHE SAID SHE KNEW YOU'D BE LOST WITHOUT A PLACE TO COME TO!



I DON'T LOVE MY ERECTOR SET! IT NEVER DID ANYTHING FOR ME! IT HAS NO FEELIN'S! I WANT MY PORTIA!

YOU'VE GOT ME, LOVER-BOY! HERE I AM!



And so...

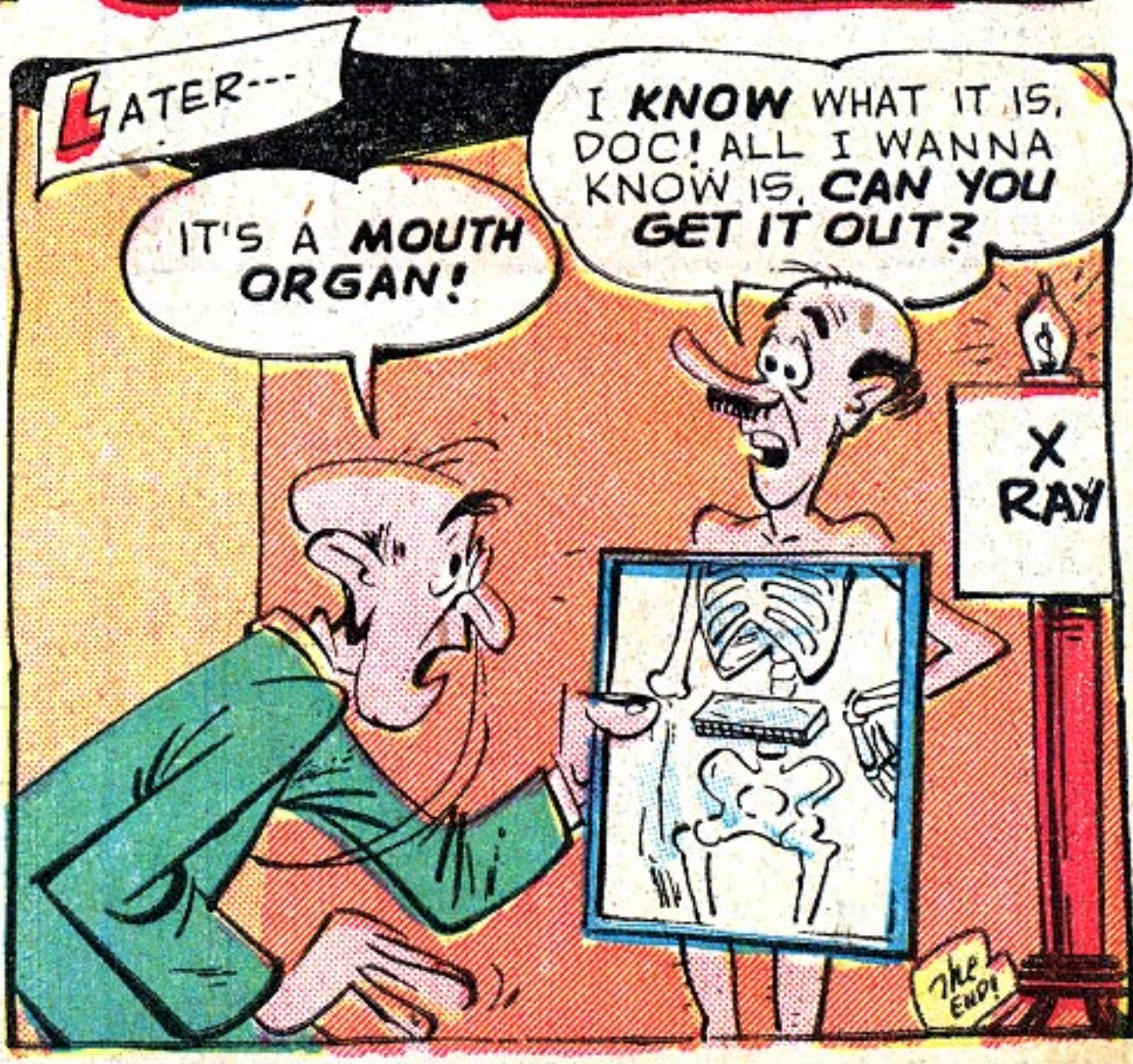
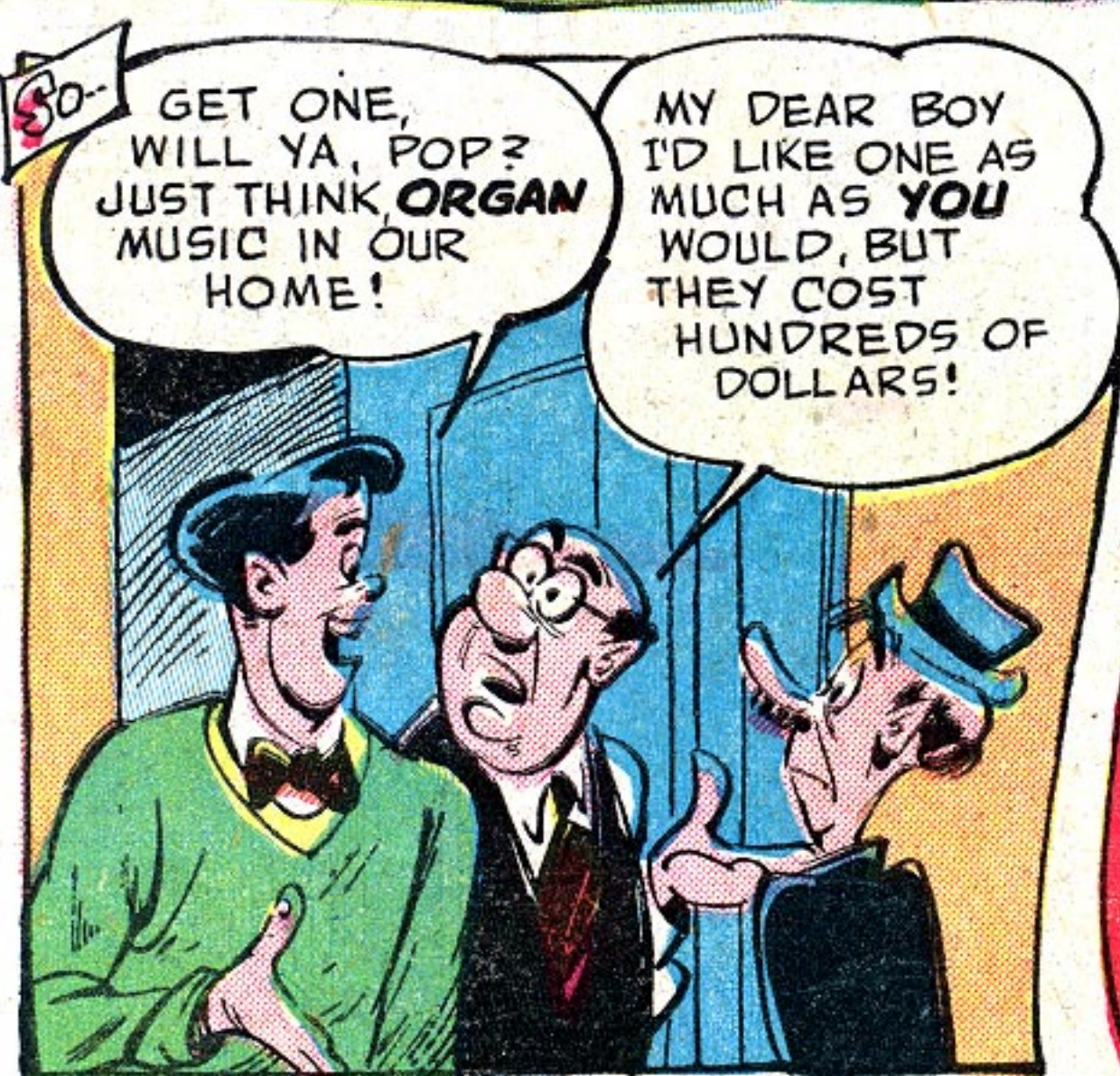
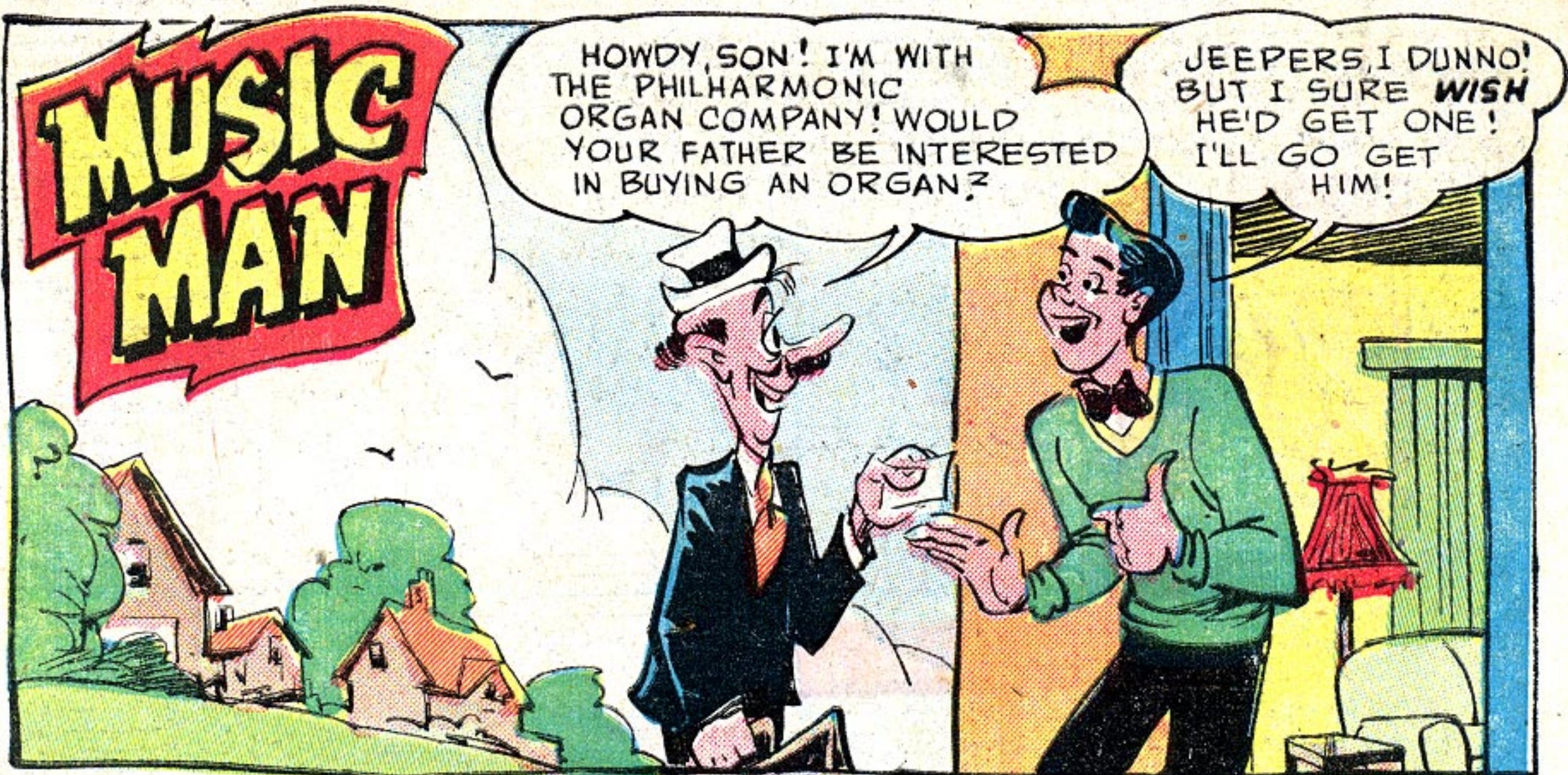
UH-HUH!

HERE'S ANOTHER HAMBURGER! ARE YOU MY LI'L PUG-NOSED DOLL?

GOLLY! NATCH WAS RIGHT! WOMEN HAVE A WAY OF GETTIN' WHAT THEY WANT WITHOUT YA KNOWIN' HOW THEY DO IT!

The End

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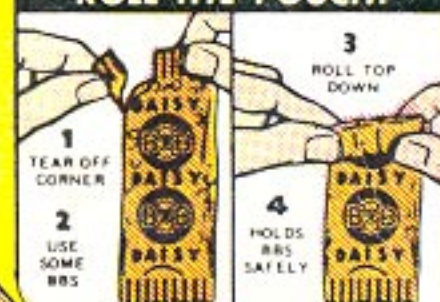
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